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# INTERVIEWS

BY  
RAYMOND  
BLATHWAYT.

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WITH PORTRAITS.

PREFACE BY  
GRANT ALLEN.

9966



1893

## INTERVIEWS.







**MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.**  
*From a photo by T. W. for Virginia Square, Wash. D. C.*

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BY

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

9966  
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WITH PORTRAITS,

AND A

PREFACE BY GRANT ALLEN.



1893.

A. W. HALL, "GREAT THOUGHTS" OFFICE,  
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## DEDICATION.

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TO MY DEAR FRIEND,  
CHARLES JOHN FOLLETT, ESQ., C.B.,  
SOLICITOR TO H.M. CUSTOMS,  
THESE CONVERSATIONS ARE DEDICATED.



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## PREFACE.

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THE Interviewer is now a Necessary Evil. Whether we like him or lump him, he is master of the situation. He is no more to be got rid of than the Tax-gatherer or Irish Question. In the expressive American phrase, he has come to stay—for an indefinite period. And his function is, indeed, to levy, as it were, a sort of social tax on popularity or notoriety. If you do anything on earth the world is interested in, the world demands nowadays to know when and

where and how and why you do it. If you govern, or preach, or write, or act, or paint—or play the fool or play the piano, the public straightway desires to know a large number of curious little details about you which ought to be left to your conscience, your cook, and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. When does the Great Man rise? How does he take his tub? What does he eat for breakfast? How many lumps of sugar does he put in his tea? Where does he usually spend his Bank Holiday? To answer all these important biographical inquiries, the Great Republic invented the Interviewer; and Britain, ever ready to annex whatever it can lay its hands upon, immediately annexed and adopted him from her.

The Interviewer being thus an accomplished fact, like the County Council and the Influenza, the chief point now is to mitigate his terrors as

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far as possible. If we must go to the dentist, at least let us choose the most skilful of the brotherhood. Well, Mr. Blathwayt has turned up in the nick of time as the highest exponent of painless dent—I mean, painless interviewing. He recognises the fact that the creature interviewed is a sentient being, not wholly destitute of nerves, and capable of pleasure, of pain, of blushes. These last, it is true, no heaven-born interviewer can quite afford to consider ; but Mr. Blathwayt does his best : he treats his subject as Izaak Walton treated the frog he impaled upon his hook, “as if he loved him.” As a consequence, the subject unused to so much gentleness from such a quarter, expands under the genial influence of kindness, and talks more like a human being, and less like an animal undergoing vivisection. When the tenderest of his craft asks for the favour of being allowed to



anatomise you, he must be hardhearted indeed who refuses admission. The result is within. "Step up, and you will see all the fun of the fair, from cardinal archbishops to strolling players."

GRANT ALLEN.

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## Fact and Fiction; an Interview with Mr. Walter Besant.



WHEN I called upon him at the offices of the Incorporated Authors' Society, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found Mr. Walter Besant seated in a small, plainly-furnished room, with an enormous mass of correspondence before him, with which, by the aid of steady perseverance, regular system, and a gigantic pen, he was manfully struggling. Mr. Besant—a short, sturdy, pleasant-faced and pleasant-voiced man, full of sympathy and common sense—gave me the kindest of welcomes, and I opened fire with a reference to the afore-mentioned Goliath pen.

“Yes,” said he, “a large-handled pen like that saves many a man from that most terrible of evils, ‘writer’s cramp.’ A writer ought always to change the size of his penholder as frequently as he can. And now,” he continued, “what shall we discuss this morning?”

To which I promptly replied: “I think we might well take up the manner in which you, with your books, and especially those dealing with the great social problems in the East of London—for instance, ‘All Sorts and Conditions of Men’—

has practically revolutionised Shoreditch, and all that gloomy neighbourhood. Now, how did you get so thorough a knowledge of that special class of people and of their ways? "

"Well," replied Mr. Besant, "I had been walking about London for twenty-five years, keeping my eyes and ears open, and always on the look-out for the slightest incident. I was attracted to the East-End, not so much by its poverty, for I can assure you there are people far worse off in the West of London, but by —"

Here I interposed: "Surely you find the greatest poverty and destitution in the *East*, though, do you not? Mr. Osborne Jay, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, preaching the other day at a West-End church said to his hearers, 'Do you realise that where one person dies here, fifteen die in Shoreditch?' It was a very solemn, and touching, and pathetic remark."

"Yes," said Mr. Besant, "and it is true, but still there is as great poverty elsewhere; and, as I was saying, I was attracted not so much by the poverty as by the monotonous level of the lives in the East-End. There you have miles of streets, the long, unlovely streets; a hideous sameness, which more than anything else of which I know crushes the life out of the inhabitants. But yet when I came to look into the matter, I found that perhaps their lives, the lives of these respectable poor were not so deadly monotonous as one would be at first inclined to suppose. They go to West-End theatres and music halls, and manage to extract some fun out of life, and even out of their miserable surroundings. But this fact was borne in upon me. The East-End is in itself a city without a centre, without a government, without anything, in short, to hold it together—no focus, no lighthouse, no place of assemblage. Now there stands in the centre of it all the People's Palace. Only the other day we had a farewell dinner in honour of Sir Edmund Currie. Currie is the man who, of all others, has done most



MR. WALTER BESANT.

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 65, Baker Street, W.*



for the People's Palace, most for the London Hospital, most for the East-End generally. It is quite true that I had the idea of it in my novel, 'All Sorts and Conditions,' but I would insist that to Sir Edmund Currie belongs the credit of making it what it really is. And now, please, understand this. The People's Palace is not intended for the gutter-people. You cannot touch the habitual criminal. Although it is true they come to the library, and drop in at the concerts, yet you cannot really touch them. When they come they behave well. I noticed the other day that Sir Edmund Currie is the first person who really trusts the people; he will have no 'bobbies' to interfere with them."

"Quite right," I struck in; "but I don't know about his being the first—we have just the same rule in force at our Sunday Evening meetings of the Gordon League. We leave the people themselves to preserve their own law and order, and as a rule it is absolutely perfect."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Besant, "they want but looking after. I was dead against the exclusion of intoxicants myself. Let there be perfect freedom, I argued; but we find that as a matter of fact no one wants them at all; nor do they go out between whiles for 'nips.' "

"And may I ask, does the Palace reach your ideal?"

"Yes, very fairly so; but what I fear is that the recreative side will be lost sight of, will be separated from the technical. I want it to be all under *one* roof, one vast system. Let the technical student feel that it is all one—that they can step from their class to their concert, and vice versa. Let there be the idea that I formulated in my novel, that it should be done *by* the people *for* the people."

"Well, how far have you moved up towards the realization of your pretty ideal Palace under Miss Messenger?"

"We have our own band, our own choir, clubs without end; we hope soon to have our dramatic society, and our own writers for our own paper, and our own teachers for our

own schools. I often go expeditions with our Rambler's Club—a hundred and fifty of us in number. Perhaps we go to Chenies. We are all together—we do not indulge in little hole-and-corner meetings of two. Then, the electric light in the Palace is a great help to morality. Let me speak plainly, it prevents a vast amount of harm."

We drifted into social problems then, the miseries and sin of East-End early marriages, and General Booth's scheme.

"He talks," continued Mr. Besant, "of the submerged tenth; I do not think it is more than the submerged thirtieth. The result of his plan will be that he will rescue that proportion of the population worth raising. The secret of his success is personal sympathy. But then the Church of England has that. The East-End would have been lost but for the Church. I have, however, no patience with the people who run down Booth, and who ask what his salary is. He does not touch a penny of his vast funds."

"And what about your 'Children of Gibeon,' Mr. Besant, which to my mind is even a finer sketch of East-End life than your other book? The fanatic socialist and the hard-headed Board School master are to the very life!"

"Yes; it is more real, because when I wrote it I had more knowledge. I went to very different 'settings.' I went about amongst those people and studied them. Always when I walk about London I do so with an object, and make notes of all I have seen and heard."

"But how do you get *at* them?"

"So much depends on how you tackle them. A 'bob' sometimes goes a long way—a pleasant smile goes farther."

"Exactly," I replied; "so I have found in my wide experience. I don't believe in a curate going into a poor man's house with his hat on, or a rector's wife who stirs the soup-pot with her umbrella."

"Hideous!" replied Mr. Besant, "but surely that is impossible?"

"I have heard of such a thing," I replied.

"But now tell me, didn't you find girls worse than boys?"

"Yes," he laughingly said, "the factory girls I found very difficult to deal with."

"Quite so," I rejoined. "I once had a reading and writing class of them. They are worse than boys."

"Yes; the young men are more get-at-able and more easily influenced for lasting good. The girls wander about, and are like shy birds, difficult to get hold of. There is better soil in the young men. We ought to get hold of them between fourteen and eighteen. There the Church comes in, and she has certainly saved them from barbarism. But you want some young and vigorous parsons."

"I agree with you," said I. "I have noticed that East-End life eats into a clergyman's soul, and sometimes almost unconsciously he is apt to deteriorate."

"One splendid fellow I know," said Mr. Besant, "always leaves his curacy for a month and goes yachting. Only on the high seas can he get free from that dreadful East-End pressure. Few know what it is to a refined, cultivated man to live and work on endlessly at the East. I have learned more of East-End life by going about in one special riverside parish, in which were all kinds of clubs, etc. Quite a special life, and at least half a dozen types of lives, all differing from each other. I am not a professional philanthropist. I am only a story-teller, and I shall tell some more poor-people-stories yet. I shall go to the purlieus of the West-End. But a story purely of poverty has a grimy effect—I must brighten by contrasts. I am not a Zola: I have had to soften and tone down things very much. The 'Children of Gibeon' supplements 'All Sorts and Conditions.' I look on all these things with an eye to how far they may be worked up into effect."

"I was glad to note your departure in 'Katherine Regina,' where you dealt with the heart-aching poverty of the upper-class women."



"Yes; that touched another sphere. I wrote that story because I had heard of so many sad cases of young ladies being obliged to work without any previous special training. Much of that story was from life, especially that part where Katherine wandered all night in St. James's Park. I knew of a young girl, a delicately-nurtured lady, who actually walked about the streets day and night for a fortnight!"

Think of that, my readers! I shuddered as I heard it.

"Don't you think," I queried, "that the British Museum reading-room is one of the saddest places on earth? Think of that poor old lady whom I have often seen there! too proud to beg, getting a miserable pittance out of copying here and there, and at last found dead one winter morning, on a doorstep in Drury Lane."

"It is an awful place," replied Mr. Besant. "The worst of it is these girls are sometimes so utterly incompetent. Many employers, for all that is said to the contrary, prefer men. I don't think myself that women's work is so good. It is a great misfortune to the country that women should go out to work. It was not so fifty years ago."

"Yes," I replied; "and it is curious to note the effect it is having on all these young men. Have you ever thought, Mr. Besant, of what will be the effect of what I may term 'the feminine Latch-key era,' which is fast descending upon us? I don't know that this over-education for women is best for them or the country."

"Ah! it is a problem, indeed. It was said to me by a well-known writer the other day that it is killing the maternal instinct in women. Girton and Newnham may have more to answer for than they think."

"I cannot say," replied I, "that in my opinion it is all for good. The studio-going lady is charming, perhaps; but latch-keys, and unlimited freedom are not wholesome, morally or physically. I was in a lady's club the other

day, where they come in at all hours of the night, quite unrestrained."

Does this, oh, my readers, sound like bigoted Toryism and hopeless intolerance? I hope not, but I know pretty well what I am writing about, and I *could* a tale unfold, but I will forbear.

Now, I have for years been amused with Mr. Walter Besant's love of capital letters, such, for instance, as "There sounded at the door the Single Knock of the Young Person." I spoke to him of it, of what I might call the "Gospel of Capitals." He laughed heartily.

"Yes," he replied, "I am very fond of them. They are so effective."

"And what kind of story-telling do you like best, and which is your favourite book?"

"I love to tell stories of the last century. One is so free and unrestrained; all is possible, everything is adventurous. As to which is my favourite book, it is always the one I wrote last. Still I would rather stick to the 'Children of Gibeon' and 'Dorothy Forster' as my best."

"And do you not regard fiction as possessing in itself a distinct ethical element?"

"Emphatically I do: it is the greatest instructor we have. Many people learn manners, science, history, geography from fiction. They get views from fiction, and how to hold these views and how to stick to them. It opens the world to them. And for the writer himself it is the greatest thing possible to influence the lives of the rising generation. It is the greatest thing that could have happened to a man to have had that People's Palace built in response to a novel he had written. It is the greatest blessing to be a popular writer, only he *must* rise to a deep sense of his responsibility."

"One word more as to the Palace itself, and I have done, and it is regarding the library. What kind of *pabulum* do you feed all those young people with?"

“Rest assured,” replied Mr. Besant, “that we keep out of it very entirely anything of the ‘Jack Sheppard’ element. Miss James, that charming little librarian who has done so much in her way for East London, showed me the Novel list. Mostly these books were read in the daytime by the unemployed. Kingston and Henty head the list, which is admirable. Sir Walter Scott is thirteenth. Marryat and Ballantyne are very popular.”



## Mrs. Arthur Stannard ("John Strange Winter") at Home.



It is always curious to meet, for the first time, a person of whom you have heard much, concerning whom you have formed all kinds of opinions, against whom possibly you have entertained many absurd prejudices. Not that I mean this was in the least my case the other day when I went to luncheon with the well-known John Strange Winter, the authoress of "Bootle's Baby" and "Beautiful Jim," and many more of the charming stories of military life which have become so thoroughly a part as it were of our English literature—I had almost said of our English life and thought. But as I walked up the handsome staircase, the walls of which were lined with old china, so beautiful as to make me mourn the haste that sped me on with many a lingering glance behind, I wondered to myself "how far in this case will the real differ from the ideal, or how nearly will the two correspond?" and this thought was still in my mind as I stood opposite a glass case in the drawing-room, fitted up by herself, and which contains a withered nosegay which was given her on her birthday by one of her most faithful, most

appreciative, and most talented friends and critics, John Ruskin himself. But not for long was I left to my solitary meditations, for on a sudden the door opened, and Mrs. Stannard appeared, winning my heart at once with her kindly greeting, and the sympathy she expressed for a half-frozen man, just come off a long weary journey through miles of desert, snow and ice.

Really to give you, my readers, an adequate idea of Mrs. Stannard, and her mind and character—which, I suppose, is what you really wish to have—I had best, I think, record quite faithfully, though briefly, exactly what took place between us. I did not go to “interview” her; we mutually spared one another that somewhat painful ordeal. We simply talked as ordinary, everyday human beings do talk, and I got a far clearer and pleasanter glimpse into a singularly well-stored mind, and I obtained a far more real and true idea of what the woman herself really was, than if I had set to work deliberately to pump out certain facts and fancies of which all the world has heard a dozen times before. The weather, of course, gave us both a lead, and the terrible suffering it was causing to the poor led us on to a discussion concerning our less-favoured brothers and sisters. And then I recalled how one night I had seen her, when I had been presiding at one of the Sunday Evening Meetings of the Gordon League, and how, though I had not known who she was, I had been at once struck with her easy charm of manner, and how equally struck with it and taken by it were the poor people themselves—people, many of them of the lowest and poorest and most degraded class that it is possible to imagine as existing even in London itself.

And this led on to a conversation about the little country village in Essex whither she delights to retire, and where she loses herself in her work and the most absolutely simple and rural pursuits. But for all this love of rusticity, she is at heart a woman of the world; she loves society, and I



JOHN STRANGE WINTER (MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD).

*From a photo by Fradelle & Young, Regent Street, W.*



fancy was quite unable to appreciate or to understand my own vehemently expressed hatred for bricks and mortar, and the equally vehement love for country, pure and simple. And yet there is but little doubt she understands village life well, and the ways and thoughts of village people are very comprehensible to her. I began to realise how she has been able, in a long series of stories, to depict character so very faithfully as she does. She is the daughter of a country clergyman, and so she is quite at home in the simple country cottages round her pretty rural retreat. Every morning during last summer she used to go to dress the leg of some poor suffering woman, one of whose ill-spelt, but very genuine letter of thanks, was place in my hand, to prove to me, as Mrs. Stannard put it, that the poor are not such ingrates as they are commonly made out to be. Learning that she was a clergyman's daughter, I asked her how it was she had been able so well and so faithfully to depict cavalry life, and I recalled how John Ruskin had termed her "the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier."

Her reply was that, though her father had in later life been a clergyman, he had started as an officer in the artillery, that all her forbears had been soldiers, and she herself, brought up close to York, had had for many years ample opportunities of observing the ways and manners and speech of the cavalry "Tommy Atkins;" and certainly few people have ever been more at home in describing scenes of which they could really have had but the most elementary idea to begin upon. Just like her friend and mine, Mrs. Louise Jopling, so too does Mrs. Stannard resolutely deny that there is any sex in art; nay, she even feels annoyed at the bare idea. It was in vain that I pointed out that I meant my insistence upon it as in no way derogatory to either themselves or their art. "On the contrary," I urged, "why should not their work, in delicate touches and in delicate ideas, betray their sex?"



Even George Eliot herself was unable to hide her sex from the keen critical eye of Charles Dickens."

I could not get her to my way of thought, and so we quitted the subject, and she told me something of the story of her life, and how she, a woman, planned out her line of life, and conquered fate. As early as fourteen years of age she wrote her first story, and sent it up to a London editor; but it was not until 1874, when she was eighteen years of age, that she for the first time experienced the joy of finding herself in print in the *Yorkshire Chronicle*. I was very much astonished, and still more impressed by her remarkable earnestness and pertinacity of purpose, when she went on to say that she had written and sold under feminine *noms de plume* no less than forty-two novels and novelettes before she really made herself anything of a name. She is very vigorous in her denunciation of ladies who play at writing, or who interlard their writings with French expressions; indeed her *peychant* (if I may dare to use such a word in such a connection) for plain Saxon is very remarkable indeed—plain unvarnished Saxon, with now and again a quaint old Saxon word of slang, as when, upon my allusion to the fact that I had once been in the Church, she, more amusingly perhaps than elegantly, asked me if I had "chucked" it,—an evidence of her thorough north-country bringing up, which bringing up is further evidenced by her accuracy as regards details, her unwearied pains in the cultivation of life-like natural expression.

Her style is very colloquial and individual, and a fine sense of the relative value of words characterises all she writes. She follows no one model or master, but ascribes her present success wholly to the influence of a single lecture by Ruskin, in which the great teacher eloquently insisted on the infinite importance of *thoroughness* in all human endeavour. The impression made was so profound that from that time she lavished almost fastidious care and

unstinted labour on every line and detail. The result to herself has been no ordinary success, and to her readers a pleasant feeling that she completely understands whatever she writes of.

Long after, when "Bootle's Baby" and several subsequent books had firmly established her reputation, she was induced to write to Mr. Ruskin, acknowledging her great indebtedness. And as she spoke to me, she fetched his answer, which it will interest my readers I should transcribe in part. "Of all pretty coincidences that ever happened me, this of your writing and sending me your books at the moment when I was writing to my Joanie, that yours were the only books I now cared to read, is quite the prettiest, and it makes me feel as if things were going to come right again for me for a while, after having been torturingly wrong all the year. And the knowledge that I have been helpful to you, as you tell me, is daintily good for me at a time when I am extremely displeased with everything I have tried to do; all the same, although the lesson was a good one, the real goodness was in the pupil, for I have given it to thousands without its being of the least use to them. And the essential quality of your work is of course its own. . . . I had not the least thought of your being a woman,—I ought to have had—for really women do everything now that's best, and they know more about soldiers than soldiers know of themselves. But it had never come into my head, and I'm a little sorry that the good soldier I had fancied is lost to me, for I have many delightful women friends, but no cavalry officers . . . and I am ever your grateful—J. Ruskin."

Still does Mr. Ruskin cling to his beloved cavalry officer, for he never calls Mrs. Stannard aught else but "John." And then one letter led to another, and what a pile they are that she has by her, this popular authoress, whose goodness of heart and prompt generosity are perhaps too well known—too well known, I mean, in so far that she is daily in

receipt of letters begging for aid from those she has never seen or heard of. But she has many from dearly-loved ones too, whom she has grappled to her soul as with bands of iron by the mere magic of her graceful and tender and pathetic pen. She shows me a photograph of and letters from two pretty little sisters, one of whom, when dying, had her favourite author's books and letters placed carefully around her. Another is a letter from a young American girl, who tells her how a certain Catholic bishop, preaching a sermon against the evils of tittle-tattle and scandal, had quoted freely from one of her best-known and most trenchant books, "Garrison Gossip."

With regard to her mode of work, and the production of her stories, Mrs. Stannard told me that she rarely, if ever, planned out a story or specially devised a plot. Her characters please themselves pretty much on paper as they would in real life. As Mr. Oscar Wilde, good easy man! once expressed it—speaking in quite a different connection, however,—Mrs. Stannard "lets things occur." And really, if you think of it, it saves a vast amount of trouble and worry. But there is no "letting things go" in her delineation of character. No; that is most carefully elaborated. And what studies they are! "Bootles," the brave, simple-minded dragoon; the soldier servant, "Terry;" the brave little fellow, "Houpla," who, dying, bids his master tell the mistress, "as I kep my word and took care of you, sir;" the celebrated "Mignon," most delightful and sweetest of children. How thoroughly, to quote Archibald Forbes, himself an old cavalry soldier, she has got the "hang of the army!" and then, fully persuaded he is writing of a man, he says, "Here is a writer as intimately acquainted with military life, and the *camaraderie* of barracks, as he is with the management of his charger and the evolutions of cavalry."

Mrs. Stannard also rather prides herself on her delineation

of clerical character, though, as I ventured to tell her, I did not think she was quite as happy with the black coats as with the red. But, in her conversation, she showed herself to be really so thoroughly at home in the ins and outs of parsonic life and thought, that I could not help begging her, in a future novel, to devote herself to the Church alone, and to give us a vicar or a curate who shall be as well-beloved and as thoroughly a household word as "Bootles" himself.

Our long conversation drew to a close, and my kind hostess suggested we should go down to luncheon, adding, as she led the way out of the drawing-room, "But you must first come in and see my den." And a very sweet den it is in which this charming writer does her work. Here is the desk, a little hacked about, at which she always sits; and the silver-handled pen she showed me is the one with which all her best-known books have been written. And then, out of a box she took some large sheets of foolscap, on which her very admirable "copy" is carefully and plainly written; so well written, indeed, that I feel it almost ridiculous to ask her if she ever avails herself of that detestably dazzling mode of procedure—the type-writer. Here it is, by the desk upon which it was written, that I am told how "Bootles," having been refused by six short-sighted editors, was at last accepted. Her husband, of whom more anon, rescuing it from an oblivion into which it had been rather despairingly flung, said to his wife one day, "I'll send it to the *Graphic*." "You may send it to Paradise, if you like," replied his wife: "it is as likely to get into one as into the other." Well, one day, shortly after, she and her husband, walking out, saw a horse cast its shoe; she picked it up, and took it home "for luck," and laid it upon the hall table, upon which she espied, at the very moment, a letter which had just come, and which was from the Editor of the *Graphic* himself, to say that the story was accepted.

As we go down the dark staircase, athwart which a pale

fugitive ray of winter sunlight picks out here and there the most delicate pieces of old china, or falls upon an oak cabinet of great antiquity and inky hue, she tells me that her husband, to whom she is devoted, once an engineer working under Gordon himself, is now her secretary and business manager; and, as we enter the dining-room, she introduces me to him, and I at once conceive a liking for the kindly, good-looking young man, who bids me heartily welcome. And then comes in, with her governess—whom she evidently adores,—a very charming little maiden, who is introduced to me as “Beaufie,” concerning whom I need say no more than that she did not appear to me to be half so spoiled as most children would have been brought up in a house frequented by those who, delighted to know a celebrity of any kind whatsoever, seek to keep themselves in favour by unwise and injudicious petting and flattering and spoiling of the children of the house. This was a dear little maiden, a veritable ray of sunlight in a very bright and happy home; but a home nevertheless in which, although there is doubtless much innocent revelry and gaiety, there is yet, without any doubt whatever, an inconceivable quantity of work got through day by day and every day. Mrs. Stannard’s motto ought to be, if indeed it is not now, the guiding motive and inspiration of her busy and noble life:

*Laborare est orare.*



## The Rev. H. R. Haweis at Home.



At the very outset of my article upon this brilliant and many-sided personage, I find myself at a loss. From what point of view shall I begin to describe him? how shall I best and soonest give my readers an idea of what the man really is? Shall I present him as a thinker, a popular preacher, a brilliant musician, a delightful essayist, a traveller, a pastor, an energetic social and religious reformer? My best and safest plan will be to describe him exactly as I found him one morning a month or two ago.

To begin with, then, he lives in the most interesting of houses even in Chelsea, which is so full of historic and romantic dwellings. His house, situated on the Cheyne Walk, is called the Queen's House, because it was built by Catherine of Braganza, the Queen of Charles II., for her own country residence, Chelsea being then, of course, quite far from the madding crowd and the Court at Whitehall. It is a fine specimen of Christopher Wren's domestic architecture, roomy, old-fashioned, creepy, mysterious, and altogether delightful. It stands on the foundation of Henry VIII.'s old Chelsea Palace. For some years, too, it was the residence of poor Dante Gabriel Rossetti, pre-Raphaelite artist and dainty poet.

In a large handsome room full of curiosities and relics, and which serves as his study, I found Mr. Haweis clad in a quaint-fashioned dressing-gown, which he told me he had very recently brought home with him from Tangiers.

"Before we have our chat," said he, "you would perhaps like to look round the house, as there may be some things which will interest and please you." I gladly expressed my assent, and he began at once by pointing to a splendid bronze bell, which had been given him by some Belgian artificers, in acknowledgment of his service on behalf of campanology in this country. Then he showed me some bottles which contained wine brought from Luther's country four hundred years ago. Browning's letters and Walter Crane's sketches next came beneath my admiring eye; then a rare edition of Luther's "Table Talk," dated 1566, with the portraits of all the Reformers on the cover. A shield which was designed and made by his father, Canon Haweis, an old clergyman of eighty-six, of whom Mr. Haweis told me that, when the old gentleman was preaching one day last year at Oxford, he turned up some old records after service, and actually found that his own father had preached there nearly one hundred and fifty years before. One small alcove is devoted to relics of Garibaldi, whom he knew, loved, and with whom he was present at the taking of Naples and the siege of Capua.

Going upstairs, we passed on the way some very beautiful and dainty sketches of his wife's, who herself is an authoress and artist, almost as well known as her husband, and the daughter of Mr. Joy, the artist who was the frequent companion of the Prince Consort, of whose work indeed there were some interesting specimens on the walls.

The drawing-room, which looks out upon the river, is a most charming room. Here I found Mrs. Haweis hard at work at her bureau—for a busier couple do not live even in busy London, and it is here that those delightful scientific, musical, artistic, and literary réunions, for which Mr. Haweis



REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

*From a photo by Russell & Son, Tufnell Park, N.*





has become noted, take place every Saturday afternoon in the winter season. The Persian tiles in the fireplace are specially interesting, as they are the handiwork of the dead poet himself who lived and worked in this very house. A second-century bust, found in the Appian Way, is pointed out by Mr. Haweis, and a life-size antique bronze of Seneca, which was once Lord Mountemple's property, is especially noteworthy. "Talk about portrait busts," says Mr. Haweis, "we can produce nothing like that nowadays!" Here too is Lord Byron's fire-screen, given by Lord Panmure to the late Mr. Joy. A drug-pot of the fourteenth century, with its female fashions, alluded to by Mrs. Haweis in some articles she has written on feminine costumes. In a bedroom, dark, mystic, ancient, I gazed with awe upon a huge black oak bedstead, three hundred years old; and then down again to engage the householder himself in a conversation which is to interest and to inform the readers of *Great Thoughts*.

"Choose your subject," said he.

This I had already mentally done, thinking it a bad compliment both to him and to my readers to go unprepared. So I asked him what he considered was the direction of religious thought in the year of grace 1891.

"Well," he replied; "I am at this very moment engaged in bringing out a book on 'The Broad Church, or What is Coming,' in order that I may be able to give some answer to those who say that there is nothing *definite* in liberal theology. In these days, when the 'Gospel according to Don't-know' is being preached far and wide, and people seem rather proud of being sure about nothing connected with religion in this world or the next, anyone who purposes to teach something definite will easily get a hearing. So I am attempting to formulate our position: for, remember there are multitudes of clergymen who are dissatisfied with the Ritualists on the one hand, and the old-fashioned Church of England theology on the other; and Dissenters, too, are in much the same mixed

state of mind. The time has now come to place the liberal movement in religion on a sound historical basis. I will not reject the past; Reform is our flag, not Revolution. The curse of previous ages has been religious revolution instead of religious reform, the reason being that the level of education was not even enough to allow of the new thoughts, and a better expression of truth, to be rapidly circulated and assimilated. Then there takes place a collision between the few who feel strongly and see clearly and the mass who are as yet unripe for the new views. A crash is inevitable."

"But," I urged, "is it not also this, that urgent reformers are to a certain extent fanatics, and fanatics, being very bigoted and intolerant, must always 'go the whole hog?' I think it is Froude who points out that there is a good side to bigotry and intolerance, because a narrow, deep stream forces its way where a broad, calm river would not. No great work has ever been pushed on by broad-minded people."

"Exactly," replied Mr. Haweis; "that is true of the past, but now the reading public are so enormous, and the circulation of thought so rapid, that the masses are quickly leavened with new thought, and are able soon to appreciate what is good and lasting in it. There is not now the need there was for the old drastic methods; the day of the fire and sword has passed away for ever. We shall have no more fires in Smithfield, or chopping off of heads on Tower Hill. The consequence is that in this New Era reform takes the place of revolution. There is just as great earnestness as of old, but there is not as much slavish clinging to the past.

"Which I beg leave to doubt, Mr. Haweis," I replied. "I doubt if there is as much earnestness of thought, and still dignity, and quietude, and possession of soul amongst the masses as of old. Look, for instance, at that conglomeration of thousands of people beneath St. Paul's last New Year's Eve. When the bell rang solemnly out, and the old year was at its gasp, was it in silence that the notes rolled over

the listening city? Not a bit of it; merely a loud, senseless laugh, and the roaring of silly songs, and the surging to and fro of a blackguard, ruffianly crowd. Only a straw; but a straw shows which way the wind blows: and if at such a moment people cannot pause for quiet thought, when can they? To me that was a hideous, national disgrace."

Mr. Haweis thoroughly agreed, but went on :

"I still hold that with many, by far the larger number of respectable people, there is an intense and earnest curiosity in regard to spiritual things, and a spiritual universe. For instance, you can see the process of rapid reform in the changed views concerning the Bible, the nature of the priesthood, and in the extraordinary manner in which the spiritualistic movements have made their way; note also our sympathetic tolerance as regards the Roman Catholic Church. I merely suggest to you different ways in which we are moving onward and upward towards a wider, almost cosmic, catholicity of feeling, and away from the old narrow grooves of life and thought. Now, all this is the direct result of the growth of the historical sense in the community at large, which shows itself even in our passion for curios and antiques. Religion, we now see, is one and indivisible. All forms of the Christian Church are nothing but growths and developments, accidental organisations which take their departure and circulate round a few central spiritual facts and beliefs. Therefore the object of liberal doctrine is to draw the sting from all Christian dogmas by regarding them in the light of interesting historical facts and documents. Once treat them as history, and the true remains, and the false inevitably drops off by the well-known process of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. We begin to understand how the so-called Athanasian Creed—not one word of which would I tamper with or alter, on any account—could not possibly have been different from what it is, and so we would no more think of tampering with the savage element of those damnation clauses than we would

of mutilating Magna Charta. I treat the propositions of all three Creeds as expressions of conviction no longer to be answered by 'yes' or 'no,' but by 'yes' and 'no.' My formula would be: every dogma of Christianity and every clause of the Creed can be dealt with by 'yes' and 'no,' or 'no' and 'yes.' The real *crux* which separates us from the 'husk-and-kernel' men, or the so-called Broad Church *rationalists*, is the recognition of the supernatural element in history—sacred or profane. Supernaturalism is at the root of all religions. Stamp it out, and it re-appears in Spiritualism. The supernatural or the miraculous is not contrary to Nature. Nothing happens without cause, but we have not mastered all causes. 'The miraculous,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'is that which happens without apparent cause, or contrary to known laws.' 'This is not miraculous,' continued the energetic speaker, as very suddenly, and rather to my alarm, he threw a pen-wiper up in the air, interrupting its descent with his outstretched hand, to illustrate the counteraction of the law of gravity by the law of resistance; "that is not miraculous because it is in harmony with a well-known law of Nature, which suspends the operation of another known law. Now, if you once admit the supernatural in profane and religious history, you have the key to half the mysteries of the past; but, of course, there is a great deal of humbug and of imposture in connection with so-called supernaturalism, past and present—still, it exists. The Rationalists deny the supernatural, but they cannot get rid of it. '*We move about in worlds not realised.*' Believe me," he added, earnestly, "there is no religion proper apart from the supernatural. You cannot cast your anchor into the hold of your ship, you must anchor *outside.*" (That struck me as being a fine idea.) "We look not to things seen, but things unseen, *those things which are not seen and are eternal.* That is the root of the whole matter. I am at war to the knife with the Rationalists, who would make religion a matter only of culture and of art. Heine says, '*We are the great God*

Almighty.' Herbert Spencer or Comte says, 'Ultimate Man! bow down and worship him,' but that is absurd; your Ultimate man is a figment—he can never arrive *here*. There is an end coming to our globe and race, an end of this world by ice or fire, that is a scientific certainty—man will slowly freeze or quickly shrivel, and all his works perish with him, and '*if in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.*' The Rationalist lands us in, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' No! far grander is our destiny, far higher our aspiration. 'O! man, thou art a citizen of a great city!' says Marcus Aurelius. I am about to deal, in the preface of my new book—'The Broad Church, or What is Coming'—with the Elsmarites, who bring back so fraudently the supernatural after pretending to destroy it."

"Well, with all these ideas, Mr. Haweis, do you see no hope of ultimate union amongst the various Christian bodies?"

"I hope so: union of the spirit, not organic union. I would not interfere with existing organisations, but I should like to see, not only brotherly, but some official community, and under proper regulations, and with reasonable limitations, such an interchange of pulpits as is now common between the Dissenting parties themselves. Already doctrinally there is less difference between Spurgeon and the Evangelical than between the High and the Low Church. It is ridiculous that certain of our men whom I could name should have the run of our pulpits, whilst Spurgeon and Henry Allon and others are shut out from them. It is the old story; it is minute differences for which men are burned or banished, bitterness is in an inverse ratio to the importance of the doctrine discussed. I stand for an interchangeable pulpit, because it is a symbol of that deeper unity underlying all the sects of the Church Universal. There is, or should be, a common bond between all Christian pulpits—they all alike profess to bear witness to that Divine life in Palestine which alone gives

life, and heat, and glow to all the different communities of Christians."

Our conversation ended here, but I will just add an extract, which may well be published in such a paper as this, for the beauty and depth of thought it contains, from a sermon of his preached in St. James's, Marylebone, and which is called "*Undone*," i.e., things left undone. I extract it from the "Key of Doctrine and Practice," a little book in its fifteenth thousand.

"Some people think that omission is not so bad as commission. That depends. A woman may starve or beat a child to death. In the one case she leaves undone, in the other case she does. What is the difference? The 'General Confession' in our Church Service puts undone before done, for in nine cases out of ten omission of duty includes commission of its opposite. . . . Young men leave undone the routine work which is to fit them for business. Young women scorn the opportunities, knowledge, and acquirements which would fit them for marriage. Both are unprepared for the morrow, because they neglect the duties of to-day. Hence slovenly work. You are a sloven, you won't get on, no one will value your time, you do not value it yourself; you have not the habit of mind, the deftness of finger, the precision; all the *unimportant* points you leave out. Well, they are the most important of all. Their neglect makes your work unsaleable, and you are a drug in the market. What does the American satirist and philosopher, Mr. Lowell, our late American minister, say?

Folks that worked thorough was the ones that thriv,  
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live,  
Ye can't get rid on't just az sure az sin,  
It's allers askin to be done agin.

How many things are left undone from want of nerve? Disagreeable interviews postponed? You have not the courage to face the situation. You know an abuse is going

on—growing; crush it. No, you won't step in; by and by it is too late. The open scandal withers you along with others. Yet your crime was that you had not the courage to expose an error or a swindle for which you were not responsible. . . . And how much neglect shall I put down to insensibility, selfishness, and want of sympathy? Why, for this cause friendship languishes, charity grows cold, religion itself dies. Keep your friendship in repair; the right treatment of friends is in itself a complete heart discipline. Do the little things daily which make up the sum of the world's happiness and love—the smile, the kind word, the cup of cold water in His name, the timely help, above all, the timely reconciliation. It is the omission of these things which is irreparable. I want to spare you some bitter regrets; things for which you can find no repentance, though you seek it with tears; for which there can be no forgiveness here or hereafter. Some things left undone never can be done. The golden moment flies—the opportunity is lost, and lost for ever. The life of energy and the life of love is the life of God Himself."





## The Rev. Professor Shuttleworth at Home.



THE REV. HENRY C. SHUTTLEWORTH, the subject of my present sketch, and emphatically one of the best known, as he is also one of the most popular and best loved, amongst our English clergy, is the son of the Rev. Edward Shuttleworth, who was for thirty-four years Vicar of Egloshayle, in Cornwall. The Shuttleworths are of an old Jacobite family, long distinguished in Lancashire. Mr. Shuttleworth was born exactly forty years ago, and after having worked and played for some years at Forest School, near Walthamstow, and gained the King's College Prize in 1868, he went to St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, afterwards migrating to Christ Church, taking his B.A. degree with high honours in 1873, and his M.A. in 1875. He was ordained by the late Bishop Mackarness, of Oxford, in 1873, to the curacy of the well-known church of St. Barnabas, in Oxford. Here, popular as a preacher, a devoted worker amongst the sick and poor, and a first-rate cricket and football player, it is no wonder that he gained a great influence over the men and boys of his parish. In 1876 he was appointed to one of the minor Canonries at St. Paul's, and at once he started clubs, guilds



REV. PROFESSOR SHUTTLEWORTH, M.A.

*From a photo by Arthur Weston, 84, Newgate Street, E.C.*



and classes for young men and women employed in the large city warehouses nestling beneath the shadows of the great church. His Bible-classes in the Chapter House became so popular that they were inconveniently crowded. It was he also who instituted and first conducted the "Three Hours," which forms so solemn a part of the services at the cathedral on Good Friday. Although a very decided Anglo-Catholic clergyman, and one whose trumpet on occasion would blow no uncertain sound, Mr. Shuttleworth is yet one of the most absolutely broad-minded men it is possible to conceive.

Talking to me once about Mr. Spurgeon, he said, "No words of mine can tell you all I feel with regard to the splendour of that man's life and work." And on another occasion it fell to my pleasant lot to make him known to a clever and prominent Wesleyan minister of great preaching and literary ability. Each knew the other well by repute, but had never met. I do not remember in all my experience to have seen two men so thoroughly and so immediately at one as were these two. Though differing, doubtless, on many points, yet the manliness in each, the common sense in each, the humanity in each, the love of one Great Master in each, was so genuine and so entire, that at once they were friends, arguing and discussing, agreeing and differing, laughing and talking with all the energy and enjoyment of two good souls thrown for awhile together. This is the secret of Professor Shuttleworth's influence and of his popularity—his hearty sympathy with all that is good in the man of another party, his determined ignoring of minor and petty differences. In politics he would probably take as his motto, "Measures not men," although he himself decidedly leans to what is called Christian socialism.

In 1883 he was appointed lecturer at King's College, where he is now Professor of Pastoral Theology; and in the same year he became rector of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, in the City of London. Here he has demonstrated à *merveilleux*

that a City church can be made as useful as any other church. St. Nicholas is crowded to its utmost capacity, and it is well known for its musical services, especially for the rendering of oratorios on Sunday afternoons, and for the excellent lectures that are given Sunday after Sunday, by men of all schools of thought, upon topics social, religious, political, and scientific. More than any man I know, he makes his church a great centre of spiritual and of social activity. To see him in his club and amongst his young men and women, most of whom are employed in neighbouring warehouses, is to see him at his best. In person he is a man of average height, and of sturdy, athletic build, with a singularly attractive smile and manner, and not even the remotest suspicion of clerical austerity or priggishness—quite the most natural man I know. His voice is, as most acknowledge, singularly pleasant and musical, both when he intones the service or when he is preaching in his pulpit. His manner quite natural, easy, dignified, and vivacious.

In his study, in Queen Victoria Street, I find him when I go to see him, surrounded by his beloved books and papers; his Hooker and his Luther, in whom he revels; his St. Athanasius and other Greek theologians, who have given the primary stamp to his theology; his favourite poets and writers, Ruskin, Browning, F. D. Maurice, and Tennyson. He has William Law's "Serious Call," old-fashioned as it is, at his fingers' ends, and he considers that the late Dean Church was the spiritual father of the band of liberal-minded enthusiasts who so recently startled the orthodox world with the production of "Lux Mundi." Upon the occasion when I went to see him preparatory to writing this article, and after discussing what best we could talk upon, we came to the decision that we should consider "the Church in its relation to the World" generally. It is a wide subject, and we could, of course, touch only very briefly on different aspects of the question; but, more perhaps than any other

conversation could show, this will display the man most completely at all points.

“ Well,” he began, with a bright smile, “ I believe much in the social side of our Church work. Life is no easy matter nowadays. The struggle for existence grows harder and harder every day, and I find that we cannot even attempt to get at people spiritually unless we also show some concern for their temporal welfare. It is quite true that life should not be *all* beer and skittles, but at the same time it is just as true that ‘ all work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy indeed.’ Amusement is as much a necessity as food. Environment has everything to do with character. And if a man’s whole life and surroundings are gloomy, what can you expect in that man but gloom and depression ? Many people seem to think that the clergy are scarcely human. Let us show how ordinary cares and worries, and temptations and joys and pleasures, do interest the clergy. We must get into touch with our people socially before we can hope to do good with them spiritually. Now, how in the name of common sense, can a young curate get into touch with the young people of the upper classes except by joining with them in social amusements and interests ? I think you know that the young men of the middle classes are more intellectual than the *jeunesse dorée* ; you can get at them on other points than those of mere amusement ; but in each case the moral is the same, the parson must first meet them socially. The artisans—for you see I am going right through all grades of society—are the most difficult of any to get hold of. They suspect parsons more than any other class of the community ; and this is partly the parsons’ fault, and partly because they think we want to patronise them, or to ‘ get at them ’ as they term it. It arises in a great measure from a distorted feeling of independence. They are distinctly less anti-Christian than they were ten years ago, but they are as distinctly anti-clerical. Take the new departure of the Church in regard to

labour questions, and see how they welcomed Bishop Barry when he addressed those Socialists at Lambeth Baths, and how devoted they were to Cardinal Manning. We must have sympathy with them in their troubles. The ten years' work of the Christian Socialists' Guild of St. Matthew has silently altered the view of the working-men towards Christianity.

"We clergy require to exercise more common sense than we sometimes do, and to be possessed of great boldness in dealing with certain social questions. We must face great facts. We must not shirk problems which demand solution because of the Front Pew. The front pew, that dreadful front pew which holds the rich grocer who sands his sugar in the week-day and salves his conscience on Sunday with putting some money into the collection plate; or the squire who robs the poor of their common land or little bit of green, and makes all right with himself by acting as churchwarden and subscribing to the schools. These offences of the rich *must* be denounced quite as much as the breaches of other commandments. And as regards the attitude of the Church towards the world politically, the same thing holds good. She must see things with an eye unprejudiced and undimmed by party spirit. It is her duty to maintain lofty spiritual ideals in material advancement. This more in politics than in anything else. Why, Mr. Blathwayt, in local politics a clergyman may be of the greatest possible use; as a guardian, for instance, he, of all men, should be a guardian of the *poor*, and not of the poor-law. In the greater world of politics he can hold his own private opinions, but he should belong to no party; and in quasi-political questions into which questions of morality enter, the clergy must be utterly fearless in speaking out, like Canon Liddon at the time of the Servian Wars. With regard to education, I think that the Church has very distinct duties indeed. Our elementary education is so defective in the way of training the imagination. Children are crammed with facts like Michaelmas geese. Now, the

clergy, both in and out of church, ought, as far as possible, to supply that defect. Look how much good Mr. S. A. Barnett is doing with his pictures at St. Jude's, Whitechapel! We don't educate sufficiently with pictures. Why, the churches were the people's picture-galleries in the so-called dark ages. And we ought to use poetry more. My ideal of religious education is, that the different religious bodies should do it for themselves, but I fear this is not practicable according to the, at present, very unsatisfactory Board School arrangements. Therefore let us make the best of what we have."

Now, it has long been my idea that if any class of the community is insufficiently trained for the duties of its profession, it is the clerical class itself; the teachers themselves require to be taught. Nowadays they have too much serving of tables, too many calls; most of their time is spent in going from house to house; too little in quiet thought and study and preparation for teaching their hearers. This I mentioned to Mr. Shuttleworth.

He emphatically agreed. "Yes, the training of our young clergy is very defective—and I am now speaking as Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College. The Nonconformist training, like that of the Roman priests, is much longer and much more direct. With them it is at least seven years; with us not more than two. That is an admirable system in Nonconformity which allows of students preaching regularly. The secularisation of the universities has rendered a degree no test whatever of theological knowledge or training. The ideal, the Prayer Book ideal of a clergyman, is specially that he should be a *learned* man. Alas! that is not so with our young gentlemen, good and earnest and hard-working as they most emphatically are. A busy, fussy man who mistakes parochial fuss for pastoral activity is a great mistake; but he is too frequently to be met with. Our men ought to read in the study much more than they do. The Ordination Service makes a great point of it. Let there be less fuss and more



reading. The multiplication of sermon-helps is to my mind a very sinister sign of the times. We cannot confront either the refined and thoughtful agnostic of the classes, or the clever, blatant atheists of the masses, until we are better read. Not only must we be possessed of a sounder theological education and culture, but we must know much more than the majority of us do of general science, and especially of social and political economy. The Bishop of Ripon has very wisely appointed that his candidates for ordination prepare themselves to be examined in these more mundane matters. The same, too, with general English literature, in which some of our men are sadly deficient. The truth of the matter is, poor fellows! their time for training, as I have said, is too short; and here is where our laity are to blame. The laity ought to do much more than they do at present to help our candidates for ordination. The Nonconformists beat us hollow in this respect. Theological colleges are starved for want of funds and insufficient staffs.

“Now, I think I have fairly covered the ground, and I have given you at considerable length my views as regards the attitude of the Church towards the world. We must spiritualise materialism. Materialism is true as far as it goes, but it leaves out of count man's spiritual experience, and ideals, and we must supply this. The Church is the Salt of the Earth, and we all, Church or Nonconformists must bear this in mind. I know the charge is sometimes brought against a man of my opinions that we are too secular; that we are trying to make the best of both worlds: ‘In the world, but not of it.’ But I reply that so much depends upon the meaning which you attach to the word ‘world.’ The world is not the Devil's world, but God's world. Why should God's servants ‘detach’ themselves from it, then? I am utterly against the idea that the clergy is a separate class. We are men of like passions with the rest of humanity, struggling onwards and upwards, often

beaten down, often discouraged, but still battling and struggling for the right. Let us all fight together, clergy and laity, shepherds and flocks. The one supports the other. But we cannot do this if we pass through the world as though we were not of it, as though we were beings of another sphere. Let us be men—Christian men, first ; then clergymen.”



## The Church of the Future :

### An Interview with Mr. W. T. Stead.



THIS is a curious and not wholly enviable situation to find yourself in close and earnest conversation with a man upon whom, in past days, you have joined the possibly thoughtless, and certainly unreasonably prejudiced throng in heaping unmerited abuse.

And yet this was my case the other day—why not say so frankly? Before I knew what manner of man Mr. Stead was, I abused him for what I *thought* him to be. “When I was a child, I spake as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things.” And so, now I begin to realise that this man—once the best-abused man in England—was not only not wrong, but frequently absolutely in the right, and very much in advance of his times in his curious ideas, if not in his still more curious mode of putting those ideas into execution. We talk much now of the “New Era,” of “Modern Thought,” of the “New Order;” and the most thoughtful amongst us plainly discerns, in the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, one of the leaders of this great change that is rapidly descending upon us.

These were the thoughts that passed through my mind as I sat beneath a portrait and a pistol of Oliver Cromwell in the



Yours truly  
W. L. Read



office of Mr. Stead's new paper, waiting curiously for his sure-to-be unconventional entry.

And suddenly there flashed in upon me a short, pleasant-faced, brown-bearded man, who began at once :

" Now, Mr. Blathwayt, let us discuss the ' Church of the Future.' I think that is the subject you have settled upon as our topic of conversation ? "

I smiled a quiet assent, and put to him my first question :  
" Well, Mr. Stead, to put it generally, what I wish to find out first is this : How will the Church—by which I do not mean the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, or the Church of Nonconformity, but the Church of Christ—confront what we are pleased to term the New Era ? What is that Church to be ? "

Mr. Stead took up his parable—and my walking-stick, with which latter, throughout the whole interview, he somewhat dangerously emphasized his remarks, and thus began :

" Well, in the first place, my ideal Church will include atheists ; it will run a theatre, and it will be the proprietor of a public-house. Why should the Church not include atheists ? Surely the Church *below* ought to be as broad as the Church above ? Atheists will be *there*, we may be sure ; for, as the Catholics say, if they are of the right sort they will be saved by invincible ignorance. Of all men of whom I have known J. S. Mill most nearly approximated to the life of Christ. All the Church members of the future must be *Christs*. That was revealed to me in Holloway Jail. If an atheist came to me and said ' I don't believe in God or creeds, but your Church does good works, and I want to work with it,' of course I would employ him. That man is the real Christian, who does as Christ would have done under similar circumstances. I had always hoped that Agnosticism would be a great field for providing available recruits for secular work ; but, as a matter of fact, they don't come forward. For instance, poor humble Wesleyans give far more in aid of

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altruistic work than do high-class agnostics. Most good work is done by professing Christians. Even when agnostics did good works it was mostly those who, like Mrs. Besant, had been brought up Christians. They have no propagative element. The Church is, or ought to be, a community of living men who are associated together with a distinct altruistic purpose. As to the form that Church ought to take it is a matter of indifference."

"Well, but," I replied, "isn't that rather a slipshod mode of procedure? There ought to be a system, surely. How far, now, would the Church of the Future be hierarchical or voluntary? Would you do away with existing systems?"

"Certainly not!" replied Mr. Stead, with a terrific lunge with my stick at my face, and with a gesture towards the "silvery Thames" flowing by the window. "By all means let us use existing systems. Look at that dirty river there, filthy;—but why not use it, get out all the good that we can from it? I think that any new institution, Church or State, must be built up with the remains of existing systems. The Church of Rome, for instance, does work we can not do; but yet I am far from desiring to see established any hierarchy in the sense in which that word is generally used. Men, even the best of them, often become worse when they are in the possession of power, and the Christian Church itself speedily became an aggravated new edition of the Jewish Sanhedrim as soon as its pastors were able to wield authority and speak with power. The simpler any organisation can be, the better. The closer to the people, the more useful it will be. Centralisation is needed, but centralisation should be for the multiplication of intelligence and information, rather than for the exercise of autocratic authority over the bodies and souls of men. Nothing would be more foolish than to try to lay down a cast-iron system upon which the New Church should grow. If there is life in it, it will develop according to necessities; and the best that you and I can do is to leave

it alone, merely doing our duty from day to day, according to the light that is in us, leaving the future to Him to whom alone it is an open book. 'To do good' must be the motto of the Church of the Future. A few hours before his death, Dean Stanley said to a friend of his, who left this room as you entered it : ' It is curious how differently everything looks to one who is lying as I am, at the door of death, to what it does to a living man. All differences have disappeared and gone to nothing ; one thing remains—' Do good,' ' do good,' ' do good.' "

" Exactly, Mr. Stead," I replied. " I think that is the spirit of the age. But now, which of our existing religious systems most realises this, which most earnestly braces itself up to meet the requirements of the New Era—the Church of Rome, of England, or of Nonconformity?—for it is on the foundations of these three we must build our ideal Church. I was talking to Cardinal Manning the other day, and I asked how it was the Church of Rome was always abreast of her age, whatever that age might be, and his reply was that it was because she was built on a rock, and that rock was Christ."

Mr. Stead paused a moment ere thoughtfully replying :

" I think that the shrewdest minds in the Church of Rome are more alive to the influences of the New Era than those of the Protestant Churches ; but that, of course, is different from saying that Rome itself, and the gigantic ecclesiastical system which takes its name from the Eternal City, is as wholly affected by the new spirit. Rome has the advantage in being persecuted. That has been the salvation of a Church in every age, and if you could persecute the Church of England a little it would be an enormous improvement. As to Dissent, it also has become too respectable of late. The well-fed man, in a comfortable fur coat, is usually the last to venture out into the open air to help his fellow-men : and as it is with individuals, so it is with Churches. There will be a good



opportunity of seeing how far the Churches, free and established, Roman and Protestant, are alive to the social problems of the day, by the reception they give to General Booth's new scheme. It will be a test question by which we shall be able to form a fairly accurate idea as to how far they have their hearts in the right place, or how far they are given over to the worship of mere shibboleths and mouldy and worm-eaten formulas."

"In short, Mr. Stead," said I, "you are reducing the question down to this: the Church of the Future will abandon creed and dogma for life and practice. Its priests shall teach their flock that—

For modes of Faith let senseless bigots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Now let me ask you, will the religious influence of our ideal Church be that of the individual or the whole society? Will its greatest force and power be enthusiasm or principle, life or dogma? Will it have regard more for physical and temporal matters than for 'those things that are not seen and are eternal'?"

Very much as Cardinal Manning once replied to me, Mr. Stead, as he gathered himself up to resist so mighty an onslaught, drew a long breath, smiled vigorously, and thus began :

"Your question would require a treatise, Mr. Blathwayt ; but here is what I think :

"It seems to me that there is no antagonism between enthusiasm and principle, between life and dogma. The faith which excites the enthusiasm should proceed from principle, and the dogma should be but the formulation of the experience of life. In the same way, I do not think that there is any difference between physical and temporal matters, and spiritual and eternal. The saving truth of the New Faith seems to be its recognition that all time is part of Eternity, and that instead of fixing all our thoughts upon a

next world, divided from us by the gulf of the grave, it will be recognised that the Kingdom of God has to be brought down to this earth, established in the heart of each individual, and that the kingdoms of the world have to become the Lord's and His Christ's. Do you see what I mean? Just as in the old times people accentuated between man and woman until they seemed to be quite distinct species; so they widened the difference between this world and the next, until they seemed to be governed by different deities and different sets of laws.

"I think Christ came into the world to bring Heaven to Earth. We have banished Him back to Heaven, and undone, as far as we could, the work of the Incarnation. We have got to get back to the Carpenter of Nazareth, and start where Christendom started with that common working-man; and to recognise that there is not a harlot in the street, or a thief in our gaols, who may not be to us a Brother and a Sister of the Man of Sorrows, and to whom we may not be in our own persons the very Messiah of God Almighty.

"If you read the first chapter of Isaiah and the last part of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, you have got what to me is the supreme word of the Old and New Testament as to the relation of man to God. They are quite the most heretical chapters in the Bible, especially the latter; and were it not that the description of the Last Judgment has come down to us in the very words of Christ Jesus Himself, they would have been declared to have been an interpolation, and entirely inconsistent with the creed of Christendom. Except on the authority of Christ Himself, it would have been in vain to hope that Christians would ever accept the doctrine that the orthodox will go away into everlasting punishment, while many an unbeliever who has never heard the name of Christ will pass into Life Eternal, because 'When I was an hungred ye gave me meat, when I was thirsty ye gave me drink, sick and in prison and ye visited me, naked and ye clothed me. Verily I say unto you,

inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' 'He is true to God who's true to man,' as Lowell says; and if you want to worship Christ, help your brother."

"Comprising all sorts and conditions of men and women, then, Mr. Stead, the Church of the Future will have a distinct place and work to offer its woman-kind?"

"Certainly—why not? Look at Rome and her Sisters, the Salvation Army and the Hallelujah Lasses. Shall our Church fail where they are wise? The Church of the New Era will recognise that in Christ there is neither male nor female, bond nor free. The Church of the Future will be colour-blind as to sex so far as all disabilities are concerned, and will solely look at capacities and talents, without regard to the question whether these capacities and talents wear petticoats or trousers."

A pause ensued, a deep stillness, broken now and again by a distant cry, whilst around us was the murmur of a busy, weary city. The ships were passing down the glittering river, every minute a soul was passing away for ever, and I gazed thoughtfully at the curious—but oh, how earnest, and deeply interesting!—figure seated opposite me. The New Era was coming on by giant strides, nay—was it not already upon us? and there was the prophet of it in that arm-chair. The face of the grim old Coercionist frowned down upon us, till on a sudden Big Ben reeled down upon the startled city with "twelve great shocks of sound," and, pulling himself together for his final effort, the High Priest of the New Era said: "Now let me tell you something of my own history. That will make clear to you all I have been saying."

At first I do not know that I heard more than his opening words as to his early conversion in the Nonconforming chapel of his father. That roused a train of curious thoughts: how irreconcilable it all seemed with "the Vatican and the New Era," his old provincial and humble associations, as I

mentally confronted them with the splendour, the heroism, the self-devotion of those priests and prelates in whose praises he was so enthusiastic last year. And then a sudden turn of the kaleidoscope presented him as burning incense at the shrine of General Booth; whilst, as a flash of lightning, a smile crossed my face as I pictured him to myself taking Canon Liddon for a conversational constitutional upon the banks of the Thames; or trying to buttonhole the late autocratic Chancellor of Germany, as he sought to draw from that iron bosom the secrets of state fast locked therein. And yet this man was once the enthusiastic convert of a far-off, unknown, North-country dissenting minister. It was all so puzzling, and the man himself so simple-minded, so earnest, so lofty and pure in his ambitions!

"I was converted for a second time," I woke up to hear him say, "by the suffering I experienced from bad eyesight. I gave up old ambitions, the chief of which was to write a life of my hero over there, Oliver Cromwell" (Oh, my martyred king! thought I); "I realised that what I had to do was to do good. Then I found myself after a time in Holloway Jail. Have you ever been in Holloway? Oh, my dear fellow, you have lost one of the greatest blessings of life! And here it was I experienced my third conversion. When in that jail a voice came to me, 'Be no longer a Christian, be a Christ.' That voice was distinct and clear as possible. On New Year's Eve I sat writing in my journal; (twice a year—the new year and on July 5th, my birthday—I take stock, spiritual stock, as to how I am getting on). I was, as I say, writing, and I had just written down these words, 'This voice came to me—Be a Christ, and I have not been—' 'able,' I was going to add, when a clock struck midnight, a crowd outside began to cheer, and I rushed to the window. The old year had passed away, the new had begun, cheers rent the air, the moonlight flooded the room, and I returned to my seat. My eyes fell upon my last words, 'Be a Christ,

and I have not been—' 'I have not been,' I groaned within myself. It smote me up double. Then I came out of prison, and I have always delivered that message, anywhere and everywhere, and to everyone. I wrote to Cardinal Manning about it, and he replied, 'Surely that is a formula no one quarrels with, for it is the very truth of the Very God.' That is the word by which I have to live, and by which I shall be judged. That is the message the Church of the Future must deliver to all her flock, 'Be a Christ.' Many are now Christs whom we condemn because they are not of our way of thought. Mrs. Besant, for instance, is one of the best Christians I know. Christian is that Christian does, and God recognises this, for be you very sure of this, He has a great deal of common sense though we may think He has none. It is not Christians who will save the world, nor Churches—it is Christs. A Christian has come, with us, to be an infinitesimal semblance of a shadow of Christ, and a whole ocean of self. 'Christian' has come to mean Christ and water. Let us all be Christs; then shall God's kingdom reign on earth, then will be the New Era, and in that Era will flourish for ever the Church of the Future."

Thus spoke Mr. Stead, and our interview finished here. But let me endeavour, by way of conclusion, to very lightly pull the strings together, and learn the lesson he would teach. The New Era is upon us, with all its glorious possibilities, its brilliant potentialities, its splendid hopes. In art, in literature, in science, poetry, and music it has its pioneers, its prophets, its priests; is Religion—is the Church only to lag behind? Nay, rather shall they not lead the way? "The old order changeth, giving place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world.' Men and women are fast waking up to the realities of life. The white walls of conventionalism are falling beneath the blows of the earnest, the energetic, the pitying. We feel now that if the Church is to do any real good or lasting work

in the world, she must be possessed of that charity that never faileth, that courage that knows no flinching, that heart of humanity that is ever beating against the heart of humanity. The "New Era" is no mere journalistic fad, no mere dream of some wild visionary; it is a fact that daily draws nearer to its fulfilment. Let its consummation be found in the Church of the Future. Let that Church rise and grow until it touch the heavens themselves, those heavens wherein, bathed in glory of light, stands the great White Throne, before which all our petty differences shrivel into nothingness, and behind which ever stands the cross of Calvary, glowing in a Fire of Love, and upon that cross was once stretched Jesus Christ, the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Before that Figure the New Era, the last Grand Church, shall blend and fade away, lost in the ocean of Eternity.



## Mr. Grant Allen at Home.



THE inner life of a much-talked-of man or woman is always of interest to the outside public, and especially the life of one whose manner of thought and expression is so curiously at variance with that of the general multitude as is Mr. Grant Allen's. A clever, thoughtful, many-sided man, posing as a socialist, at heart a genuine individualist, claiming a right of personal action and life impossible to one who realises the great truth, the inevitable fact, that no man liveth to himself alone; a novelist who is nothing if he is not a scientist, a philosopher who yet can never carry out his theories to their bitter logical conclusion; an institution in himself of the most brilliant paradoxes—loving, charitable, tender-hearted to a degree, such is the man whose name, if not whose praises, are on every lip to-day.

Thoroughly complex and incomprehensible as he is to the outside public, he is yet simple and easily to be understood and appreciated and loved by those who know him and his manner of life and conversation at home, of whom I am one; and therefore it is that, as one who knows him well, has argued with him times innumerable, has gone to the very roots of things discussed, I attempt in this short paper to say something to the outside world of Mr. Grant Allen, whom novel



MR. GRANT ALLEN.

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W*





readers, scientists, and magazine contributors alike know intimately by repute. It was only the other day that I was staying at the charming little house, well named the Nook, which at the far end of Dorking serves him as his home. There, amidst the Surrey hills he loves so well, and across which he takes long rambles, reading a sermon in every stick and stone and leaf and tree, lives "Colin Clout" a simple, earnest, hard-working life. I do not know that I have ever realised the beauty of home life or the charm of wedded life, so completely as I have done when I have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Allen. One sometimes regrets the limitations that good taste puts upon one's expression of one's thoughts and opinions concerning even friends. I do now, for I cannot say nearly all I think and feel as to the relations of charming confidence and mutual trust between this ideally-wedded couple.

With a touch of sadness one realises how different life would be for many if only they were as are Mr. and Mrs. Grant Allen. And of course the home of such a man—travelled, cultivated, refined—is very charming. There in his study is the microscope given him by Charles Darwin; there, too, a signed portrait of his friend and neighbour George Meredith, and Louis Stevenson's delicate features look down upon you from the drawing-room mantel-piece. I never tired of the dainty grace of the Japanese pictures on the wall—pictures with, I suppose, just a suspicion of European influence to be detected in them, and yet with all the characteristics and all the charm of the quaint, ancient life of the far-off East.

In such a home as this, with his wife and one bonny boy, lives Mr. Grant Allen; and it was here I stayed, and here I had those frequent battles and discussions to which we return with fresh vigour whenever we meet. I suppose all the world knows—they can easily discover, at all events, from the tone of his writings—that his favourite study is science. Up to a certain point he is a disciple of Herbert Spencer,

but his divergences from the latter are great and profound when they come to the discussion of social and political matters. Mr. Grant Allen is a socialist (so he says); Herbert Spencer is an anti-socialist, though Grant Allen gleefully tells me that he considers he follows out Spencer's earlier doctrines more consistently than their original promulgator does himself. Grant Allen bases socialism largely, as does also Wallace on Spencer's own doctrine of Land Nationalisation set forth in "Social Statics," and since in part repudiated by Mr. Spencer himself. To Grant Allen a train of thought or argument once laid down, has a substantial value of itself, whatever its propounder may have come to think of it; and so said Allen once to me, "I should still believe in Spencer's Psychology, if Spencer himself were to retract every word of it."

In science his interests are mainly psychological and biological. He has in his own mind a whole system of things, a philosophy of the Kosmos as complete in its range as Comte's or Spencer's—that is to say, covering as much ground well or ill; and if he was an independent man he would devote himself entirely to working out this system in its entirety; but as he has never had a farthing he has not earned, and there is a wife to clothe and a son to educate, he writes novels instead for Mudie's young ladies, which, knowing him as well as I do, must involve on his part a self-repression which is as heroic as doubtless in the future it will be found to have been bracing and beneficial to the last degree. At the same time, I would venture to suggest that here is a splendid chance for an American millionaire to endow a chair of philosophy at some university; unfortunately, American millionaires are slow to move in the right direction.

I had an amusing talk with Grant Allen once about his writing. Said he, "My line is to write what I think the public wish to buy, and not what I wish to say, or what I really think and feel; and to please the public, for a man of

my temperament and opinion, is not so easy as an outsider might be inclined to imagine. I began with a socialistic novel, 'Philista,' but when I offered it to magazines I was candidly told it would tend rather to deter than attract subscribers. Socialism failing, I essayed domesticity, and produced 'Babylon:' that did better, but didn't set the Thames on fire. Then I tried a wicked novel, 'For Maimie's Sake,' but I suppose 'it wasn't wicked enough,' or my natural innocence peeped through too obtrusively, and the young ladies who patronise the wicked novel didn't seem to take to it. Perhaps the modesty natural to man prevents our being able to compete on this ground with lady novelists. After that I took to sensationalism pure and simple, and found it pay a little better. Still even now I could stand more pay, and be none the worse for it. When a man is ill half his time, and has to work as hard as he can write for the remainder, he feels that a little less labour and a little more money might produce better results in the end."

Passing from the novel question, I asked Grant Allen what he thought of magazines and reviews, and the scope afforded by them for plain speaking, and the outpouring of one's soul upon all things in heaven and earth, and the water that is under the earth, to which he replied, "Well, I would recommend plain speaking, if you could ever get an editor to give you your head, but I know no subject on earth on which one can really say what one wants without interference. Every magazine alters and curtails; it is only when men attain the very summits of the profession, men like Ruskin, Spencer, Huxley, Froude, and Manning, who can make sure of having what they write printed *verbatim*. Besides, the public itself doesn't want to be told what it doesn't believe; not what *you* think and feel and believe and conceive to be of importance to the world, but what the average throng itself desires to read, conditions your activity. Of course, if a man has private means sufficient to enable him to write what he

will in spite of the public, he may at last force the public to hear him ; but professional men of letters, who live by their pens, must be content to say, not what they will, but what the public wants to hear. The penalty for following your own instincts is, no pay and starvation."

" Well then, Grant Allen," asked I, " do you believe in signed articles ? " " Most desirable," was his reply, " that all articles should be signed if only you can get an editor free enough to allow his contributors a free hand ; but no such editor exists as yet. Editors are the slaves of capitalists trembling for their dividends. The capitalist, of course, doesn't care twopence for differences of opinion ; what he thinks of is this, Will such and such an article help to sell or to mar the paper ? If what you have to say exactly suits the tastes of the subscribers, then by all means you may say it ; but if not, you must for ever keep silent. Signed articles are most influential, if the name signed is one that commands respect or attention. But the self-respecting man dislikes to sign anything unless he can say absolutely and unreservedly all that he thinks on his subject. At present there is always a divided responsibility : an editor and an author share it between them. I have even known an editor insert a ' not ' in a sentence in a signed article, so as to make the writer say the exact opposite of what he had intended."

This conversation gives a passing glimpse into the mind of this curiously-varied and richly-gifted man. But no words of mine can give an idea of the grace and delicacy and light fancifulness of his scientific writings. Here even the uninitiate may revel, the most inexperienced can rejoice. I once remember reading, with what pleasure I cannot say, his description of a swallow's flight from the cold autumnal mists of England, across the chilly plains of France, down the wind-swept gorges of the gloomy Spanish mountains, across the blue Mediterranean, till it lost itself in the ocean of African sunlight far beyond. Or he takes his readers

for a walk in the country lanes, and picks out every single leaf, calls attention to the note of each woodland bird, marks the ray of sunlight across the mossy glade. Equally happy and at home he discourses on the mysteries of life, the curious varieties and regularities of the doctrine of heredity, the upward, onward course of an individual plant or animal or human being.

Those who run may read his charming works, and there is no need therefore that I should further discourse upon his writings. Here, as far as possible, I have placed before you, my readers, the man and his conversation. *Aut disce, aut discede.*



## Poets and Preachers ; an Interview with Archdeacon Farrar.



I was only as I walked down to Archdeacon Farrar's, and as I stood for a moment beneath that splendid pile, that poem in stone, Westminster Abbey, that I finally resolved to choose for the subject of my conversation with the eloquent and poetical preacher, the influence of the poet upon the pulpit. And as I sat within his charming study waiting his coming, and gazing at my surroundings, I thought all was in harmony with my choice ; for art and poetry are closely allied, and the pictures upon the study wall were very beautiful. As I looked at them, Dr. Farrar himself came in—a shy, quiet, singularly pleasant-faced man, with the kindest possible manner. He at once began to talk about his pictures, of which he is evidently very fond.

“That,” said he, pointing to a splendid painting upon the mantelpiece, “that is a copy of Paul Veronese’s ‘Presentation to the Virgin.’ I am very fond, too, of that little bas-relief of Thorwaldsen’s ‘John the Baptist in the Wilderness.’ Here is one of Millais’ earliest, ‘Christ wounded with a nail in the Carpenter’s Shop.’ Tender and prophetic, is it not ? These are two of Dante Gabriel Rossetti’s ; and some Americans, knowing how I love their country, sent me these splendid autumn-tinted landscapes. What a blaze of glory ! ”



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

*From a photo by Messrs Elliott & Fry, 66, Baker Street, W.*





But time was hurrying on, and so we sat down to our conversation, and having told the Archdeacon what I would like to talk about, he agreed at once, saying, "I have always strongly believed in the influence of poetry on religious thought. And it is very natural: the poets are the great teachers of all ages, and their words contain the best thought in the best language. If a clergyman, wearied of a hard day's work, desires relaxation, let him read Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, or any of our great modern poets. He will rise purer, happier, nobler, and calmer from such writers. He is less likely to take the virulence of his party paper for the oracles of God, or his parish cackle for the murmur of the great world. Dante and Shakespeare supply endless illustrations for the pulpits of all time. Look at Shakespeare's familiarity with the Bible, of which the Bishop of St. Andrew's speaks so strongly in his new book. Milton I knew thoroughly as a boy."

Here I struck in: "Is it not curious to note how entirely, in his conception of Satan, Milton departed from the old and fantastic and terrible idea of him, as taught by the Mediævalists? And is it not equally curious how all the religious poets, Dante, Milton, Goëthe, 'Festus,' all differ in their portrayal of the Spirit of Evil? Now, is that conception of Milton's, fine as it is, for good or ill, and how has it influenced preachers since his day?"

To which Archdeacon Farrar replied: "Well, I do not think Milton is altogether right in making Satan a hero. Evil can never be painted too black. Dante's terrible Satan is nearer the true spirit of Catholic theology. Goëthe's Mephistopheles is but a flickering, gibing spirit of mockery. 'Festus' Satan I almost forget. The modern tendency is to leave out the personality of Satan, in which, however, I fancy many clergymen still believe. To come down to the poets of later days—Cowper, Tennyson, and Browning have influenced me incalculably. Browning has a range only second to that of Shakespeare. Tennyson's 'Idylls' are lovely allegories, and

contain great teaching for the Church. I should find it impossible to express my debt of gratitude to Tennyson. Besides, we get at the minds of these men so thoroughly, and it is interesting to see how men view matters theological apart from a purely professional view. They go much further than I do with regard to the 'Larger Hope' which they have quite unvaryingly taught ; but like myself, 'They *know* not anything ; they can but trust that good shall fall, at last, far off, at last, to all.' See how hopeful Browning always is, and think of his effect on theology. I may tell you this, I am sure, Bishop Westcott, the great authority on St. John's gospel, had his interest greatly increased by Browning's 'Death in the Desert,' and it was through my introduction that he was able to tell poor Browning this. How ringing with splendid hope are those lines of his, 'Life is probation, and this earth no goal, but starting-point of man ;' and those deathless lines in 'Abt Vogler,' 'all we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist. . .

There shall never be one lost good ! What was shall live as before ;  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;

On earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round.

"Yes, I hardly like to tell you," continued Dr. Farrar, "all the good I hope and believe my book has done, but I have been extraordinarily misunderstood and abused on the subject. And yet Dr. Pusey conceded all I wanted." And as he spoke he placed in my hands a copy of his "Eternal Hope," on the inside cover of which were carefully pasted two letters of Dr. Pusey's, in his own most beautiful handwriting :

If I had had time I would have re-written my book, and would have said :  
"You seem to me to deny nothing which I believe : you do not deny the eternal punishment of souls obstinately and finally impenitent. I believe in the eternal punishment of no other. . . . It is a great relief to me that you can substitute the conception of a future purification for those who have not utterly extinguished the grace of God in their heart. This, I believe, would put you in harmony with the whole of Christendom."

Thus the great Anglican. "I am not a Universalist,"

continued the Archdeacon, "but my book is a revolt from the Calvinistic horrors born of a superstitious elevation of the mere *letter* into a supernatural authority over the *spirit*."

"Do you think," I queried, "that Church and Nonconformity can ever be at union?"

"Not at present, I fear. We will not concede Episcopacy or the validity of Orders, and they will be equally obstinate in yielding points to us; but all these are minor details: we are, I trust, at one on all cardinal points. Yes, certainly in many ways they are quite as bigoted as we are, but their bigotry is but that spirit of Pharisaism which is eternal in the human heart. What we all of us require is the spirit of Charity. There is nothing in which poetry can more perfectly influence us than in this respect. And yet how rare such a spirit is, and how complete an exposure of self-deception is often displayed in those who think they are at one, and yet find it impossible to give way in all that implies true unity! Does not Tennyson well describe them?"

Forget! how many will *say*, forgive, and find  
A sort of absolution in the sound,  
And hate a little longer?

And yet the day of perfect unity will surely come, if not now—then; if not here—there."

A moment's silence, during which somewhere, far off, I heard pealing from a distant organ the magnificent strains of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," and a vision of a long-past summer day rose to my mind. It was in the adjacent Abbey, and from the lips of the very man who now sat before me, there had just fallen the concluding words of one of those splendid sermons of his, full of all hope and love and consolation; and I recollected how at the moment I had thought how much they must have differed from, let us say, the stern denunciations of some fiery abbot or some bigoted puritan: and so I said, with a humorous smile flickering round my lips: "Dr. Farrar, may I ask you a personal question? How far are you affected by

the ecclesiastical traditions of the grand old Abbey, and does not its very ecclesiasticism war against your own tendency to liberality of thought? Do not these ancient walls, that have in the past re-echoed to such very different teaching, seem to hurl back vast reproaches upon you?"

Archdeacon Farrar broadly smiled as he replied: "Assuredly I am affected, but not in the way you imagine. The traditions of Westminster are all in favour of the truest Catholicity. Is it not the Temple of Silence and Reconciliation? Do not Mary and Elizabeth sleep there side by side, at rest and peace at last, 'life's fitful fever spent?' Very few recognise the great truth that the Abbey is a theology in stone. Its triple breadth, and height, and length symbolise the great Trinity; even the pillars deflect slightly to the right, as did our Lord's head upon the cross. The double west door is His double nature. Think how Addison used to seek shelter from the noisy outside world to walk its aisles in contemplation. Think of all the mighty dead, and how thronged its very air is with the ghosts of the highest, and purest, and best that earth has ever known. The influence of the poets upon the preachers is nowhere more perfectly realised than within the walls of our beloved Abbey.

They dreamt not of a perishable home who thus  
could build.

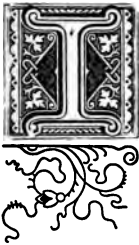
Be mine, in hours of fear or grovelling thought,  
To seek a refuge here.

Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam  
Where bubbles burst and folly's dancing foam  
Melts if it cross the threshold."

And the organ was still pealing on—"For He shall reign, for He shall reign for ever and ever.—Amen."



## The Preaching of the Future : an Interview with Dr. Parker.



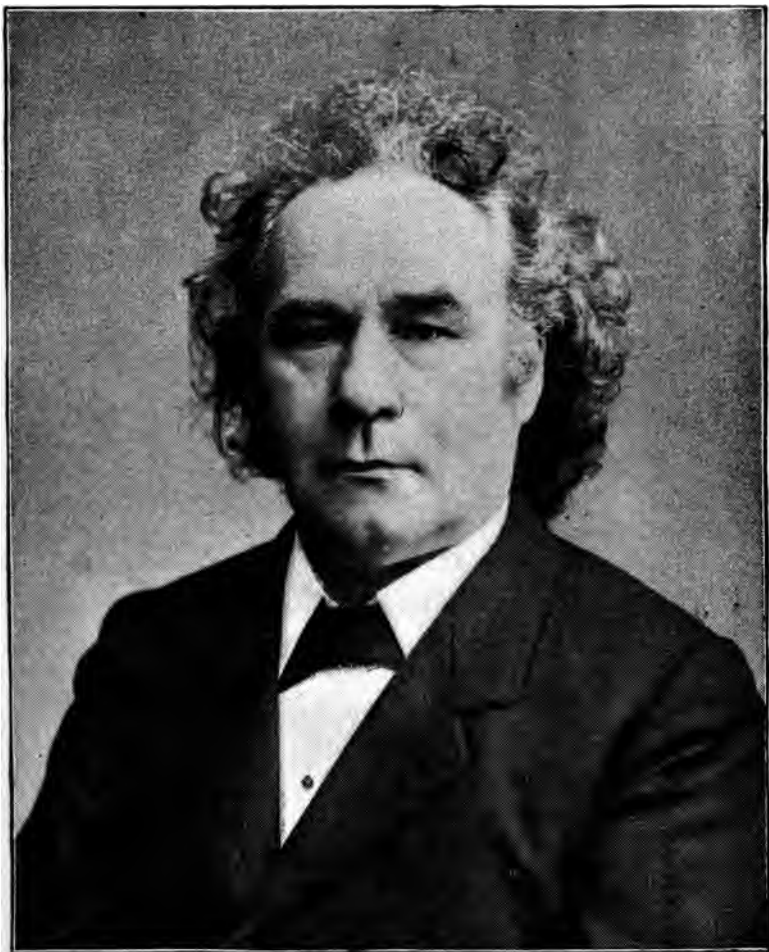
It is not quite easy exactly to place Dr. Parker in his own special niche of time. Does he belong to to-day, or is he of a past generation ? Is what I may term "modernity"—a quality which I may describe as a compound of the wisdom and experience of the past, and the advanced thought and energy of the present,—is "modernity" summed up in his ample frame and powerful mind ? or is he merely an energetic survival of the evangelicism of a bygone day ?

Certainly he is not one of the band that is issuing forth from Mansfield ; and just as assuredly he is not a relic of the days when William Jay, or later, Thomas Binney and their like, hammered away at the splendid old truth, in the splendid old manner. As a whole, then, I think he is of to-day, quite as earnest as the heroes of a bygone generation, but with the breadth of thought and the tenderness of sympathy which is commoner now than it was then.

Joseph Parker we may fairly describe as very human : and a good thing that he is so. He is in many respects a striking contrast to that other notable product of modern Nonconformity, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, of whom—Mr. Stead I think it was—once wrote that he had never made a slip,

and that perhaps it would have been better for himself that he were not quite so immaculate ; and certainly I may add, that the once sinner makes the loveliest saint, the most long-suffering, the tenderest, and most sympathetic—the most human, in short. Now, not for a moment do I mean to imply that Dr. Parker has ever been a sinner. Very far otherwise, indeed, has been the case, I imagine. He is far too “straight,” too up-and-downright a man ever to have wandered far from the paths of strictest rectitude. But Dr. Parker is human I repeat it with emphasis, and with pleasure—he is human, and therefore, on account of this very human side of his nature, admirably suited to lead, guide, and teach erring humanity. I can remember his once telling me that he had “a lot of the tiger” in him, and I can quite believe it. He was talking of his failure with the Dock-strikers. “I could not stand their utter unreasonableness. I could not stand the blasphemy I now and again have detected in the speeches of your British working-man. A word against my Lord and Saviour rouses all the tiger in me—there is a great deal of the tiger in me.” So probably there is, and a great deal of tender sympathy also ; a great deal of the spirit that deals out ungrudging and timely charity with the right hand, whilst not even telling it to the left hand ; a good deal of doing good by stealth, and blushing to find it fame. Yes, let me give the man his due. Dr. Parker is often heartily abused, and perhaps now and again deservedly so—there is rarely smoke without fire ; but let mine be the task of very heartily praising him. He is a man deserving of praise, deserving of hearty admiration, in more ways than one.

What a Roman priest he would have made ! Thus mentally have I often regarded him. Big, massive, resolute, eloquent, enthusiastic and persuasive—what a Jesuit orator or a Dominican revivalist he would have been ! Perhaps this is why he is so extraordinarily popular with the ritualistic portion of the Anglican clergy. That he is so none can doubt who



REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

*From a photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*






goes to his Thursday morning meetings and sees on all sides the well-known High-church type of parson ; and curiously enough, it is by these very ritualists that I have heard his praises most loudly sung. His earnestness, his eloquence his real depth of thought, which they, cultivated, scholarly men as most of them are, have been speedy to detect—all these things have enabled them and others to realise that they are in the presence of a master mind. For though to some he may appear shallow, blatant, even bombastic, yet in reality I do not know or believe that he is so. His accomplished work, his published writings, are not the outcome of a mere charlatan. His "People's Bible," for instance, is a vast storehouse of imagination, as well of careful thought and research. It is the product not of a mere eccentric plagiarist, but of a really intellectual and a scholarly mind.

Educated as he was at University College, I imagine he is much more of a classical scholar than people in their haste are inclined to credit him with being. Ordained—as they term it—to his first charge in Banbury, where he was the terror of the rampant and aggressive Secularism which at that period, 1853, was the survival of the Chartism of 1848, he passed in 1858 to Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, where he was the central figure of attraction even in that vast city until in 1869 he came to London. In 1873 the foundation stone of the City Temple was laid by Dr. Binney, who thus spoke—and he was a man who never spoke unadvisedly with his lips : " I feel such confidence in Dr. Parker, such a belief in his principles and worth, his earnestness, sincerity, and truthfulness, and in the power which God has conferred upon him, and out of which will come mighty issues, that I am glad to take my stand by his side."

This is the man, repeatedly Chairman of Congregational Unions and Boards, with whom on a very recent occasion I found myself in earnest, vigorous conversation and speculation concerning "The Preaching of the Future."

“So many people have come to grief in forecasting the future,” said Dr. Parker, in reply to my question as to his general opinion of the preaching of the future, “that I wish to be very chary in what I say. If by the future you mean a quarter of a century hence, that is one thing; if by future you mean two hundred years, that is quite another thing. My opinion is, that for the next quarter of a century things will continue much as they are. There is wonderful conservatism in public usage. Even in complaining about customs, people still cling to them. I fear that many of what ought to be the best men intellectually are leaving not only preaching, but also public worship. Some people might call them dead wood, and say that the sooner they are cut off the better. Not I. Such men are not to be retained by sheer intellectual force, but by deep and subtle sympathy. The pulpit should not discuss intellectual statements. The pulpit is face to face with needy, heavy-laden, perplexed, and broken-hearted lives. I believe the man who addresses himself most sympathetically to these will realise the richest and most useful future. Let any man analyse an ordinary congregation, and how many intellectual geniuses will he find there? I have been preaching now for thirty-eight years, and I give it as my opinion that the man who addresses common necessities, actual experiences, will wield the deepest and the best influence. Believe me, our congregations are not made up of academicians or pedants. We want human words delivered with a divine accent, and divine realities spoken of with human sympathy. The man who follows this line can never be dispossessed of whatever is best in the future. There is a distinct movement in this direction. Our young men are wonderfully practical and sympathetic. Of course I can speak most clearly about Nonconformist young preachers. We have a great College—Mansfield—at Oxford, and I am bound to say that all her men whom I have met finely blend intellectual vigour with Christian sympathy and unction.



The sermon that is destitute of unction cannot live; the unction that has not intellectual force behind it is not only useless, but mocking. It must be heart AND head!"

"But, Dr. Parker," said I, "you told me last year you did not like 'young Mansfield.'"

"Exactly; but, my friend, *last* year is not this year. We live and learn, and I have lived and learned also."

"Well, now," I went on; "let us take your last words, 'Heart and head,' and let me ask you this—Is the chief foundation of the preaching of the future to be scholarship or vital experience?"

"Both. I believe in scholarship. I believe in the larger scholarship that goes beyond mere letters and gerund grinding, and all sorts of grammatical finessing—the scholarship that knows the thought and spirit as well as the letter: beyond the letter there is an influence or effluence which the mere grammarian can never understand or appropriate. I believe that neither scholarship nor experience exactly covers the case, from a pulpit point of view. I prefer some such word as poetry, ideality, function of the seers,—men of penetrating vision. Prophecy seems to me to be the word which best defines the function of the preacher. Vital experience, however, as you put it, is a very sacred expression. I am glad you use the word 'vital.' Sometimes the word 'experience' is limited to momentary moods, whims, fancies. If a man spend his life in analysing these, he will find at last that he has no spiritual harvest. True experience underlies and overtops all that middle line which is more or less affected by the weather and one's digestion."

"I should like to ascertain your ideas, Dr. Parker, as to the respective merits of the Roman and Anglican clergy and the Nonconformist ministry."

"Rather a comprehensive question. I think I will give you one or two personal experiences. The greatest pulpit oration I ever heard was in Montreal. A French priest was

preaching in the Cathedral there. As a mere spectacle I never saw anything to compare with it. The rapidity and vigour of his action, the expressiveness of his eyes, the dominant energy of his whole manner, made me feel that he was the greatest wizard in words I had ever come across. Not a scrap of manuscript. He sat down in the pulpit. Then he suddenly sprang from his chair and leaned over the pulpit as if to plunge down. In a moment he was quietly seated again. His voice rang through the whole gamut of human utterance and emotion. He struck me as a prophet sent down from heaven. The next greatest preacher I ever heard was a priest in the Lutheran Church, whom I heard in Norway this year. As he stood on the platform he was a perfect image of classic dignity and majesty—a magnificent looking man. A face which might have been painted for 'Purity' itself; eyes full of light; his voice most artistically but not artificially modulated. Passion, none the less, but wonderfully suppressed. You felt his lightest whisper had thunder behind it. Here again no manuscript, and all the people riveted. This shewed me that pulpit influence is not always a question of argument or controversy. There is influence or magnetism in tone, a power in personality, apart from words. Probably, if I could have followed his language, I might have been holding mental debate with the speaker; as it was, my ignorance was an advantage. The man, the tone, the sympathy, the earnestness, all totalled up into happy influence. As to the Anglicans, I have Newman and Robertson always at hand. I look upon Bishop Ellicott as one of my daily guides in critical reading of the Scriptures. I get next to nothing out of the 'Speaker's Commentary.' I read 'The Classic Preachers of the English Church' with immense delight. Whenever I go down a little in enthusiasm I pick up that book, and soon become re-enkindled; and also 'Masters in English Theology.' I want to praise and thank these men. The very finest thing I have read for many years is

Canon Scott-Holland's essay in *Lux Mundi*. It came to me like a revelation. I wrote to thank him; and here," said Dr. Parker, taking down a beautiful Bible, "here is his reply, which I treasure in my Private Bible. I wish we all knew more of one another, Mr. Blathwayt. I believe in the Churches knowing one another. Why shouldn't we come and speak at your Church Congress?"

"Well, Dr. Parker," I replied, "you see it is just because it is the *Church* Congress that you could not well speak there. I tell you what: suppose you start a vast congress of the Church of *Christ*, where all Churches could meet and talk once every five years? But I doubt yet if Church and Dissent *can* unite. Surely we can go on apart, and yet respect one another and do good work? But as regards the last part of my question, how is the preaching of the Nonconformist ministers generally nowadays?"

"We have better preaching to-day than ever," was the decisive reply.

"Do you consider that the Press damages the influence of the Pulpit, or that it will seriously affect the preaching of the future?"

"Never; if the Pulpit keeps to its own sphere. The moment the Pulpit invites comparison with the Press, it may severely suffer. When we have *extemporaneous* preaching, such as that I heard in Norway and Canada, there can simply be no comparison between the two instruments as to their power and influence. When the Pulpit *reads* its sermons, it invites literary criticism. When the Pulpit *speaks*, it invites practical sympathy. I believe in a *speaking* Pulpit, not in a *reading* desk. It will be said, as you suggest, that Dr. Chalmers always read. I answer, the reader is not always Chalmers; but even in matter of style Chalmers brought himself under severe and sometimes damaging criticism. You must understand that in all these judgments of mine, I make room for great exceptions. I have heard readers who thrilled me. I

infinitely prefer speakers, though their literary composition, so far as they have any, may be faulty, and even coarse. Understand this, even leading articles are not so much read as their writers would like them to be. I have *heard* there are heavy sermons, but I *know* as a fact that there are ponderous leaders. When you speak of the Press, I am comparing the leading article with the sermon. I wish the sermon to keep to its own sphere, which lies about a thousand miles away from the printer's press. I believe the influence of the Press will eventually tell for good upon all wise preachers. As congregations become educated and enlightened, the Pulpit must raise its level. Pulpit and Press should be allies, not opponents."

A pause of silence, during which I summoned up courage for my next question—a very home one, for in such a conversation as this, unless one drives home, one is as he that beateth the air ; and with such a man as he with whom I was talking the utmost frankness availed more than any amount of side-thrusting, or of beating about the bush. Looking at him, therefore, very intently, I said, "Now, Dr. Parker, is it your experience that preaching tends to spiritual pride on the part of the preacher ? In other ways, is not the consciousness of having preached a fine sermon harmful in its results to him who preaches it ? Is not the path of the 'popular preacher,' concerning whom Cardinal Manning once hinted to me that he entertained great fears,—is not the path of such an one overlaid with snares and temptations which are not in the path of the quiet, humdrum preacher ?"

"In some cases," replied Dr. Parker, "it is almost necessarily the fact. Here let me speak quite frankly. In proportion as the sermon is a literary composition, or a mere work of art, it is likely to damage the spiritual sincerity of the preacher. He is led to admire it, to speak of its proportions, to praise its polish, to revel in its little climaxes, and to take pleasure in it as a potter in his vessel which his hands

have made. On the other hand, where a sermon expresses, however imperfectly from a literary point of view, the best thought and best feeling of the preacher, it is likely to leave behind it a happy influence on the preacher's own soul. I can hardly put into words sufficiently delicate what I now wish to say to you. I must trust to your interpretation of my motive, rather than to the accuracy of my words. I feel more and more, when preaching, that I have next to nothing to do with the holy exercise. When I stand up to preach I hardly ever know the sentence I am going to utter. The subject itself I endeavour to know well. I mark out two or three main lines of exposition. As for words or sentences, I am not only the speaker, I am also one of the audience. I could honestly tell you at the end of the discourse that I have enjoyed it, and that I have profited by it as much as if it had been spoken by another man. Under such circumstances I take no credit whatever for the sermon. I feel Christ's words have been true for me, 'In that hour it shall be given you what ye shall speak.' I never think of it as my own. Many a time when I look into the published volumes of my sermons, I am absolutely certain that I never uttered what is there printed. I know how I thus expose myself to cynical remarks, which I sometimes feel very deeply. I do not fear them, however, nor am I influenced by them. This is the only answer I can give to your very plain question ; this is a brief note, as it were, out of what to me is a very deep and sacred experience."

These words of the great Nonconformist Boanerges are well worthy of much thought. I would commend them to all popular preachers, and especially to those sects among whom popular preachers are chiefly to be found, and where preaching is perhaps unduly elevated at the expense of other higher and nobler, if not quite such showy or brilliant Christian or ministerial virtues. The quiet, scholarly, reticent, refined Anglican is not quite so much on the wrong tack as



people are apt to think he is when he takes up his parable against "the popular preacher."

We then fell into a discussion as to the prospects and the advisability of women preaching, in the dim and distant future. For myself, I was against the idea as a whole, though I suggested to Dr. Parker that once a week or once a month the chapels might well be thrown open to "women only," when a carefully-chosen, carefully-trained, woman might address her sisters upon subjects of which she might know more, or it might be more expedient for her to handle, than a man.

The doctor agreed with me, and even went further.

"St. Paul," said he, "when he condemned women to silence, was living in a country and ministering to a church full of imperfectly-converted heathens. The woman of that day was not all that could be desired. Now it is different. The last time Mrs. Booth spoke in public was in my church. Nothing lovelier than the utterances of the Quaker women can be imagined: simple and chaste. I am not going to agitate for women preachers, but when the right woman comes there is my pulpit for her. There is one thing, however, a woman can do well in church, and I wish to see her do it more and more: she can sing the Gospel. I believe in solo-singing in church. Such singing has wrought quite a revolution in my own congregation.

"At the close of my Thursday morning services there used to be a general stampede; now that we have a female solo after the sermon, hardly a person goes out."

"Nonconformity, Dr. Parker, always appears to me to be lacking in the parochial element, house-to-house visitation. Can a man preach well who is not first a good visitor?"

"No, certainly not. I had eleven years of hard parochial work in Manchester. Only in that way can a man get to know his people—only in this way can he reach their inmost hearts. A house-to-house going pastor makes a heart-to-heart

preacher. Common sense tells us that, and by-the-bye, I lay great stress on common sense as a valuable pulpit adjunct. The common-sense man never goes far wrong; but even more, we want a man amongst us in all the churches, state and dissent, who has a grand conception of the possibilities of the pulpit, and who, by inspiring young preachers will bring back to them all the best influence of historical preaching. We want the Commonwealth pulpit back without the Commonwealth incidents; woe betide the pulpit when preachers themselves hold it in light esteem.

“Then to conclude, Dr. Parker, you believe in ‘the foolishness of preaching,’ and you think it has a great future?”

“Ah, yes indeed; the foolishness of the thing preached. A Christ dying and raised from the dead for us men and our salvation! That a cross should raise and redeem the world! Yes, *that* is the preaching I believe in, loud as thunder. By *such* preaching the world will be saved; the Cross must ever gleam above the preacher’s head! there is no preaching without that. No Cross? Then is our preaching vain indeed! That is what I meant by unction. I saw you did not quite relish the phrase,”—nor indeed had I, for not quite understanding it, it had rather savoured of Chadband to me,—“that is what I mean by unction, the Cross of Christ, His Cross and Passion! Let every preacher, now and in the future, determine with St. Paul that he will know no other and preach no other save Christ and Him Crucified! Then is our preaching not in vain!”

Thus the stone-cutter’s son. Thus spoke the resolute Northumbrian village boy; and if the reading of this article tends to the showing of a really noble-hearted, though often much-abused man, in a kinder and truer light than has always been the case, it has not been written in vain, nor has it been written in vain if it stirs up the preachers of all denominations to greater earnestness, to greater hopefulness, to the knowledge that all their preaching is as tinkling cymbals

or as sounding brass, unless there is behind it the heart of humanity that beats ever against the heart of humanity. The charity that believeth all things, hopeth all things, beareth all things, that vaunteth not itself, that is not puffed up.

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity ; these three, but the greatest of these is Charity.



## Some Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning.



THE Great Cardinal has passed away, leaving behind him a memory which will never die—the sweet savour of a sainted life. We cannot expect to look upon his like again. His forceful energy, his eloquence, his tender sympathy, the romantic personality which won its way with all who knew him, will not soon fade from our affectionate memories. He, being dead, will yet speak, and speak with even greater conviction than in life. A few personal memories of him will not fail of interest to many.

It fell to my lot in the bright, unclouded evening of that eventful life to have many a moment of deep and never-to-be-forgotten conversation with him, brief notes of which I now commit to paper.

It was just before his silver jubilee that I first saw him, and I do not know that I can do better than quote from the account I gave of my impressions in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I had put to him a question upon the past, the present, and the future of the Catholic Church in England, and whilst he sat lost in silent meditation, there came to me one of those moments which occur in the lives of all thoughtful men, and

which are photographed indelibly upon their minds. Such was the moment, the memory of which will remain with me unto my life's end, which came to me as I sat talking to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. We had been busied in earnest conference, and the question I had just put to him had caused a pause in the conversation, and, as I say, a deep silence fell upon us both. Now and again we caught the distant rumble of the busy world, but the silence was only the greater by contrast. A pale fugitive ray of sunlight fell upon the crucifix that was there, and upon the portrait of a prelate long since committed to the dust, and it fell upon the splendid face of him whom all Englishmen—Protestant and Catholic alike—are proud to call "Our Cardinal;" and, while he pondered over the long dead past, a series of pictures flashed into my brain.

I thought of the little three-year-old baby, with the sea-shell held to the listening ear, as though in that soft, falling cadence he should catch the hum and roar of the dim and distant future. I thought of the young and earnest Archdeacon of Chichester, of nearly fifty years ago. I thought of the retired English clergyman away down in his little Sussex parish, ploughing his way through snowy country lanes to Hodge's bedside. And I could hear him once again preaching in that sweet old country church of Lavington. And, as I dreamed, there came to my mind, as from a land that is very far off, those words which were first heard in the stillness of that summer morning years and years ago. And the scene, as it may have been, rose to my mind—the old church, the rustic congregation, the shafts of sunlight streaming in at the window, and the drowsy stillness, broken only by the beautiful voice of the young Anglican. And suddenly every head is raised to listen, and these words fall—first sadly, and then triumphantly—upon the hearer's ears, as the preacher looks back upon the past and into the far future.

"Old friends, old homes, old haunts, old faces, bright days,



**THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.**

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 25, Baker Street, W.*



and sweet memories—all are gone. But the future is before us—all new, all enduring, all divine."

And then, raising my eyes, I behold the man as in the present, and upon his face visible the rest and peace assured to those who, weary and heavy laden, hear and obey the bidding voice. Such the moment never to be forgotten that came upon me that morning. And then the silence was broken by the voice of the old man.

"A very comprehensive question indeed. I will answer it as well as I can. In the last forty years the restoration of the perfect organisation of the Catholic Church in England, the progress has been singularly great; but it would be a great mistake to test it only by the number gathered into it, for though many, what are they upon the millions of this country? The true progress of the Church in England is to be measured first by its immense material development in churches, clergy, colleges, convents, and schools. Everything is doubled or trebled, and in some cases increased six or even ten-fold. Next, its relation to public opinion, and the feeling of the country is so absolutely changed that I leave it rather to you to estimate than express it myself. I believe I may say that the English have ceased to fear or to suspect the Catholic Church as a Papal aggression or a foreign religion."

"Your Eminence," I replied, "I had a striking personal instance of this only very recently. I was lecturing a few months ago to nearly two thousand people of all sorts and conditions; and in pointing to the good work done by Catholics in the past, I incidentally mentioned your name as a type of Rome in the present; and I can assure your Eminence the cheers which followed were deafening." The Cardinal looked pleased as he went on:

"Exactly, I think that ill-will is over. The Catholic Church is domesticated amongst us; and the Catholics of England are as much at home as any of their fellow-countrymen."



"And now, your Eminence, what are your opinions regarding the future, the religious future of England? And may I suggest that we look at the question from a literary point of view, the point of view which is held by the writers of 'Lux Mundi,' the point of view from which those look out who hold much more Rationalistic or even Atheistic opinions. What do you think is betokened by all these things?"

"'Lux Mundi,'" replied the Cardinal very gravely, "I will not criticise. I am too old to begin throwing stones, but I think it a counterpart of 'Essays and Reviews.' The Church of England has changed much since I left it. I cannot judge it, but in my opinion it has fallen away sadly since my day. As to the rationalistic development, I grant that there are signs of it to a certain extent among a small number of educated, and," he very smilingly added, "for the most part idle people. There is also much free thought. Free thought, in which I fancy you will find little thought, and even less freedom. Has it ever occurred to you how very bigoted your genuine Freethinker, as he calls himself, really is? It reminds one so forcibly of the words of Scripture, and so emphasises the truth of those words, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'"

These words of his led me to the putting of a question I had long wished to ask him, but which I never thought I should be able to ask. I said to him:

"Now, your Eminence, are you not conscious now and again of the old leaven of Protestantism? The present must frequently in your own mind be tinged with the memories of the past!"

He smiled as he replied, laying his hand upon my knee:

"Do you know that is a very home question indeed. But you are right. Old training, old habits of thought, can never be quite forgotten. You can never get away from them altogether, even if it were desirable, which, in this case, it is not. Yes, I have my memories of the past."

It was on this same occasion I remember that I obtained a glimpse of that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. It was a brilliant summer day, and we were standing by the window, looking down into the street, in which a number of children were at play. The old Cardinal drew my attention to the group, where a sturdy little chap was bowling to his brother. At that very moment a well put in ball took his companion's stumps; the prelate was vastly pleased. "Well done," said he, "how well that child bowls."

As may be supposed, I was vastly amused and pleased, and I observed:

"You were a great cricketer, yourself, your Eminence?" He replied with a smile:

"Well, I used to be very fond of the game. The last time I ever had a ball in my hand was one day some years ago now. I had gone to my old home, St. Charles', at Bayswater. Just as I entered the gate I came upon the reverend fathers busy in a game of cricket. I thought I would try my hand once again to see if it had lost its cunning. But no, I was as good as ever, for I bowled my man out the very first ball."

A charming little episode was this. I can never understand how it is that so many of his priests have spoken of him as severe, cold, unsympathetic. One young ecclesiastic, in speaking of his Archbishop, always dubbed him, "the Marble Arch." Another, coming shivering from an interview, and being rallied on it by his companions, replied, "And who wouldn't shiver if he had been sitting for an hour with an iceberg?" To me it is incomprehensible. He always appeared so sympathetic, so gentle and broad-minded, and so humorous. He ever saw the bright or the ludicrous aspect of a thing. He would invariably greet me with a little kindly joke. I remember his coming into the room once, with a paper I had written him in his hands, and crying out with

bright energy, "Why, Mr. Blathwayt, what a wonderful man you are. I should want twenty-eight large folios to answer this question properly!"

The occasion of my last interview with him was in this wise. I had been to America, as my readers know, taking with me letters of introduction from his Eminence to Cardinal Gibbons, his prototype in the United States. My special object in going was that I might study the position of the great Church in the Republic of the West. Some time after I wrote to him to inform him of my return, and

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,  
WESTMINSTER,  
S.W.

Nov. 22, 1891

My dear Mr. Blathwayt,

I shall be happy to see you  
tomorrow: & to make sure  
I will say, at 3 o'clock, as I  
have a meeting in the morn-  
ing.

You did not write the word  
"Rominish." I read the article  
with much interest except pp  
12-13. Yours faithfully

Henry C. (Cardinal) Manning

enclosing an article I had written upon American Catholicism. He replied that he would like to see me personally, and hear from me myself of my investigations. The first day fixed by him I was out of London. He wrote again, and in reply to the letter, of which a *fac-simile* is here given, I went to see him.

A little older, a shade more feeble he appeared to me to be than when I last saw him, but still earnest and vigorous as in the days of his youth. In reply to my question as to his health,

he told me he felt perfectly well in body, "though I am feeble, and I dare not trust myself in the open air. But I get through just as much work as ever I did in my life, and enjoy it as much."

He then referred to my article on the Roman Church in America—an article in which I had endeavoured as far

as possible to show the influence of the Republic upon the Church, and the position which the Church may take there in the future. "I like your article very much indeed," said he, "though I take exception to one or two points. Now, what do you mean by saying that Rome in America will not be the Rome of the Middle Ages, or the Rome of the Vatican—that it will only be *American* Rome? Can not you see that it will be all three of these? You say it will be Puritan Rome, emancipated Rome. Emancipated from what? Indeed, has she not always been emancipated? Christianity, in the person of the Roman Church, freed the slaves, and first emancipated women. You say that Rome is hitherto hampered and fettered by canons and rules centuries old. Nay, surely you are mistaken. She is fettered from without, as for instance, by the concordats in Austria and in France. But not by her canons, which are unchangeable, and are from within. Rome in America, you tell us, will become Americanised and frankly democratic."

Here I smilingly interrupted his Eminence.

"I mean that in a limited sense, your Eminence. Rome in America strikes me as being a very different Church from that which existed in the Middle Ages, or which even now exists in Spain. I do not mean to imply that she will thereby become separated from the Holy See, for in such a case she would cease, as Cardinal Gibbons told me, to be Roman."

"Mr. Blathwayt," replied the Cardinal, pushing back his spectacles, and looking me very smilingly in the face, "Rome, wherever she be, will always be Roman. That she is Republican and democratic in America is what one would expect. She may have been Imperialistic in Spain and Loyalist in France in days gone by; but the popular feeling is asserting itself, and Rome is very democratic. Is she not on the side of the people in Ireland to-day? Is not Dublin Castle, either in Dublin or in Printing House Square, being

gradually swept away? Am I not democratic?" And here the old Cardinal fairly laughed. "Then again, you say that Rome does not live upon her traditions. But she does. But her traditions do not poison her. They are her very life. You say she is Puritan; can you explain that?"

"Well, your Eminence, all I meant was that the best spirit of Puritanism dwells in the finest of the American Catholics."

"And glad am I to hear you say so. That deep, true spirit of religion is the source of their life and energy."

"Then I suppose, your Eminence, that you would not regard Puritanism with an unfriendly eye?"

"Certainly not. There is much, as I say, of deep religion in old-fashioned Puritanism, and if it lives again in Catholicism I am thankful. What did Mr. Gladstone say of your article?"

I replied that whilst much approving of it, he had said he could not take so rose-coloured a view of the prospects of the Church, but that he had specially called my attention to the splendid stand made by Roman Catholicism against the too great facilities for divorce, and the strong opinions held by the Church on social purity. "But, your Eminence, he also commented on 'the heresy still held by the Church as regards the temporal power.'"

The Cardinal smilingly shook his head.

"Ah! he is wrong there, he is wrong there. But what a wonderful man he is. How much in touch with every question of the day! It is a great pain to me in my closing days to see and hear the shameful things which are said of him by his political opponents. I can understand their disliking Gladstone the *politician*, but why should they hate Gladstone the *man* so much? They are so terribly blinded by their prejudices to his splendid qualities. Theirs is a noisy warfare; they don't understand the 'blessings of peace.'"

He then took up my article again, reading extracts from it

with wonderful emphasis and vigour. Then laying it down, he concluded his comments with a kind word of hearty approval.

A long and interesting conversation followed on the great social questions of the day. Gradually we drifted into the Primrose League.

"It was terribly written against in Rome," said the Cardinal; "but I laid the matter before the Holy Father, and assured him it was in deed and in truth a League of the Innocents."

This caused a hearty laugh. Then he went on:

"I can well remember Lady Dorothy Nevill coming in one day, and saying to me, 'We owe you so much, you are our patron saint.'" It was a good instance of the liberal-mindedness of the old gentleman, who was, of course, a very advanced Home Ruler, and who indeed held very radical notions on many of the leading social questions of the day. Talking of the Primrose League reminded me of the Knights of Labour.

"Your Eminence," said I, "just before I sailed for America, John Burns said to me, 'I wish you would ask Cardinal Gibbons, from me, why he smashed the Knights of Labour.'"

Cardinal Manning said, "Why, he saved them. I was in Rome at the time with Cardinal Gibbons, and we explained the whole matter to the Holy Father."

Board schools and religious education then came upon the tapis. I spoke of the candidature of my friend, Mr. Thomas Smith, the proprietor of *Great Thoughts*, for a seat on the London School Board, telling the Cardinal that, though a Nonconformist, he was yet very strong on the side of religion and temperance.

"He could not do better," replied the prelate; "two very good platforms to stand upon. He has my best wishes for his success. He that is not against us is for us. You know I am myself a very staunch upholder of total abstinence."

Replying in the affirmative, I asked him if he did not think that these much condemned Board Schools might not be of religious benefit to the country.

His reply was strongly in the affirmative.

"Why, of course, I do. I think already they are doing much to stem the tide of atheism. Now that the Bible is admitted into them, great good is being done. I would gladly see more definite doctrine, but failing that, it is a great step gained since '70 that the Bible should be taught. It lays a good foundation, and prepares the way for other things. I would strongly support *any* religious candidate." Which remark I commend strongly to my Protestant readers—for that is what, with emphasis, the great Roman Cardinal had to say regarding the Bible. And yet I have myself heard ministers declare that it is the one book of all others a priest would most gladly burn. "I fancy I would allow of greater freedom than most people imagine," he went on, "and I am glad to note that you speak of the freedom of the Church of Rome in America. She is free, just as St. Paul said, 'Jerusalem, which is above, is free, the mother of us all.' Rome is free, and ever on the side of the free! Rome is always for the people! Will you try and remember that?"

A remark which only goes to prove the truth of my assertion, that in many particulars Cardinal Manning was, without exception, one of the most liberal, and one of the broadest minded men I ever met.

The interview was drawing to a close. How the scene rises before me as I write. I can see him now. The frail old figure clad in the well-worn cassock trimmed with red, his biretta pushed back from his forehead, his great episcopal ring flashing in the fire-light. The firm, penetrating tones of the aged voice, the kindly gesture, the ready smile, the curious involuntary twitching of the facial muscles, the perfect features, how well I can recall them. The room grew very dark, the stillness deep and unbroken, the romance and interest of the

moment keen and intense, as we sat together, he and I, for the last time.

I rose to take my leave, casting a lingering glance upon the pensive figure by the lonely fireside, ere I passed into the crowded, busy world without.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come and see me again soon," he had said. And I kept my promise. I saw him once again, as he lay in majestic silence, life's fitful fever spent, a very King among Spirits.

What an embodiment of romance, of history, of stateliness. As I looked upon him there came to my memory his own words of long ago:

"O, blessed hour, after all the sorrows, and wrongs, and falsehoods, and darkness, and burdens of life, to see Him face to face, to be made sinless, to shine with an exceeding strength, to be as the light in which there 'is no darkness at all.'"

That hour has come to him at last.





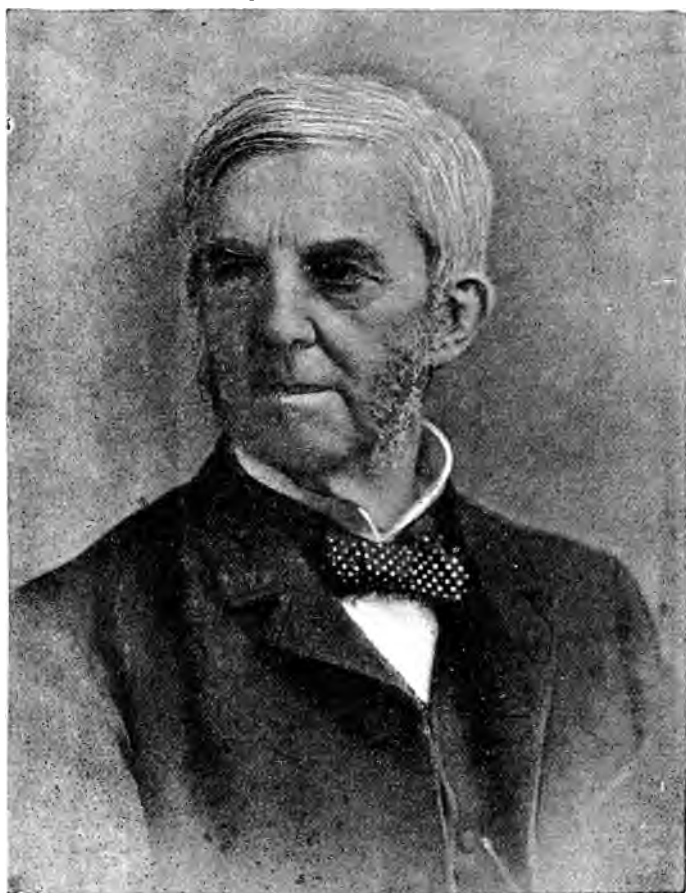
## “At my Fireside”: a Chat with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.



HE light was growing dim as I passed into the house in Beacon Street, Boston, in which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, most gentle of Autocrats, is spending his declining years; and the light from the fitful flames just indicated to me the thoughtful face and figure of the old man, so loved by all the world, as he sat there, for a moment unconscious of my sudden entry. As I looked at him, there came into my mind a memory of these lines which he himself has written, “At my Fireside,” and it seemed to me that I was actually witnessing the very thing to which he has so delicately, and with so much tenderness and pathos, alluded in them :

Alone, beneath the darkened sky,  
With saddened heart and unstrung lyre,  
I heap the spoils of years gone by,  
And leave them with a long-drawn sigh,  
Like driftwood brands that glimmering lie,  
Before the ashes hide the fire.

Let not these slow declining days  
The rosy light of dawn outlast ;  
Still round my lonely hearth it plays,  
And gilds the east with borrowed rays,  
While memory's mirrored sunset blaze  
Flames on the windows of the past.



*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Laker Street, W*



But these reflections were but for a moment. The sound of my footsteps behind him recalled him to the present, and he rose, active and alert as possible, to bid me a hearty welcome.

"And so," said he, "you bring me a letter from my friend Mr. Haweis. I very gladly welcome any friend of his. He was so kind to me in London." And then, after a pause, he took me to the window, remarking that, before the daylight closed he would wish to point out to me what there was of interest to be seen. "There, you see over the water, is Cambridge, my birthplace. Few people can see at one glance all that I can see—birthplace, college, and the cemetery where so many of my friends and relatives lie buried, and where I hope one day to lie myself."

"Ah, Dr. Holmes," I replied, "may that day be very far off indeed! you are still young, you know."

"Yes, my friend, I have worn well; but you cannot cheat old age. I may be able to walk well at eighty-two, which is my age, but you must catch the old man when he is asleep, when he is walking down stairs. It is then that old age tells, then that we feel that we are not what we once were. It is then that the occupation that once was a pleasure becomes a task. I feel that at times, though not always. I want now and again to be idle. I have just had a very tempting offer, but I hesitate about accepting it.' No, you cannot cheat old age." Here the old gentleman fell into a mood of thought, and I glanced round the pretty room, noting the well-known statuette of Thackeray, a duplicate of the one I saw at Charterhouse—his own beloved Charterhouse—the other day. There, too, in close proximity were "The Dying Gladiator" and the "Venus de Medici."

I crossed the room to look at the bookshelf—books tell so much. The Doctor roused himself. "I have rather a miscellaneous collection of books. I tell a good many of my friends that they don't know half of the interesting books

that there are in the world. Now, look at that edition of 'The Celebrities of the Century.' That is a wonderful book. I am also very strong in encyclopædias, and I am very fond of those two dictionaries which lie there upon my writing-table, always open. I am fond of shooting a word flying and bringing it down. I criticise words very closely. In all boarding-houses there is a dish called 'hash.' Now, what do you understand by that?"

"Oh," I replied, "in England that is what we understand by resurrected meat."

The Doctor laughed. "Yes; but I don't mean that. Is it minced?"

"No." I thought it was not.

"Exactly," said the Doctor. "You are right; but how few know that. An English lady gave me a written definition of the word, and so I know. Look at those red books. 'Old Yorkshire,' by William Smith. I feel I know Yorkshire and the old English life when I have read those works. And there, too, is another book, 'The Nation in the Parish.' You never heard of that book, I'll be bound; and yet it is written by a countryman of yours, the Rector of Upton-on-Severn. There is genius in that title. It contains the condensed history of Englishmen everywhere. It is a book that has pleased me much."

A question from me as to the books which had influenced him led us into a curious religious and social discussion. "I really cannot say what books have most influenced me, except perhaps, the narrowest Calvinistic productions, which have awakened my mind to theological enormities. Look at Scott's 'Commentary:' that is a dreadful monument of bigotry. Now, I go to a Unitarian church as a rule, and I like a *pièce de resistance* in a sermon with which I can quarrel. There is a great deal of Puritanism still lingering here and there in these New England States, but it is much modified here by Boston Liberalism, both in theology and politics. The

Revolution was cradled here; here lived and preached Channing and Theodore Parker."

I here objected that, as Froude argues, intolerance and bigotry often effect a great work which Liberalism and a policy of *laissez aller* altogether lack the power of effecting.

"True," replied Dr. Holmes; "but you must remember that while the Liberal faith may not make great converts, yet it softens down others and takes out some of the bitterness of their creeds. We are in a curious transitionary condition here in America. The Middle States are oceans apart from us. But here, with Harvard University and its German tendencies in theology, we cannot resist this liberalism. "Yes, you are right," he went on, in reply to a remark of mine as to the curious and widespread interest taken by American secular newspapers in matters purely theological; the newspapers here take much more note of religious questions and theological disputes than they do in England, and I think it is a very good thing they do. There are curious social conditions in our community, and the parallels between social and religious cleavage are very strong and very peculiar. The great dykes of the Puritan faith are fast breaking up, although there are men who would rather give up a newly-discovered truth than disturb old symbols. The Roman Catholic question, too, which you tell me you have come over to this country specially to study, that is another problem of great religious and political importance; although myself I fancy that the freedom of the Republic is against Catholic progress."

"Your social conditions," I remarked, "are totally different to ours in England. By-the-by, Dr. Holmes, did you enjoy your last visit there?"

"Yes, very much indeed: I was very ill at times, but on the whole it was a delightful visit. I should like to see England again, but I don't feel I can risk the voyage. I was at the Derby in 1834, when Plenipotentiary, whose portrait is on the

wall, won the race, and again in Ormonde's year, 1886. I rejoiced much in Salisbury Cathedral. It was the first I had ever seen. Stratford, too—how lovely, how interesting that is, hallowed ground to all Americans. But how many have died since I was in England! One thing that struck me very forcibly in London was the existence of small quasi-villages in its very midst. Look at the region where our good mutual friend Haweis lives! It is a little dimple in a great whirlpool."

Here a pause, which I broke by saying, "Dr. Oliver Holmes, you must have known a vast number of very interesting and very splendid people in your long life. Now, who rises pre-eminent out of all the crowd living or dead?"

The old man thoughtfully replied: "It is a good question, an interesting question. I am, indeed, surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. What is it Matthew Arnold says of those three voices that so influenced him in young life—Newman, Carlyle, Emerson? Well, as I go backward, I hear many voices, but I have to discriminate. I have to chip the coin a great deal. One man is great in one direction, but limited in another; perhaps he is wanting in common sense. Professor Asa Grey, how will he do? He went far beyond his speciality. Then there is that splendid man, James Freeman Clarke. But they are all dead. Pretty much all of my friends are dead. Whittier is a man we all revere and respect; but about him there is a certain reticence. I miss Emerson and Longfellow very much. I used frequently to meet both of them at the Saturday Night Club, here in Boston; and that great hearty creature, Agassiz—more life in him than half-a-dozen common men, and whose laugh still rings in my ear. And then there was Thackeray—dear Thackeray! I remember once little Martin Tupper came rushing benignly in to see me."

Here for a moment my thoughts flew back to the quiet little house in Sydenham, just beneath the shadow of the

great Crystal Palace ; and I recalled Martin Tupper telling me, as he did only two years ago, of this very visit of his to the dear old Autocrat, and his pleasure therein ; and now poor old "Proverbial Philosophy" lies cold and still, "life's fitful fever" done for him, and here is the other old gentleman far away in America alluding to the selfsame visit.

"I asked Thackeray," continued Dr. Holmes, "if he knew him, and Thackeray cried out, 'Know dear little Tup? Why, of course I do; we *all* do!' But to go back to your question, "Who stands out pre-eminent?" I asked the same question once of Julian C. Verplanck, the well-known collaborateur of Washington Irving. He was a man who had seen and known the world thoroughly. He slowly replied, "I think Colonel Elisha Williams is the greatest man I have known, and the one who stands out in my memory before all others." "Who on earth is that?" I asked. "A lawyer of Western New York," was his reply.

"You know," went on Dr. Holmes, "it is not necessarily the greatest man who lives longest in your memory, or the most learned in *belles lettres*. J. R. Lowell, of course useful in every way, a valuable man in any community. My friend Freeman Clarke, he was a glorious man. Then there was Professor Pierce, the great mathematician. Emerson too; and his voice! There was a timbre in that you got nowhere else; more like the tone in the voice of some cathedral choir-boy. And so delicate, so spiritual, so sweet a man, and yet a man of obvious limitations. He had not much knowledge of science; he was a charming discursive thinker; a high, stimulating thinker, but not a very deep one. Let me answer your question by saying, finally, that I think more and more, James Freeman Clarke is the man who of all others is most prominent in the ranks of those whom I have loved and lost."

Another pause, during which I gazed upon the dear old gentleman, who sat lost in thought. And then came to my



memory—well fitting to the conversation just closed—his own beautiful lines:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll;  
Leave thy low vaulted past,  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

I alluded to them, and he smiled with a quiet pleasure, "Yes, I remember, those are in the 'Breakfast Talk.'"

We sat silent again, and the silence of old age is always, to me at least, tremendously impressive—a foreshadowing of that silence which is eternal. At length I broke it with a question, and it was astonishing to note how thoroughly on the *qui vive*, how bright and entirely alert, how thoroughly and completely he was always *au courant du jour*. He seemed able to give a good common-sense opinion on each subject that came up.

It was with a good deal of interest that I said, "I wish you would tell me something about your own writings. You know, Dr. Holmes, you are just as much loved and appreciated in England as you are here in your own city and country. Now, do tell me, without my bothering you with questions, something about your life and your writings."

The Doctor smiled as he observed, "A large order this—a very large order indeed."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "few men living have ever given such vast orders as I have given. I can remember once Cardinal Manning saying to me, 'I should have to write twenty-eight large folios to answer your questions thoroughly.'"

"Ah, well," replied the good-natured old Autocrat, "I will do my best. It is an astonishment to me to feel that the world loves me so much, but it is also a great joy. I think the cause of my good health—for you say you want to know

something about me personally—is that, although not quite a teetotaler, I have yet always drank very sparingly : and ” the old gentleman smilingly added, “ I have never smoked.”

“ My father lived in that old house of which you can see an engraving on the wall, and he it was of whom George Bancroft, the historian, always spoke as ‘the accurate Holmes.’ We are descended from John Holm, who in 1686 went to Woodstock in Connecticut—at least that is our belief. My father was a student at Yale, and a clergyman. He settled in the South, and came north to Cambridge a good many years later, where, as I told you, I was born. As to literature, my own and other people’s, what shall I say : what can I say ? The literary style, of course, alters with the passing years. It is very different from what it was when I was young : not that I ever conformed to its formal severity. With regard to the curiously realistic tendency of to-day, both in art and in literature, well, Mr. Blathwayt, I am a *laudatur temporis acti*, but I see good in all things. I read new books in a very capricious way, nor do I make any serious attempt to keep up with the times. I read many journals. Of late years I have heard more of English appreciation of my books, and the English reviews of my last book, ‘Over the Tea-Cups,’ were very kind. Of course, I personally was *the* Autocrat, and many of the opinions I gave were my own. You see, under that title I had a licence which I could not have had writing under my own name. In ‘Over the Tea-Cups,’ my latest book, I am the Dictator. I have sketched a few characters, making the difference you would naturally find in a breakfast and a tea-table set. The difficulty with me now in writing is that I don’t like to start on anything. I always feel that people must be saying, ‘Are you not rash, at eighty years of age, to write for young people who think a man old at forty ?’ No, I have no definite opinions as to the respective merits of English and American literature. We have original men : Hawthorne, for instance. Two or three stand entirely

apart because they lived apart in a new life. Bret Harte with his California experience, and Mark Twain has told his experiences with the twang upon them, and with great freshness. The first and earliest of our national humorists was John Phoenix: he was really funny. As regards my own writing, there was no special art about it, merely written from hand to mouth. I began in the *Atlantic Monthly*. I thought I had written myself out, but I waited a little, and things came of themselves. I enjoyed writing then, but now, as I said, I don't like to be stirred up to fresh efforts. I could write easily every morning but for my daily correspondence. I am kept busy with my secretary all the morning, and this spoils the day. I am much written to for my autograph, and so long as people will send *addressed stamped* envelopes I am pleased to gratify their request. I get many kind and sympathetic letters. One reader I always feel sure of, and he is a man who was once shipwrecked with half my books.

"I think the freshest of all my books is the 'Autocrat,' and the most peculiar is 'Elsie Venner,' and there are two of my poems which I feel I really like. The one line I often prefix to my autograph is the last line of the 'One-Horse Shay,' '*Logic is Logic.*' By-the-by, let me write my name to that photo you have taken for *Great Thoughts*" (and as he spoke, the old gentleman carefully inscribed the autograph as given under his portrait). "The young ladies at Lowell University," he went on, "have, I am told, got up a society or club called after my latest book, 'The Tea-Cups.' They are going to read and take the characters of the tea-cup circle. I am clearing up things well. I am writing two memoirs—one being that of one of our greatest surgeons. I am using this fountain pen. It is very superior to the stylo-graphic. I am a reasonably quick writer, but a slow composer and reader. I write both easily and with difficulty, like Planchette. I am a stupid fellow at times. and require the lash; but when I am

stirred up I am impatient, and I don't want to waste time dipping a pen in the ink."

As I rose to go, the dear old gentleman impressed on me a parting aphorism, perhaps because he pitied and fain would cure my obvious modesty.

"My friend," said he, "vanity is one of the most useful things on earth. People would go to pieces but for vanity; it holds and keeps them together."



## The Dean of Gloucester at Home.



GO back to a sunny day in June in the year 1877, and I see myself seated in the old Chapter House of Gloucester Cathedral, a splendid old room built eight hundred years ago, wherein in days gone by the greatest people who have lived and fought, and worked, and energised, and who have done their share towards the writing of "our rough island story," have sat in solemn parliamentary or ecclesiastical or military debate. A dear old room that—redolent with the sunny memories of a long-forgotten past, whose storied walls, could they but speak, could tell the tale of many a romantic episode, of many a fierce and warlike hero, of many a suffering saint. And those walls, those grey old walls, are looking down upon a scene, on this bright day in June of which I speak, which if it is not actually historic, is yet full of deep, quiet, and pathetic interest to the group of people sitting there. Not royalties these, nor armed and mail-clad warriors; not mitred abbots, or stately prelates these; only a number of young theological students, bright with life and hope and earnest resolutions for the future. And they are listening intently to a figure—a vivid, intense figure, trembling with earnestness, pale with emotion,—the figure of Canon H. D. M. Spence, the then Principal of the Gloucester



THE VERY REV. H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A.,  
DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

*From a photo, by Messrs. Elliot and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W*



Theological College, who is in the very act of taking farewell of those students over whom, for far too brief a space of time, he has ruled so wisely and so well. "Yes," I can hear him say, and in very much the same words he addressed his parishioners in the neighbouring church, of which he was then the rector: "Our life here is one and the same with that which is beyond. When you stand upon the seashore upon a summer evening, notice the glittering golden pathway which leads straight from the wet sand at your feet, across the rolling waters into, as it seems, the home of the setting sun. There is no break there, the pathway leads straight on until it is lost in the glory of the great light. Let this be the pictured story of your lives; it may be, if you will, a road lit up the whole way by the spirit of the Father and of the Son." And then a deep hush fell upon the little band, as one by one we took our leave of him who had been to each one of us so real and true a friend, so wise a counsellor, so kind a man. And how kind and considerate he was it is difficult to say; but the following little incident, through all these long intervening years, has remained indelibly printed in my memory. A rather thoughtless young theological student was walking round the square in which Canon Spence's house was situated, smoking a cigar, one Sunday afternoon. In one of his turns by the house the Canon called to him, "Oh! Mr. G—, I have found that book for you: will you come in and get it?" The young fellow stepped in, and the book was given him; and the Canon laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, very kindly and gently, "Don't you think it would look better not to smoke out of doors, on a Sunday at all events?" Mr. G—, rather shamefacedly agreed it would, and he was about to throw away his half-smoked cigar, when the Canon interrupted him: "Oh, no, don't do that: finish your cigar. I would not like your friends to think I had been lecturing you or interfering



with you." A little incident, you will say; but it is those *little* things that show the man's character, it is those *little* considerate words and acts that make Dean Spence so loved, and liked, and respected, quite apart from all the earnestness and vigour of his life and preaching. That young man, Mr. G—, would remember that for his lifetime.

Well, Canon Spence went to St. Pancras—where he succeeded Dr. Thorold, the present Bishop of Winchester, and who was then appointed Bishop of Rochester—as rector of one of the largest, if not *the* largest, parish in the whole of London. Here for ten long years, from 1877 to 1887, he worked hard and manfully. The record of his life here is most interesting. Just as when he came to the Theological College at Gloucester, finding only twelve students there and leaving forty-eight at the end of one short year and a half, so, too, at St. Pancras, magnificently as it had been worked up by that wonderful and energetic parish priest, Dr. Thorold, yet even here did Canon Spence make his mark; upon even this tremendous parish he lost no time in impressing his genial and encouraging personality. No easy task this, no easy matter to succeed, much more to keep up, much more to actually increase and improve upon, both the quantity and the quality of the work of such a man as Dr. Thorold. Dr. Spence was equal to the task, however—more than equal to it. Go into the parish now and see the enthusiasm, the devotion, that is evoked by even the mention of his name. When after ten long years of work he bid them farewell, it was thus he was able to speak and write, and his words are well worth quoting, both for their beauty and for their truth.

"No one is so sadly conscious—as he who has been the Vicar of St. Pancras for the last ten years—of failures . . . ; but looking back all seems prosperous; looking back on all that is past, on the many sweet happy memories

connected with them—the writer's eyes filled with tears of joy and thankfulness, mistakes are forgiven, errors show not, disappointments are as nothing.

“When we stand on some high mountain summit, and the eye ranges over valley and hill, over river and sea, the prospect is exceedingly beautiful. Rough moorland is simply a dark purple colour; the deep and turbid stream becomes a silver streak, lighting up the landscape with its glistening radiance; the distant sea is still and waveless, a fair sheet of dazzling blue, fringing the green fields and the golden corn. *Will* it not be so, is it not so, with all the earth-toil of the faithful servant of the Master? Viewed closely, every bit of work will be full of error; its beauty, if it have aught of beauty, marred with selfishness and poor human motives. Looked at by God, it will be like our landscape gazed at from a distance—beautiful, I dare think, exceedingly; because for Jesus Christ's sake He will pass over the errors, will forget the selfish motives which so often defaced and marred the endeavours, and will only remember their work done on the whole for the love of the Master.”

And so he passed from his splendid parish church, the vast, wellnigh matchless congregation, the Sunday and weekday schools with their literally miles of smiling happy children, his devoted, loyal, and faithful band of church-workers; he passed away from them all, to become in 1887 the Dean of Gloucester Cathedral. It was here I found him the other day, a little older, a little greyer, a shade more care-worn and toil-worn than when I knew him fourteen years ago; but still the same bright, earnest, energetic personality I so well remembered him to be. We lunched together in a splendid room, which, opening into the stately drawing-room, once formed the *Aula Regia*, and was built in the early part of the twelfth century. Here, in the days so long gone by, kings and queens have met; here have been held some of the earliest and most important

of the Norman parliaments ; and here have wrestled and prayed, and fought and conquered, those saintly priests and prelates who were as the very salt of the earth in those dim, mysterious, mediæval times. The drawing-room now is very beautiful, filled with all manner of lovely things. In a corner of the room stands a very fine portrait of the Queen, which he says is his most prized possession, which she herself gave him last year, and to which she has appended her autograph.

After luncheon the Dean asked me to stroll through the cathedral with him, which I gladly consented to do. And a rare treat it was to walk through those stately corridors and long-drawn-out aisles in the company of a man who so loves and appreciates each single feature of interest. It is a veritable " Dreamland in History," to quote the title of the beautiful work on the Normans and their work that he has just written, is this stately fane of Gloucester ; and as the red sun poured in its rays through the painted glass, and fell upon the ancient stones, I realised to the full how all the beauty and the majesty and the poetry of it had entered into his very soul. Towering aloft above our heads, how silent and solemn it all was !—a very poem in stone, a temple of reconciliation wherein all petty differences must needs melt away and disappear, all such being lost in the wonder filling the soul at man's work and God's eternal glory. Man passes away, but his work remains, and he being dead yet speaketh, and speaketh with even greater power and force than when he lived, by means of such works as these that those strong, brave, prayerful souls have left behind them, relics of a grand, albeit a stormy past.

One does not wonder then ; on the contrary, one fully appreciated the Dean's love of his surroundings, and his eloquence in speaking or writing of them. As we stepped into the nave he pointed out to me the noble Norman pillars which have supported the roof for upwards of eight

hundred years, and drew my attention to the blackened appearance of some of them which were injured by a fire far back in the middle ages, and of which this is the only tell-tale sign. He spoke of the magnificent audiences which Sunday evening after Sunday evening at certain periods of the year crowd the building, when he himself delivers his earnest message to them. "I have very strong ideas," said he, "of the responsibility of my post here as dean. We do not half use our cathedrals. Here I would collect the people for music, and for prayer, for instruction of every kind. Frequently I take round large parties of artisans and others, and explain to them all the beauty, and history, and poetry of this cathedral." As he spoke we stood by the tomb of that poor Edward who was murdered at Berkeley Castle, and whose body was buried here. "I point out to them the monks' lavatory, and all these tombs. They learn how everything has its own story, its own history of pathos or of tragedy, and how all combined tell the grand story of love for God and work for man for His sake."

At this moment the bell began to toll for afternoon service, and I returned alone to the Dean's study to await his return.

My hour of thought here was most romantic, for I sat in what is said to be one of the most ancient rooms in England. It was built eight hundred years ago. What thoughts, what memories rose to my mind as I sat there! It was a very stormy, windy, winter afternoon, and for a brief moment or two the wild red sunset flamed in at the window. And then, as the light died down, and the darkness crept on apace, I realised the solemnity of my surroundings. Now and again there would be a lull in the wind, and I would hear borne upon the breeze the splendid deep tones of the organ as it thundered down those long-drawn aisles. And it grew darker and darker, and I could scarcely discern the window-panes, against which was once driven the smoke and flame of the

fire that burned poor Bishop Hooper to death. I recalled for the moment that terrible scene of suffering which had taken place just outside. And my mind went back into the long dim past—for remember, I was in the very dreamland of history.

“Oh that those stones had language!” I murmured to myself as I gazed upon the ancient walls which enclosed me, and I thought how here had sat Norman kings and princes, prelates and peers of every degree. I pictured to myself the figures of men of old as they paced that very floor, possibly through long nights of doubt and sorrow. Through the ages, through the long, long years, through all the different reigns and periods, my mind wandered, trying to picture to myself stately pageants and romantic scenes and tragic moments, all of which, in due course, had taken place in that very room. The corners seem alive with the ghosts of the dead past; but all was still, for they speak not, neither is their language heard where they are gone. And the footman bringing in a lamp, the romance was dispelled for a moment, and I came back to the nineteenth century, and to a contemplation of my beautiful surroundings. The chief thing I noticed was the desk which had been presented to the Dean by his St. Pancras friends, when he left the parish. And on this desk lay some of his own writings, notably the proof sheets of that most charming book of his which has since appeared, “*Dreamland in History*,” and the “*Didache*,” or “Teaching of the Apostles.” In each I remarked the same graceful, picturesque writing, and no man is more picturesque, even to the point of lusciousness, than the Dean of Gloucester. It is his one literary failing, if so charming and delightful a peculiarity can be called a failing. But a very strict purist in style would bid him prune his sentences and curb his imagination. To me, I frankly confess, his style is more than attractive. It is given to him as it is not given to many,

to bring before his readers the long dead past. Heroes start to life, and men and women, long passed away, walk once again on earth by the magic of his pen. And this I noticed in his beautiful story of the Norman kings; but further I remarked in each the depth of thought, the marvellous extent of research, which was everywhere manifest in his writings. It is very evident in those commentaries on the Scriptures which he now and again produces as his contribution to the work which is edited by himself and the Rev. J. S. Exell.

He comes in in the midst of my meditations, and it is time for me to go. Here we well may leave him amidst the books he loves so well; but to all my readers I would say that, whenever they have a chance of hearing the Dean of Gloucester preach, whether in London or in his own cathedral, they should avail themselves of that chance, and they will never regret it.

In his hands, indeed, "the old, old story," which he never tires of telling, gains new force, and truth, and beauty, every time; and I suppose partly for this reason, that though the Dean avows himself as a thorough-going Evangelical, yet a devoted and earnest Churchman, the reality and earnestness of his life and teaching, the beauty, in fact, of the story which he has to tell, prevents any narrow-mindedness, or intolerance, or bigotry. He sees the good in all parties of the Christian Church, and so, though with no wavering footstep he walks in his own special path, yet he realises the fact that there are many roads which all meet and end in the Great City.



## Frederic Villiers, the War Artist, at Home.



FREDERIC VILLIERS at home! I catch myself smiling as I write the words "at home," for I can fancy my readers saying, "And where on earth would Villiers not be at home?" For essentially he is one of those whom one pictures to oneself as being equally at home and at his ease on the prairie or in the palace, with the peasant or the prince, with the bullets whistling past him on the field of battle, or in the smoking-room of the Savage Club, of which he is so popular a member. In fact, by sea or by land, in peace or in war, with young and old, and high and low, and rich and poor, Frederic Villiers is always at home, always the same genial, winning man. He is one of those of whom it can be said—and you cannot pay a higher tribute to a man's character than this—that he wins the good word of everyone.

To a more remarkable extent than with almost any other man that I have ever known, this is the case. Only last year, when in America, I was entertained by the officers at West Point, the great military academy, and much of the exceeding warmth of my welcome was due to the fact that I was a fellow-countryman of Frederic Villiers. "We were all charmed with him," Colonel Wilson, the commandant, told me, "when he came to lecture here a year or two ago." Which to me was a delightful thing to hear, for, I deeply



MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

*From photo by Sarony, New York.*





regret to put it on record, Englishmen abroad are not always as desirable as they might be. But everyone loves Villiers. And the tales they tell of him—to which, however, he never by any chance alludes himself,—of his bravery on the field of battle, of his thoughtfulness for his comrades, of his tenderness to the wounded and the dying, these tales are endless, but they win for him the love of all who know him. And his knowledge of his craft is perhaps unrivalled: on more than one occasion Villiers has proved himself an able and an experienced soldier. Few realise the tremendous risks and dangers that are run by a resolute and a dauntless “special correspondent” upon the field of battle. But Mr. Villiers, with a charmed life, and with no particle of fear, has perhaps encountered more of real danger, and faced apparently inevitable death more frequently than almost any living man to-day.

Let me present him to my readers. He is almost exactly like the striking portrait of him that appeared two or three years ago in the Grosvenor Gallery. A tallish, well set-up, soldierly, and resolute-looking man, with the tales of travel and adventure written strong upon a clean-cut, handsome face. Nor are his surroundings, amidst which he sits chatting easily and pleasantly, and always with energy and interest, less remarkable than himself: memories of innumerable campaigns, the gifts of generals of world-wide fame, the loot from far-off Eastern palaces, some of them curiously reminiscent of the “Arabian Nights.” Helmets picked up on the field of battle, the long-barrelled, picturesque rifle of the Afghan, the deadly dagger of the Abyssinian, the camel-saddle upon which he rode right through the Soudan campaign—all these are here in rich profusion. A part of the wall of the palace at Mandalay in which King Theebaw lived, a most beautiful and artistic piece of work; pieces of tapestry that spanned one of the rooms in the same palace, representing a hunting scene in one of the teak

forests of Burmah, testify to the wonderful culture of those whom we, in our ignorance, are apt to regard as savages pure and simple. A piece of Musharabeyah work, an old Egyptian lattice of great antiquity, separates the studio proper from the little room which Mr. Villiers uses as his office. The very kind of lattice from which the mother of Sisera looked so anxiously for the coming of her son—the very kind of window from which Jezebel was thrown by order of the cruel Jehu. Everything is in harmony with the man himself—romantic, picturesque, and with a story attached to the whole. All these things Mr. Villiers told me as we sat at luncheon—a luncheon in which the old-fashioned green and pink-coloured glasses from mediæval Nuremberg were as curiously suggestive of other times and manners as were the trophies collected by him in his eventful and varied life.

As we sat at our meal, and I gazed with interest at the travel-worn face of my host, across which a golden ray of sunlight fell, sharply throwing him out against the gloom of the dark recesses of the studio behind him, I recalled the innumerable places in which, and the varied people with whom, at different stages of my own varied career, I had sat talking. Luncheons with great soldiers, with celebrated authors, with the hundred-and-one humanities who go to the formation of this vast and kaleidoscopic body politic. Evenings with the presidents of great republics, hasty meals with a few blacks and whites in a far-off tropical forest, pic-nics down the romantic Potomac;—all these memories flashed across my mind, and I remarked on the romance of it all to my host.

“Ah,” he replied, with a smile, “it is just my experience. I have lunched with princes and beggars in my time, with the general as well as with the private. The most amusing meal I ever had was with a number of Servian gipsies, rather Hungarian, outside Belgrade; the most dreadful cut-throats you ever saw in your life. They had a king and queen, and

a system of Court life that was most amusing, and they were the best and kindest hosts I ever had in my life."

"What an interesting life you must have had, Mr. Villiers; I wish you would tell me something about it."

"Certainly I will," replied the artist, as he filled his pipe and threw himself down upon a divan which he had brought from Egypt in 1882, and which was draped with pieces of silk, most beautifully worked by Servian ladies who had lost their husbands in the war which so devastated their unfortunate country. "To begin with, I was always very fond of adventure, and I was especially inspired to a life of action by the story of 'Anastatius the Greek,' in which the life history of Omar Pasha is most graphically told. Then, again, the letters of Archibald Forbes on the war of 1870 made me resolve I would see a little adventure if possible. My first trip abroad with any spice of adventure in it was shortly after the Commune at Paris, when a painter friend of mine had a commission to do a panorama of the war that was to go round the world. He asked me to go to Paris to make sketches and pick up what material I could to help him. I had to leave by the mail of the same evening without my passport, so my friend procured one, with the name of Chevalier, and I hurried off. I got into several predicaments, as I was too slow in answering to my assumed name, and once I was very nearly arrested as a spy—a very ticklish thing in those days. But I got through all right, and returned to England, having seen the destruction of the Rue Rivoli, etc. But even this little taste of adventure inspired me with the ambition to go for the next campaign. It was not for five years later that this was realised. In 1876 I joined the Servians against the Turks."

"Now, Mr. Villiers, I want you to tell me how you make your sketches on the field of battle. I want to place you vividly before my readers."

"You must imagine me," he replied, "clad in a pair of

Dean's top-boots, a light Scotch tweed suit, knickerbockers, 'Wolseley' jacket with capacious pockets for my sketch-book, a water-bottle slung across my shoulders, a revolver buckled on to my belt, and a cap very much after the pattern which is known as the 'Stanley' cap; but which Archibald Forbes and I used long before Stanley went out on his African adventures. I shall never forget my first experience clad in this costume. It was my baptism of fire at a place called Sinitza, on the border of Bosnia. The Servians, with whose army I was marching, were about to invade Turkish territory by attacking that town. I marched with the troops on foot, and I heard the crack of the musketry in our immediate front; but this didn't appeal to me more than a field day at Wimbledon would have done. At first, one never thinks of the danger when one hears only the noise of fire-arms. Presently, on my left, a battery of Servian artillery, in position, opened fire. So I walked up, and watched their shells bursting in some scrub in our immediate front, and presently a curious rushing noise came through the air, and then there was a terrific explosion behind me. There was a pine forest just behind; when this explosion took place the top of one of the pines was blown into atoms, and a noise very much like that of a huge tuning-fork, from the vibration of one of the trees that had been struck, made me wonder for a moment what had happened. Very soon the Servian battery limbered up, and began to quickly retire down the road through the forest up which we had marched in the early morning. I was looking at this, to me, extraordinary movement on the part of the Servians, when a number of Servian infantry, who had been lying under cover of the scrub in front of our battery, rushed past me. As this mass of men crowded a little on entering the road down which the artillery were now disappearing, one of the enemy's shells, instead of striking the pine trees, burst in their very midst. Then, for the first time, the horrors of war burst on

me : before the noise of the explosion had passed away, at least half-a-dozen poor fellows were writhing in their last agony, torn to pieces by the segments of the shell. It was then, to steady my own nerves, I pulled out my sketch-book, and made the first of a series of sketches for war pictures with which I have illustrated wars and battles in every part of the known world."

"It must have been a stirring experience," I remarked. "Now, who is the most interesting soldier of all those whom you have known, Mr. Villiers?"

"Skobelev, emphatically! I knew him well; no one knew him better. We were great chums. He was a regular figure of romance. He embodied all the qualities of those heroes I had worshipped ever since I was a boy. Marlborough, Clive, Napoleon, Wellington—all those 'chappies'—he was an embodiment of the lot. The last time I ever saw him will always live in my memory. It was when the Russian army was facing Constantinople. It was a splendid instance of the survival of the fittest. Thirty thousand grim warriors, who had come through that terrible campaign under Skobelev, were ready at a moment's notice to occupy the city of the Sultans. It was a grey afternoon, the great general stood outside his tent, bare-headed, shaven head, like a Mussulman; flowing yellow beard, blown by the breeze; deeply tanned features, and grey overcoat, he looked a remarkable picture against the gloomy background. Further on was his escort, just lighting up their camp fires. I had arrived from Constantinople to bid farewell to the General, as I was ordered to Malta to meet the Indian contingent.

"Skobelev said, 'Not good-bye, Villiers, but *au revoir*. We shall meet again, but *how*? Will it be when we Russians face the British,'—for Skobelev fully believed, as did most people in '78, that a campaign was impending between England and Russia—'or will you throw in your fortunes with us and come with me? It would be a new experience to you.'

"‘But,’ I said, ‘General, how would it be if you were beaten? for you know we English are never defeated.’"

"He laughed and said, ‘Well, anyhow, you shall be well looked after; no harm shall come to you in my care.’"

"I replied, ‘General, I’ll think it over.’"

"We shook hands, and with his good wishes ringing in my ears I departed. I never saw that splendid figure of romance again. We have only equalled him once in this century, and that was when Gordon died at Khartoum."

"It will interest my readers, I am sure, Mr. Villiers, if you tell me something about the work of clergymen and ministers on the field of battle."

"One man always stands out clear in my mind," replied he, "out of the many excellent workers I have met—that is the Rev. Arthur Male, a Wesleyan minister, whom I met first of all in Afghanistan. He was always at the front whenever he could get a chance, ministering to the spiritual comfort of the fallen soldier. He, like the surgeons of the British army, not only risked his life in actual battle, but in the more dangerous duty of the cholera camp, or the numerous infectious diseases of the Base Hospital. He was always to the fore, and better testimony it would be impossible to bring. I would like also to mention that of the Knights of the Red Cross I have met, one of the most distinguished was Surgeon Mackellar, now chief surgeon to the Metropolitan Police. He was a devoted hero, always aiding the sick and suffering. Armand Leslie, who lost his life in Baker’s retreat in the Soudan, was another splendid fellow. He was one of the surgeons attached to the Red Cross Brigade in many campaigns."

We drifted into general conversation, and Mr. Villiers, like Sir Bedivere, sat for long, "revolving many memories," out of which memories I select one or two.

"I can never forget the defeat of the Russians at Plevna," said he, "called in the graphic language of Archibald Forbes

‘ July Plevna : ’ there were so many Plevna incidents that at last we named them by the months. On this special occasion the Russians advanced with thirty thousand men, and retired leaving twelve thousand dead and dying on the field. That was an awful scene to witness. Tamai was to me a memorable day, when the British army just got off with the skin of its teeth, after the smash-up of General Davis’s square. I was in that square, sketching hard all the time, and so I know something about it. But I think that, on the whole, the most memorable scene of all those I have witnessed was when, after the bloody fight at Abu Klea, the night march which followed, the subsequent fighting in the zereba at Gubat, and when a square of twelve hundred men, the survival of the fittest of the two thousand who crossed the desert under General Stewart, forced its weary way through mimosa bush and a desert, surrounded by twenty thousand of the enemy, fought its way to the Nile to try and save that universally beloved Christian soldier, General Charles George Gordon. I was also in that square, making the sketches which so soon after appeared in the paper I was representing.”

“ One more question, and I have done. Who are the best soldiers of all those you have seen ? ”

“ Well,” replied Mr. Villiers, “ I wish to imply this, that the foreign armies I have been with have always had fine soldiers, with the exception of the Servians, and I don’t think they have much of the soldier in them. But after my Soudan experiences, and not till then, though I have been in many campaigns with the British, did I think so, I have come to the conclusion that not in the wide, wide world is there a soldier to compare with ‘ Tommy Atkins ; ’ I love him, God bless him ! ”

And so say all of us.





## Mr. Hall Caine at Home.



OME thirty-seven years ago there was born at Runcorn, in Lancashire, the son of a Manx father and a Cumbrian mother, the subject of this article. Without a doubt it is to his parentage he owes the weird, vivid power of thought that is so strongly characteristic of the books which are now and again forged by an iron pen dipped in ink that at times appears to be the veritable heart-blood of the man. To no placid-living, easily-jogging, self-satisfied Southerner could it have been possible to have written in such splendid stark Saxon that romance of "The Bondman," which so recently thrilled and delighted the English public, already sick of the feebleness of modern English fiction, disgusted with the filthy details of the French realists, and gladly appreciative of the productions of a romanticist like Mr. Hall Caine, who with honest courage endeavours to place before them life, not as it is, but as it should be. Yes, it is life with all its brilliant potentialities and its splendid possibilities, its lost opportunities, its irreparable past, its available future, its joys, its sorrow, its sunshine and its gloom, that Mr. Hall Caine takes for the text of his thrilling romances. I do not think I exaggerate when I describe him as emphatically



MR. T. HALL CAINE.

*From photo by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.*



the novelist of the near future. His aim is so lofty a one, his tone so pure, his sincerity so evident, that he cannot fail of reaching the hearts of all those striving after the better life. And these, and such as these, exist in every class in a far larger majority even than we can dream of; these who desire the better thing, and alas! are frequently forced to be content with that only which is within their reach. To these Mr. Hall Caine speaks with no uncertain sound, and with a clarion voice that will be heard. With the spread of education, as with Eve in the Garden, comes the knowledge and realisation that the world is very evil; comes a certain inevitable hardness, an indescribable lack of sympathy: the brain prospers at the expense of the heart, and the whole sweet nature of other and less-cultivated times appears frequently to be dying out. One has but to glance at the hordes who are yearly pouring from our Board Schools, to ascertain beyond a doubt the truth of this, and to realise that the spread of education, in doing away with primitive simplicity, is not a wholly unmixed blessing. To Mr. Hall Caine all this is very apparent, and therefore he seeks to obtain a hold of these young men and young women, to gain possession of their hearts, to teach them the beauty, and the sympathy, and the tenderness of the higher life, the courtly golden life, so fast passing from our midst. And so, in a series of prose epics and in splendid Saxon, in archaic simplicity, he places before his readers the lives of suffering men and enduring women, and shows how it is only through suffering that perfection is attained, and that by atonement and repentance even the most hardened may at last be found amongst all those superbly stepping forward to feed the high tradition of the world.

It fell to my lot very recently to spend a week of close intercourse with this great writer, an account of which will probably prove interesting to my readers. Mr. Hall Caine

has recently purchased a house and a plot of ground just outside the lovely little town of Keswick, and it was here I found him. The house is situated at the beautifully wooded foot of Latrigg, above which soars the cloud-capped summit of grim Skiddaw; the study window looks out over Greta and Latrigg, and from the front of the house one catches a glimpse of Derwentwater flashing in the sunlight, and across into the vale of Newlands there are views of fairy-like beauty to be obtained. Almost the nearest house is Chestnut Cottage, where Shelley lived in 1812. From the windows are visible the treetops of Greta Bank, once the home of the Calverts, and much mentioned in the memoirs of Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, Shelley, &c., and also Greta Hall, where both Coleridge and Southey lived in turn. Here, in the midst of these memories of the past, lives the author of the "Deemster" and the "Bondman," and a notable figure he looked as he came forward to give me a genuine Cumbrian Welcome. A tallish, well-set-up man is Mr. Caine, albeit manifestly one whose spirit is at times greater than his bodily strength, for as a friend of his once said, "his is a spirit that will one day cast up his body like an old shoe upon the beach." He is of a strikingly Elizabethan aspect, and as I looked at him I murmured to myself, "Why it's Shakespeare come to life again!" But his temperament is purely Celtic—eager, enthusiastic, feverishly anxious to be up and doing. Many a time have I urged upon him the vital necessity of keeping strong guard and control over the imaginative half of a singularly powerful mind. He stands as I see him first in the midst of his little family, and I recall as in a picture the fine old father, descendant of a long line of Manx farmers, so proudly appreciative of his son's genius, and the pretty, simple-minded, laughter-loving little woman who is the chosen partner of her husband's joys and sorrows, his failures and his many triumphs. And then

there is a ringing laugh, and, in pretty affectation of the Cumbrian dialect, I hear a little voice ring out, "Eh, la-ad, wheer ista gaen—ista gaen yum?" and golden-haired, blue-eyed "little Sunlocks" comes rushing down the stairs.

In the study, where I spend much of my time, there are numerous relics of poor D. G. Rossetti, Hall Caine's great friend, who died in his arms, and who was one of the first to discover the genius and power of the now world-famed author. There is the great sofa in which the poet was wont to spend many weary hours of a suffering life, and above the writing-desk is a cast of his face, taken after the last sad scene in *Broadstairs*. Many a time in the deep stillness of the midnight, surrounded only by the silence of the eternal hills, have I sat writing with this ghastly memorial of the dead poet gazing down upon me. The room is full of old oak cabinets and tables collected by Mr. Caine himself, and in a corner hangs the lantern borne by Eugene Aram on that fateful night, and which was given to Mr. Caine by his old friend, the late Lord Houghton.

Although, like Southey, absorbed in literary work, and with but few pleasures, Mr. Caine took me many a delightful walk amongst those hills and dales he loves so well, and the talks we used to have gave me many a glimpse into his well-stored mind, though I do not for a moment mean that I agreed with all he said. He was frequently far too romantic for my practical mind, and a certain aggressive dogmatism which crops up now and again in his finest writings would call forth all the independent assertiveness of my own nature. But, as a rule, the man was wonderfully true in his remarks, and always singularly fair-minded and willing to see and hear the reason of the other side. We stood, he and I, one summer day, in the centre of a great Druid circle from which a grand view is to be obtained, and which stands in a perfect amphitheatre of hills, and whence

one sees Helvellyn Great How at his feet, covered with larches, as well as the enchanted rock at the foot of the Vale of St. John, mentioned by Scott in the "Bride of Triermain." From this point also one sees the village of Threlkeld lying on the plain towards Penrith: on the north is Blencathara or Saddleback, a lovely glen beneath Longscarth and the heights of Skiddaw capped by vapour. On the west are the peaks of Derwentwater, Grisedale, the Catbells, Walla Cragg, and Great Garth to the extreme west. Finer sights there may be in this country—although I doubt it—but none could be more varied. As I gazed upon it I asked my companion what was the moral and physical effect of it all upon the Dalesmen themselves: surely life amidst such romantic surroundings must be other than that spent in the slums and alleys of a great weary city. "So far as I am able to judge," replied Mr. Caine, "it is extremely varied and conflicting; *e.g.*, when you find a Dalesman who has lived all his life on an elevation like this upon which we stand, with so broad a prospect on every side, you usually find him bright, cheery, happy as the day. Strangely enough, when you meet with Dalesmen of the narrower dales, such as the Vale of St. John, the Vale of Thirlmere, Borrowdale, and specially Wastdale, you too frequently find him sad of face, sober of manner, almost to the point of moroseness, hopeless-looking, no cheer of voice or manner, and with settled melancholy. I could give you many instances of this. It is wonderful how far surroundings contribute to contrast of temperament. We realise, you and I now, how fine an eye the old Druids had for situation, and the same with the old mediæval monks."

Leaving the circle, we rejoined the Penrith road, and, following a little by-way leading to the Vale of St. John, winding over the side of Naddle Fell, we came at last to old Naddle Church, "which," said Mr. Caine, "stands higher than any other church in England." A little

tiny building of rough grey native stone, a porch covered with foliage, and moss-covered tombs. Nothing, surely, can exceed the lonesome sweetness and isolated beauty of this church and churchyard. It is literally Wordsworth's churchyard among the mountains. No house near, none to be seen except far down the vale; only gloomy Blencathara and heavy Skiddaw visible above it, the breath of mountain heather on the wind, the bleat of sheep and lowing of cattle. Beyond all words impressive, is the deep stillness that is there, a stillness you cannot get upon the ocean, where however calm the night, there is yet always "the sound of many waters"; the stillness of the mountains is impressively awful, once experienced, never to be forgotten. To realise the beauty of this spot as a place of burial, one has but to think, as one stands in it, of some London churchyard in the thick of narrow streets, noisy with traffic, dense with crowds, children sporting over it, dogs playing in it, oaths and foul language echoing in it. At one period the churchyard must have been a very little spot. It has undergone enlargement, and at its margin stands a stone bearing this inscription, "To the glory of God, and for the last long sleep of the Dalesmen in St. John's Vale." When Hall Caine and I quitted this dreamful spot, we crossed Naddle Fell, talking for the most part on the glories of such surroundings, and on the stimulus they give to the literary mind, the constant elevation of spirit which such solitude engenders, and its superiority over the society of great cities as seen for the home of literary workers. Dipping down from crag to crag, we came at last into the Ambleside road, and Caine pointed out to me where lies the house to which he brought D. G. Rossetti in the last days, and the direction of Rydal, the home of Wordsworth; Grasmere, the home of De Quincey; and Ambleside, still more the favourite resting-place of many notable thinkers and writers.



At this period Mr. Caine was working hard and systematically at the dramatisation of his celebrated novel, "The Bondman," and many a talk I have had with him as I sat in his little paper-littered den as he sat and worked, always at red heat, and with a restless tremendous energy that *would* not be repressed. It was curious to note too, now and again, the intense religious fervour characterising his remarks upon the age in which we live, and the manner in which writers—and especially writers of fiction—could influence and mould the minds of their readers.

"A novel," said he one day, "should be an epoch in a man's life. I do so believe in the ethical purpose of fiction. It is not only to amuse, it must instruct, it must build up; its influence should be with men always for the highest and the best. I know you think I am gloomy sometimes, but it is only because I have seen, and I know, that in real life all great natures are oppressed by the feeling of sin that haunts them. But you will own that with me right is always triumphant, even if it is only over the open grave."

However much I might begin by differing with him, I generally left him in the end with the conviction that, as a rule, he was thoroughly in the right.



## A Chat with T. B. Aldrich.



INTERVIEWING a poet is very like dissecting a butterfly—not that I ever did such a dreadful thing—to a butterfly, I mean; or it is like pulling a rose to pieces in idle wantonness—though I was never guilty of so criminal an offence as that. But I have interviewed a poet—two or three indeed, and a very charming occupation it is too, especially when—as was the case with Mr. Aldrich—the poet is a man of humour and of world-wide experience. Mark Twain had told me of Aldrich and his native wit, counting him, as he expressed it, the very wittiest man he had ever met. Here is a specimen of his humour. It would be difficult to surpass it. It is contained in a letter to a friend of his, Professor Morse, whose writing is apparently wholly illegible. Here is what Aldrich wrote:—

“MY DEAR MR. MORSE,—It was very pleasant for me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don’t think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew), and the signature (which I guessed at). There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to oneself every morning: ‘There’s that letter of Morse’s. I haven’t read it

yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's, and those i's that have no eye-brows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept for ever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.—Admiringly yours, T. B. ALDRICH."

And it was so when I met him. He sparkled with wit and humour all the time. Brimming over with fun, not a moment with him was flat, stale, or unprofitable.

He is a short, keen, sturdy, humorous-faced little man, with an air about him of eternal youth. So young, indeed, is he in appearance, that after awhile I commented upon it.

"Yes," he replied, with a quizzical smile, "I was born young, and the habits formed in early youth are never shaken off very easily."

He drew my attention to the interesting objects scattered about the room and hung upon the walls of his pretty house in Boston, Mass. The first thing I noticed was Longfellow's first draft of his celebrated poem "The Wreck of the Hesperus," much altered and erased. Mr. Aldrich told me how the poet had risen in the middle of the night and hastily jotted down the lines—which he elaborated next day—as they came to his mind first in the still, quiet watches before the day had broken. Also a letter and portrait of W. C. Bryant were full of interest.

A large and very interesting document next attracted my attention. It was headed "Great International Walking Match," February 29, 1868, and purported to be a mock athletic contest, of which the rules were drawn up and signed by Charles Dickens, "The Gadshill Gasper," and which was witnessed, also according to Dickens, by Mistress Ann Fields, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mr. J. R. Lowell, "and an obscure poet named Longfellow (if discoverable)." Poor, dear Dickens!



MR. T. B. ALDRICH.



how thoroughly characteristic of his bright, sunny nature was this priceless document.

There also hung upon the wall a frightful pen and ink caricature, drawn in the roughest fashion, of Mark Twain, with his autograph beneath. I was delighted with it, and I asked Mr. Aldrich what was the story attached to it.

"Oh!" he replied, with a smile, "I once wrote to Mark and complained that he had not sent me his photograph or any likeness of himself. Will you believe it? that man sent me a portrait every single blessed day for six months, until one day he failed to do so; and so he sent that sketch of himself, by himself, just as you see it."

I was interested in learning from Mr. Aldrich that he was born in 1836, and started in life as a clerk in the counting-house of his uncle, who was a New York merchant. But he was continually hankering after a literary life, to which a few years later he devoted himself entirely, becoming in time the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which position he has recently resigned, in order that he may the more thoroughly devote himself to his own literary work.

I asked Mr. Aldrich what he considered he had been most successful in, poetry or prose.

"Well," he replied, "as far as the public goes, I think my most successful things have been 'Margery Daw and other Short Stories,' which have been reprinted in nine different languages; and a story for boys, 'The Story of a Bad Boy.' 'The Still-water Tragedy' was also a great success."

"But what kind of work," said I, detecting a note of indifference in his tone, "are you yourself most drawn to?"

"Emphatically, my greatest delight is in writing verse. My last book is very far ahead of what I have done in the past. I wrote it in my prime."

"Did you, Mr. Aldrich, lay a foundation of Greek and Latin verse? for I want, as far as possible, to get at the making and constitution of a poet as well as of his poetry. I

promise you I will not 'vex your poet's mind with my shallow wit,' as Tennyson says; but I do want to find out all about poetry, and how she is wrote, from one who writes her."

"Well, that is fair enough, though I don't think I am the man to come to," was his modest disclaimer. "To answer your question from the beginning. No; I never did either Greek or Latin verse. But as I once told a man I could read Greek as fluently as I could Latin, I have gained an undeserved reputation as a scholar. What I have found help me in my poetic work is my fondness for, and appreciation of, French and Spanish verse. One learns a great deal of art from the French, though their prose helps one even more than their poetry. I attach immense importance to form. My idea is, that if a man has a fine thought, and does not know how adequately to express it, he might as well not have the thought at all. I grant you the thought is quite half the battle. But then it is only half. The theme must be worthy; but the expression must be equally worthy."

"And how do you hold yourself, Mr. Aldrich, as regards the encroachments that realism is making on poetry, as it is on every other branch of literature and art?" I then read aloud to Mr. Aldrich his own lines on realism, which I will transcribe for the benefit of my readers:

Romance, beside his unstrung lute,  
Lies stricken mute,  
The old-time fire, the antique grace—  
You will not find them anywhere.  
To-day we breathe a common-place,  
Polemic, scientific air;  
We strip illusion of her veil;  
We vivisect the nightingale  
To probe the secret of his note.  
The Muse in alien ways remote  
Goes wandering.

"Am I to take those graceful but severe strictures as fully expressing your opinion?"

"Yes; but you must not forget the 'poet's licence,' my friend. I approve of realism in poetry so far as it possesses that touch of the imagination which lifts it out of the common-place. The mistake is this, that most realists, whether artists or poets or novelists, think a thing is fine simply because it is revolting. 'Oh, it is so realistic!' they cry. But, my dear fellow, surely a rose is as real as an ash-barrel. It is a mere question of taste in the selection."

I then started another topic,—as to the difference between impressionists and realists in poetry. "And," I continued, "I consider Walt Whitman a realist, who would go into a hospital and report *verbatim* what he saw; whilst W. E. Henley, the impressionist, would go there, too, and give us just as much information, but with the mystery, and suffering, and sublimity of it all added thereto."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Aldrich. "Yours is a very good and striking definition. A realist certainly is not an impressionist. But Henley goes very near the precipice at times. He has striking qualities, I grant; but some of his pieces give you a feeling of having passed a morning in the hospital wards. It is well to pass a morning there, but not to reside there."

Drifting along in dainty conversation of this nature, I at length quoted some lines of Tennyson.

"Ah!" said Aldrich, "I hung outside his gate once; but I did not dare go in. How I reverence that man, and how perfect a word-painter he is! What an impressionist! What a veritable master! No obscurity about him. He is as clear as a trout brook, and yet his thought is always fine."

These words of his led to another train of thought on my part, and I said: "Yes. What have you to say regarding those whom we may well term obscurantists? Is it heresy here in Boston, Mr. Aldrich, if I place Browning, grand, rugged giant although he be, at the head of them?"

"No; you are quite right. He is not an artist as



Tennyson is, and the bulk of his verse greatly shrinks as the years go by ; but what is left will be diamonds. George Meredith's poems break one's teeth to read them, and destroy one's mind to even try and understand them. Now, Rossetti I call a very high-class specimen of obscurantist. Some of his things are beautiful, though I care least for his mystical poems. Swinburne is a master of rhythm, who has struck new music out of the English language. These obscurantists interest me because I like to know all moods and manners. They widen a man's experience. They hardly do any other good, though I own it is difficult to define what good a work of art really does do. Theodore Marzials is another man I would like to mention. His effects are carefully planned, and there is a method in his work. He is a musician approaching verse from a musician's point of view. His verses would always do good."

"But poetry has undoubtedly influenced religion," argued I. "Ought not poetry always to have an ethical purpose?"

"Well, a man writing a poem without purpose may yet create beauty, and the beautiful always does good. Remember this, the purpose of poetry is the expression of beauty. Talking of poems with a purpose, I think 'In Memoriam' has done a great work in religion. When a man has some lesson or theory, let him, however, use prose. I don't believe in sermons in verse."

"What say you then," I asked, "to 'Abt Vogler' and 'The Death in the Desert'—those are genuine sermons, Mr. Aldrich?"

"Ah! but Browning was a great theologian, a thinker, a Hebrew scholar. Had he been less of a thinker he would have been more of a poet."

"Then do you mean to imply by that that great thoughts hamper the poem-maker?"

"No, certainly not; but perhaps Browning's wonderful scholarship, although it gave him vast fluency, and power,

and influence, rather weighed him down. At his best, Browning was a great poet, and a most interesting soul."

"And now for a few words on your own method. Do you polish much?"

"Yes; I wrote 'Wyndham Towers,' for instance, six times over from beginning to end."

"Has the poet mind always to be in a man first," I queried, "or can it be cultivated?"

"My dear sir! why it's a proverb—a poet is born, you know, not made. Thoughts, lines, things without beginnings or conceptions come to one; but they come only to the man who habitually has them, just as old coins come to a man who is in the habit of looking for them. They won't come to another man. One is always affected, I grant you, by outward conditions, such as scenery, music, &c.,; but the habitual condition of a poet is that he is impressionable."

"The poet is born, you say, Mr. Aldrich; but is he the child of poetry? Whence his poet's mind?"

"Ah! whence indeed, my friend! There are two ancestors of mine in Grantham churchyard—a Cromwellian, austere and smileless, and his sunny, Southern wife.

In me these two have met again;  
To each my nature owes a part;  
To one the cool and reasoning brain;  
To one the quick, unreasoning heart."

"And as to the epigrammatic poetry, Mr. Aldrich, of which you are such a master? How do you achieve your wonderful compression?"

"Well, you must know poetic and epigrammatic compression is the result of thought by its own energy throwing off everything superfluous and accidental in the way of language."

"Good," replied I; "but, with all your compressive power, you never beat this. A Roman priest, named Shine, was discussing epigrams and epitaphs with a brother priest,

between whom and himself no love was lost. Said Dr. Shine, 'And pray, since you profess to be such an expert, what epitaph would you write on me?' 'Oh! that's easily done,' was the smart reply; 'one word would do for you—*Shone!*'" The poet laughed heartily.

Dreaming on in our chat, I compared my host to Horace. Aldrich smiled.

"Ah! he is of yesterday, of all time. He is always alive—suits New York or London, as he suited Rome of old."

"And yet," said I, "there is fashion in poetry, as in all else. What do you think is the tendency to-day?"

"Well, here in America it is passing through the lyric form to the dramatic, not necessarily for the stage. And it seems to be the same in England as here. A sort of pausing, as though the Muse did not know whither she was going. I don't think, however, that the theological or scientific aspect of poetry is dying out."

I rather fired the little man up when I asked him if the drift of American life generally tended to a special production of poetry.

"No," he energetically replied; "why on earth should I? We are Englishmen; what should change us? My ancestors were as thoroughly Elizabethan as yours; and, indeed, for the matter of that, we are more like them in language and other ways than you are. Our Americanisms, as you call them, are really good old English."

I closed a rambling discourse with a word of admiration for his newly published "*The Last Cæsar*." "I think your description, Mr. Aldrich, of the Place de la Concorde is simply perfect. 'Where that slim Egyptian shaft uplifts its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts of various gold.' You must often have gazed down upon that lovely city, bathed in misty, golden light?"

"Yes," replied the poet. "I know and love my Paris well."

The following are two dainty examples of Mr. Aldrich's work :—

COMEDY.

THEY parted, with clasp of hands,  
And kisses and burning tears ;  
They met, in a foreign land,  
After some twenty years ;  
Met as acquaintances meet,  
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed—  
Not even the least little beat  
Of the heart upon either side.  
They chatted of this and that,  
The nothings that make up life ;  
She in a Gainsborough hat,  
And he in black for his wife.  
Ah ! what a comedy is this !  
Neither was hurt, it appears,  
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,  
And once he had known her tears.

EPICS AND LYRICS.

I WOULD be the Lyric  
Ever on the lip,  
Rather than the Epic  
Memory lets slip !  
I would be the diamond  
At my lady's ear,  
Rather than the June-rose  
Worn but once a year !



## A Talk with W. D. Howells.



WHAT the oft-quoted, much-reverenced, frequently-scoffed-at culture of Boston finds its home, attains its apex in the little flat in Commonwealth Avenue in which Mr. William Dean Howells dispenses a charming and simple hospitality, I am more than certain. Here it was that I found him the other day when, just fresh from England, with a letter of introduction to him from our mutual friend Mr. Grant Allen, I called upon him that I might talk to him about those books of his which, perhaps more than any others, have helped us in England to realise the peculiar and interesting social conditions of American life which resemble, and yet are so utterly unlike, our own. I was gazing from the window of his drawing-room, and artistic Mrs. Howells was drawing my attention to certain irregularities in the architecture of the pretty avenue which appeared to distress her æsthetic soul somewhat unduly, when the celebrated novelist and literary vivisector entered the room and presented himself to me in the guise of a short, sturdy, exceedingly pleasant-faced, kind-hearted man, with a certain shyness of manner which speedily wore off as we warmed into conversation. Fresh





from England as I was, the talk at first naturally enough bore upon the differences between the two countries, and upon those new things which most forcibly struck me in America. Our social conditions, our points of contact, the evident socialistic tendencies—which he termed nationalism—of my host, his fondness for our great socialistic poet and leader, the artist William Morris,—upon all these things did we talk, his clever wife and dainty daughter joining in now and again with a pointedness of remark, a clearness of apprehension, and an exact hitting of the nail upon the head, which very greatly impressed me.

Then, by easy transitions, we passed to the more direct object of my visit—viz., the making of his books, the characteristics of American life and literature, the respective elevation of cultivation attained by the New World and that which is the Old. When I had stated my intention of going to America, an English lady said to me: “Now, Mr. Blathwayt, do try and *live* a chapter of Howells’. Don’t waste your time in the Far West, but find out for yourself and us something of the secret of this lofty cultivation of the Boston society of which we hear so much.”

And so, bearing this in mind, I said: “You know, Mr. Howells, we English appreciate your books to the fullest extent.”

Mr. Howells, I regret to say, smiled doubtfully. “Surely,” said he, “you are mistaken. I thought you English were far too matter-of-fact to care for my analysis and dissection of character and motives. It seems to me that the American ideals are as far removed from the English as it is possible to conceive.”

“You may be correct as regards the writers,” I responded, “but as regards the readers, Mr. Howells, I beg to assure you that you are quite mistaken when you say, as you did only the other day, that your ‘good kin beyond the seas are possessed only of a thumb-fingered apprehension that requires



something gross and palpable for its assurance of reality. You are quite wrong there. We don't take things so entirely *au pied de la lettres* as you would imply. We are not all of us *all* thumbs. Many of us enjoy and appreciate to their fullest extent your delicate and minute dissections of character and of motive."

"Oh, but please," Mr. Howells struck in, "I was under the impression that I carefully concealed this weakness of mine."

"Pray don't call it a weakness," I said; "rather, it is your strength: but I cannot say I think you hide it. On the contrary, we are so many 'Toddies,' and you are good enough on every possible occasion to let us 'see the wheels go round.'"

"Ah! I ought not to do that; but I frankly confess I do go in very carefully for minute analysis, and I will tell you why. It occurred to me when I began to write fiction that I would put away my literary spectacles, and look at things from my own eyes. I would take every-day people, and speak of every-day events, I said to myself. I remembered what Emerson said: 'I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic. I embrace the common. I sit at the feet of the familiar and the low. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The foolish man wonders at the unusual, but the wise man at the usual. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, but to-day is a king in disguise.' Now, my idea is, although I am glad you say to the contrary, that the English people care only for the English novel full of titles and rank. They would say that my simple books, dealing with humble every-day life, are not literature; they do not feel that it is good society, its characters, so like their own, strike them as commonplace. They say they do not wish to know such people; but do they not see that it is the very essence of vulgarity to ignore the 'worth of the vulgar'? Using the

word in its best sense, they believe that the superfine is better."

"Quite true, Mr. Howells," I replied, "especially when a writer like Mrs. Amelia E. Barr describes a baronet father with a baronet son, and confers a title on the unmarried daughter."

"Exactly," said Mr. Howells; "I fancy they have to be very careful and exact. Now, the natural tendency of the American writer is to take the English novel as his model. I resolved I would cast aside all literary reminiscences, and write from fact alone. Now, Europeans generally, and you English in particular, do not understand the difficulties of an American novelist. Here in our country, business, vocation, public life, do not characterise a man so much as they do with you. He remains more himself. A tailor is not necessarily a tailor right through. For instance, there is a barber here in Boston who is a wonderful Shakespearian scholar. He is not classed or defined by his occupation nearly as much as he is by his tastes. Granting these conditions, which are very frequent with us, and dissection of character follows as a natural consequence. You have to define your man in his very difference from the ordinary barber, the every-day physician, the commonplace broker in Wall Street. The Russians have just the same element in their life. You will even find these conditions in English life, but here we have democratised so much. Therefore, in describing Americans, I have to subject everything and everyone to the closest analysis. But I maintain, despite what you have said to the contrary, that I hide that dissection. I do not open my watch and show you the wheels going round. I manage—or I think I manage—I try to arrange so that my characters elucidate their own characteristics and those of their fellow puppets for themselves. They talk of themselves, they talk of one another, and so I try to make the result a dramatic one. If you notice, you will find that most of my books are in

dialogue. I have thought a great deal of the right way to write a novel. I have studied the subject very carefully. No; I maintain that I reduce the direct analysis, and leave it to the characters themselves."

"But how do you manage in the first instance?" I queried. "You have to give them a start in life at all events, however much they may have to work out their own lives afterwards."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Howells, with an amused smile, as he leaned forward and appeared as it were to place a visionary puppet on a mental chessboard; "quite so. At the very outset the character presents itself to my mind as an idea. I think it is a good and true one. I respect that idea. I cannot violate that character, even if I would. Once conceived, it is sacred. I should think that character, that conception, had a right to be angry with me, if, in the course of its pictured career, I caused it to go out of the direct line of sequence or of natural course. I do not identify myself with it. I preserve, as far as I can, a cold impartiality, but at the same time I feel it is bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and that there is always that one touch of Nature which makes it and myself kin. I trust my characters, and they me."

Pursuing this train of thought, to me a deeply interesting one, and having proved, I humbly trusted, that an Englishman is not necessarily the very literal all-thumbed personage Mr. Howells would fain make him out to be, I passed by an easy transition from the conception of the characters in a story to the conception of the story itself. "Tell me," I said, "how does the idea of a story first enter your very close and analytic mind, Mr. Howells?"

"Ah, that is a difficult question to answer. The beginning of a novel with me is often very obscure. Take, as an example, my book called 'A Modern Instance.' That will serve as an illustration. One night, some years ago, I went to see Janauschek play 'Medea.' 'Why,' I said to myself,

‘there is an Indiana divorce case.’ I determined then and there to write a story on those lines, and take the leading *motif* of ‘Medea.’ I would write a story of American life, and see how far at the same time I could keep to the old Greek lines. Then I thought I would do it in dramatic form as a play—‘The New Medea.’ I would make her a spiritualistic medium instead of a sorceress. Then her father came in. I found I could not work it as a play. I gave it up after awhile, and wrote instead ‘The Lady of the Aroostook.’ Then, after awhile, I recurred to the ‘undiscovered country’ in which the original idea reached its final consummation. I read it to my wife, and when I reached that part which deals with the Shaker village, she gave her approval, and bade me go ahead. I wrote several other books, and then recurred to the ‘Modern Instance,’ which is my best book, and which, in my opinion, is the most artistic book I have written. The idea, you see, persisted in being carried out. I could not get away from it.”

“Passing for the time from your own books, Mr. Howells, let me ask you if I am not right in saying that the general character of the American novel is changing very much. It is a matter of deep and serious interest to us in England. We know your country chiefly by reading your books. ‘Go and live a chapter of Howells’. Now, you Americans know us by coming to see us; but how few Englishmen, comparatively, come over here. And it has been ever thus, since the days of Cooper and Irving, right through the New England farm story, such as ‘Queechy’ and ‘The Wide, Wide World.’ We know your life by your books. But now the old farmhouse story is dying down, and we are learning you socially, religiously, and politically. We are beginning to appreciate more than ever we did our points of resemblance, and still more our points of difference.”

“It is true, as you observe, that we differ much from you. At first one notices it chiefly in accent, and then one finds

out gradually that, among other things, Americans are more interested in all that goes on around them. This interest used, at times, to be rather uncomfortably displayed by unduly inquisitive curiosity. It is true, both to our advantage and disadvantage, that there is but little outward difference between our classes. There is a spiritual and moral refinement which perhaps your people haven't got, and you will notice this especially in the much purer and loftier conversation that goes on in an American club, and which differs so much from the very loose talk you will hear in London. That is the innate Puritanism which our people cannot shake off, and which characterises their manners, though it is passing out of their creeds. Our fashionable men and women are very unlike yours in that respect. Well, their characteristics naturally become prominent in our novels, and so you discover by them how unlike you are to us in many respects. I can judge of these matters fairly well, for I lived abroad for a long time; and so, whilst I gained breadth and atmosphere, I am also enabled to look on America with the eye of a foreigner. But American life is changing very much, and the American novel by which you know us is changing also. It is a mirror of our mighty world, just as the Round Table was in the days of King Arthur. We are specially to the 'fore' in the short story; that, at present, seems to promise our best future. For myself, I do not believe in what you term the 'American' novel. It has little or no prospect, and for this reason—we are too local.

"We shall go on writing novels on New York, of Boston, of Georgia, of California. Our very vastness forces us into provincialism of the narrowest kind. Now, when you talk of the 'American' novel, you don't seem to understand that, though there is one big government, yet there are many small jealousies. This tendency is likely to grow. All of us writers are widely separated; therefore, you cannot expect to have an 'American' novel—only the general taste of it will

be American. But in the short story you will find honest observation, a certain tendency to realism which tells quite plainly that the story is one taken from life : it is an instantaneous photograph, as it were. I welcome heartily the free use of different local parlances or dialects, as people call them. These short stories will do more than anything to keep alive our distinctive characteristic. I think that, as far as possible, every novel should be national. They should reflect the lives, not only of individuals, but of nations. If they are realistic, so much the better. That is why I like the Russian novelists so much. Tolstoi and Tourgenieff I love, and so I do the Spanish novelists—they are great fellows. Zola is immense, though I do not agree with all his methods. Look at Thomas Hardy, what pictures he gives us of rural life in England ! Therefore, I welcome heartily our short stories ; our brief, exact pictures of everyday American life. American life is now being represented with unexampled fullness. Each part of our country, each phase of our civilisation, is made known to all the other parts. Each writer contributes, as it were, his share to a thorough knowledge of groups of the human race, under most inspiring and hopeful conditions. We American writers are making known our own country, each in his own way—to our own people first, and then to the world ; and, as you say, it is a serious and solemn consideration, but so long as we are faithful and natural, all will be well."

"Yes, that is all very well," I replied ; "but there is always the fear, with this tendency to naturalism and realism, that the unscrupulous amongst your writers will degenerate into that which can only be harmful."

"That is a danger that is present everywhere, but there is little fear of anything even approaching license in America. Public opinion is so much against it. Only the other day one of the great newspapers invited prominent American authors to speak their minds on the question as to how much

or how little the American novel could deal with certain facts of life which are not usually talked of before young people. It is a curious thing that the lady novelists were rather in the majority in asking for more freedom. Of course the question was not settled. It must be left to each writer's good taste. One day a novelist, complaining to another that he was tired of the restrictions imposed upon his pen, said suddenly, 'See how free those French fellows are! Shall we always be shut up to our traditions of decency?' 'Do you think,' replied his friend, 'that it is much worse than being shut up to their tradition of indecency?' Then that novelist began to reflect. He remembered how sick the invariable motive of the French novel made him, and he perceived finally that, convention for convention, the American was not only more tolerable, but on the whole was truer to life. The phases of life with which the French writer deals are the lower, the baser, the unusual. There is plenty of the finer and nobler side left for us. There are many other passions of life—the passion of grief, of pity, of avarice, the passion of hate, of energy, of devotion, of friendship; and all these have a greater part in the drama of life than the passion of love, and infinitely greater than the passion of guilty love. Believe me, it is no narrow field that is thrown open to the novelist, with that little sign to keep off the grass at one point only. I am no prude; but let us, before all things, keep our fiction pure."



## The Democracy of the Future: A Chat with Andrew Carnegie.



VERY kindly-worded invitation to luncheon brought me into close, and pleasant, and very homely contact with the great American millionaire, who went out to the great Republic nearly fifty years ago, a poor boy, rich only in the love of a splendid father and noble mother—first as a little telegraph boy, then as a clerk on the railway, then as the manager of a great steel works. Slowly, painfully, step by step, he has climbed the ladder of life; and now, in his prime, he looks back on an earnest, a hard-working, and a very successful career—looks back on it without a feeling of remorse or of regret, looks forward to what remains and what is beyond with calm, simple hope. For the simplicity of the man struck me more than all else. No “Sir Georgius Midas” is Andrew Carnegie, no illiterate *nouveau riche* is this American business man, with the blood of good old Scotland in his veins. A cultured, refined man of widest sympathies, purest taste, and simplest heart. And all these things forced themselves on my mind as we sat and laughed and talked together. For, said my host, “I am laughing all the time, and that is the best way. I think I have got on well. I never ‘grizzle,’ I take each day as it



comes—its troubles and its joys—and I do my best, and then I do not think we need heed whatever happens.”

The room in which we sat in his house, just off Fifth Avenue, was very characteristic of its owner. Some beautiful fishing-rods stood in a corner. “I am off to Scotland to-morrow, and those beauties go with me,” he explained. The tributes of his friends hung in rich profusion on the walls. “I count myself happy,” quoth he, as he drew my attention to some of them, “in remembering my good friends.” Herbert Spencer is one of his heroes. “Read what he says,” he went on, pointing to some autograph writings on the wall —“isn’t it fine? ‘The Highest Truth a man sees he will fearlessly proclaim.’ And Gladstone sent me this: ‘But as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from the womb and the long gestation of progressive history, so the American Constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.’”

This led to a discussion on the state of the Republic, and especially on the great Emigration and Immigration question. He spoke out very earnestly, and wisely as it appeared to me:

“We get the best people through immigration. We get the very cream of the earth, and for this reason: the very poor, the halt, the lame, the cripple, haven’t the power, even if they had the ambition, to move. Our most valuable import is the human import, and I do not care what some of our politicians may say to the contrary. It is this element that makes our Republic as great as it is. Why, half of our total manufacturers in this land are British. Chicago, where so many British have taken up their abode, is the very home of that triumphant Democracy on which I have written so much.”

Mentally casting a glance upon this Democracy, of which he predicted such great things, I said: “And what



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

*From a photo by McIntyre, Dunfermline.*



is the chief hope for the future of this Democracy, Mr. Carnegie?"

He promptly replied: "Education, free schools; for with education comes the knowledge of wrong, injustice, privilege. The chief safety of the Republic comes in this, that there isn't a man here who has a shred of advantage over another. It is only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in America. The vote of the one is as heavy as the vote of the other. England is governed by the rich. We have here that splendid system by which our representatives are paid by their own classes. Why don't you hammer away at that in England? I would even tolerate a Royal Family to obtain such a magnificent piece of legislation as that. Great Britain will never be free till she gets that measure passed, which includes all others. It is the very key of the position; but it is a long time before you will see it an accomplished fact. It is, and it ought to be, *the* test of a Radical: Is he in favour of the payment of members? If not, away with him!"

"But," I suggested, "the poor man might be bribed."

"No—no—no! the poor man is more honest than the rich. More votes are cast in the British Parliament against convictions than are cast here by our homely, home-spun representatives. Your men vote for party, ours for principle."

I thought to myself, "You are a deluded idealist, Mr. Carnegie."

He went on—"Look at your railways: we have nothing here comparable to the infamy of your railway rings; or to the owners of land who prevent beneficial legislation; or to your legal class, who stand in the way of all reform in the Conveyancing and other laws. In England you necessarily strike vested interests. Here the great point is to get hold of a popular cry. The wealth of a country is never the salvation of a country. The men who save a country are the poor, the industrious mass, the plain common folk, who have always been right in great questions. The solid foundation of the

United States is not the accumulated wealth of a few clever speculators, but the character and uprightness, the industry and hard work of the millions of farmers owning land through the length and breadth of the Republic. On these men, their depth and their sincerity, depend the happiness and prosperity of America. No class is so intelligent, so conservative, so virtuous, so placable as is our rural democracy ; that is why Communism and Socialism have no footing in America. Henry George is laughed at here. Everything in America tends to intense individualism. Men of wealth in America are free from British temptations, for wealth gives neither rank nor family, and gives a man no advantage. It does not even elect a President. What struck a number of English gentlemen whom I took over my steel and iron works the other day, was not the improved machinery, or the extent of the place, or the evidence of wealth and prosperity, *but the character of the men* : ‘ We have no corresponding class in England.’ The American does not drink ; he is regular, he is ambitious to beat the record, he is the hardest working man in the world. It is merit, not rank here. The only men who were *gauche* and awkward at a great reception I recently held were the millionaires, poor dears ! ”

“ Well, Mr. Carnegie, and whom am I to send over to you as emigrants ? ” I asked.

“ The men who are educated for this planet and not for another. We don’t want Greek and Latin scholars here. The man who is intelligent and God-fearing, and who is not afraid of work, and who can use his *hands*—the mechanic and the farmer. But tell the scholar and the city clerk to stay at home ; and tell *all* to pause and think before they decide to leave the old country. Exile from home is too great a misfortune to be lightly thought of, nothing but necessity should drive a man forth. Life, after all, is much pleasanter in the old country than in the new. But, if they do resolve to come, let them do so with a good heart. They will find much

to help them here. The American people are very religious, especially the working men and the farmers, who are intensely so. If you seek to improve the old country, let your working people own the soil in small amounts. That is the secret of the highest and best Conservatism, *the conservation of all that is good.*"

As I listened to the clever, thoughtful, and yet honest and simple-minded man as he talked on, I marvelled to note how little he appeared to be spoiled by the world and his success. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom of Heaven," seemed quite inapplicable in his case. Already for him, in his desire to do good and in his endeavours to benefit his fellow-creatures, the Kingdom of Heaven had come down to earth. Which is as it should be.

I amusedly but thoughtfully put the very home question: "And what does it feel like to be rich, Mr. Carnegie? Are you never conscious of any contraction in your mental or spiritual growth? Is there no narrowing tendency in the accumulation of wealth? Are you happier and better, and do you enjoy life more, than when you were poor?"

With the brightest of smiles the joyous little man replied: "Yes, it makes one happier to be rich and successful, and to be able to enjoy the pleasures of the intellect and of meditation. Life, for the thoughtful and earnest rich man, is fuller and broader than it was when he was poor. I am not working now for self, and it is the grand elixir of life to be able to work for others. That to me is the great happiness and blessing of wealth. It only betokens a disease when people cling to wealth. Every rich man should resolve not to accumulate money, but to use it for good ends whilst he lives. I would say to everyone to-day: 'Don't work for reward. You are walking through a great wood, and public opinion is but the breeze in the trees. You must be centred in yourself, mind not the world, nor the things of the world.'"

"What have been," asked I, "your leading influences?"

"Shakespeare and Burns. Herbert Spencer first gave me intellectual peace: all adjusted itself. Matthew Arnold, the greatest and sweetest; it is a daily satisfaction that I ever knew him. Gladstone, too; how great he is; and John Morley is pure gold. I love Harcourt, I can't help it. I attribute my success to my poverty. I had no nurse, no tutor. My mother and my father sacrificed themselves for their son, a daily example of proud independence, pure and honest in word and deed. As I have already written and long taught, I believe that poverty has its advantages even more than it has its disadvantages. And among many advantages arising not from the transmission of hereditary wealth and position, but from the transmission of hereditary poverty and health, there is one to my mind which overweighs all the others combined. It is not permitted to the children of king, millionaire, or noble, to have father and mother in the close and realising sense of these sacred terms. The name of father, and the holier name of mother, are but names to the child of the rich and noble. To the poor boy, these are the names he conjures with—his guides, the anchors of his soul, the objects of his adoration. Neither nurse, servant, governess, nor tutor has come between him and his parents. In his father he has had tutor, companion, counsellor, and judge. It is not given to the born millionaire, noble, or prince, to dwell upon such a heritage as is his who has had in his mother—nurse, seamstress, teacher, inspirer, saint, his all-in-all. Boys thus reared always have marched, and always will march, straight to the front and lead the world. *They* are the epoch-makers. The bracing school of poverty is the only school capable of producing the supremely great. And above all other influences, I place the influence of a good, a holy, and a pure-minded mother. I cannot tell you what my mother was to me—my good dear Scotch mother. She died five years ago, and I have never had the

courage to look at her portrait since. I am a great believer in Ruskin, and here is a motto of his that I always carry about with me."

And as he spoke, Mr. Carnegie drew with great care from his breast-pocket a card, on which was written, "Nor is there anything among other nations to approach the dignity of a true Scotswoman's face in the tried perfectness of her old age."

"Ah! my dear man," said he, with intense emotion and quivering lips, "you don't know the blessing of a *guid* Scotch mother! But to all these things I must add, amongst the beneficial influences of my life, the trend I got from my uncle, an old Scotchman who used to fire me with his stories of the glories of Scotland and her heroes—Wallace, Bruce, and Burns."

The pictures on the wall reminded me that Mr. Carnegie was a great art-critic, and I started a conversation on art generally and on impressionism in particular. We talked long and earnestly. I can remember one bright thing he said as we touched on impressionism, "You can't get Hamlet at a dash." He is very fond of aphorisms:

He that cannot reason is a fool;  
He that will not is a bigot;  
He that dare not is a slave.

And as I left him he drew my attention to some lines which Matthew Arnold had written and signed, "To my friend Andrew Carnegie, June 21, '83":

So answerest thou. But why not rather say  
Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high,  
Sits there no judge in Heaven our sin to see?  
More strictly then the inward judge obey.  
Was Christ a man like us? Ah; let us try  
If we then, too, can be such men as He.



## An Interview with Mark Twain.



ALTHOUGH early in May, it was yet a brilliant summer day as I passed through the shady groves and avenues of Hartford, Connecticut, on my way to Mark Twain's pretty house in Farmington Avenue. In that low, verandah-circled house which he built for himself on his marriage, nearly twenty years ago, there dwells more gravity and humour commingled than probably is to be found in any other house in the world. For he is the gravest and most solemn personage I have ever met, and withal one of the most delightfully old-fashioned and courteous. For whilst his rough-and-ready experiences, his strange adventures and risky life, have taught him how to hold himself with stern, unbending front to the rude or intrusive stranger, yet his courtesy, his kindness, are unbounded to those with whom he feels himself at ease. It is related of him, that none could conduct himself with as stately a grace or as courtly a mien as used this ex-pilot and Puritan Republican when a guest of H.R.H. the Princess Louise at the Vice-regal Court of Canada.

He was knocking about the balls upon his billiard-table when I first caught a glimpse of him ; but he at once laid down his



MARK TWAIN.



cue, and stepped forward to give a hearty welcome, and to inquire after the old friend who had given me a special letter of introduction to him. He then sat down in his arm-chair gazing at me curiously beneath his shaggy eyebrows, whilst he puffed without intermission for a single moment during three long hours at a splendid series of cigars that lay beside him.

"I am just off to Europe," said he, pointing to a number of packages which lay scattered round the room, "and there I shall remain probably for two or three years, as I want my little girls to pick up as much French and German first hand as they possibly can. And now you shall lead and direct our conversation into those paths which seem to you best."

I smiled as I reflected how superb a minister and a preacher was lost to the world when this grave, solemn individual took up the pen of the frivolous humorist. But the reflection supplied me on the instant with a question, and I said, "Mr. Mark Twain, will you tell me how it is that almost invariably, in individuals or in nations, you find that the greatest capacity for humour goes hand-in-hand with the most imperturbable gravity. The Presbyterian Scotchman, for instance, or the Puritan New Englander, is really the most humorous man on earth."

"Ah! now," replied Mark Twain, as he pushed his hand through a mass of fast-grizzling hair, "you have put your hand on a great verity. But don't you think that after all it is quite natural? It is simply reaction. It is a law that humour is created by contrasts. It is the legitimate child of contrast. Therefore, when you shall have found the very gravest people in the world, you shall also be able to say without further inquiry, 'I have found the garden of humour, the very paradise of humour.' You may not have realised it, but it is the fact very frequently, that if a man is standing broken-hearted over the grave of his nearest and dearest, he is quite likely to be persecuted with humorous thoughts. The

grotesque things that happen so often at funerals depend on their solemn background. They would not be funny but for contrast. It is the horizon-wide contrast between the deep solemnity on the one hand and that triviality on the other, which makes a thing funny which could not otherwise be so. To illustrate what I mean, let me tell you the following story: A man's wife died in Brooklyn, and he asked a clerical friend to take the funeral service. The clergyman consented on condition that everything should be very punctual, as he had a special engagement on that very day. The day came, and the whole party was assembled in the dining-room, the coffin in the midst of them; and a dead silence, broken only by subdued sobs and sighings. The clergyman rose to begin the service—there was a tug at his coat-tails: 'We ain't all ready yet,' whispered the bereaved husband, and the clergyman sank down again into his chair. A second time he rose—there was a second tug at his coat-tails: 'We ain't all ready yet,' was again whispered in his ears, and with a good deal of annoyance and impatient looking at his watch, the clergyman once more sat down. But on its occurring a third time, and on the husband's third assurance that 'they weren't all ready yet,' the minister said, 'But why aren't you? What's the matter? I am in a great hurry.' 'She ain't all here yet,' was the ghastly and wholly unexpected reply, 'her stomach's at the apothecary's.'

"But in all cases; in individuals, in peoples, in occurrences such as I have just described, it is not the humorous but the grave and solemn element that predominates, and that affords the strongest background."

"What was it that made you take up a humorous line, Mr. Twain?" I asked; "you appear to be one of earth's most solemn children." A remark which I made with a good deal of inward amusement, for the sight of this preternaturally solemn individual, walking up and down and shaking at me now and again the very finger of fate, preaching to me in a

voice and manner which would have made him his fortune as an undertaker, was at times well-nigh too much for my own gravity, and at times I bent over my paper, shaken with irrepressible laughter. He drawled out in reply: "You could not possibly have chosen a worse man to tell you about humour. Why do you come to me? I am particularly and specially unqualified to answer you. I might go out into the road there"—pointing as he spoke to the pretty, sun-flecked, shadow-stricken pathway, a glimpse of which I gained through the open window,—“and with a brickbat I would knock down three or four men in an hour who would know more than I about humour and its varieties. I have only a limited acquaintance with, and a very small appreciation of, humour. I haven't nearly as catholic and comprehensive an idea of humour as you have, for instance.”

“My dear Mr. Mark Twain,” I replied; “Rubbish! the man who wrote the dialogue between Huck Finn and the runaway negro, about kings and queens, is the very prince of humorists!”

Mark Twain eyed me severely, pointed a long finger at me, and frowned heavily and said: “Exactly; and that very book, ‘Huck Finn,’ reveals perhaps the very thing of which I speak. Within certain rather narrow lines I have an accurate, trustworthy appreciation of humour. It is not guesswork, this estimate of mine as regards the limits of my humour, and my power of appreciating humour generally, because with my bookshelf full of books before me, I should certainly read all the biography and history first, then all the diaries and personal memoirs, and then the dictionaries and the encyclopædias, then, if still alive, I should read what humorous books there might be. That is an absolutely perfect test and proof that I have no great taste for humour. I have written humorous books by pure accident in the beginning, and but for that accident I should not have written anything.”

I very heartily remarked that it was an accident by which

we had all profited. "The gaiety of nations, Mr. Twain, will be eclipsed when your humour ceases."

Mark Twain bowed slowly and gravely as he replied: "You are very good. At the same time I frankly confess I have a certain leaning towards the humorous side of things, and that tendency would have manifested itself in the pulpit or on the platform, but it would only have been the embroidery and not the staple of the work. My theory is that you tumble by accident into anything; the public then puts a trade-mark on your work, and after that you cannot introduce anything into commerce without that trade-mark. Bret Harte, for instance, by one of those accidents of which I speak, published the 'Heathen Chinees,' which he had written for his own amusement. He threw it aside and forgot all about it, but being one day suddenly called upon for copy, he sent that very piece in. It put a trade-mark on him at once, and he had to avoid all approaches to that standard for many a long day, in order that he might get rid of that mark. If he had added three or four things of a similar nature within twelve months, he would never have got away from the consequences during his lifetime. But he made a purposely determined stand; he abolished the trade-mark, and conquered."

"To all of which, Mr. Mark Twain," said I, "I can only reply that we are all heartily glad you succumbed to your trade-mark."

"But, Mr. Twain, as a professional humorist, I suppose you realise your responsibilities? You know you greatly horrified some good folk in England when you published your 'American at the Court of King Arthur.' They thought you were scoffing at Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.'"

Mr. Samuel Clemens sprang up from his seat with more energy than I had supposed him to possess. He looked at me with a sarcastic and sardonic smile:

"Why, a person would waste his labour who would mock at a great poem like that! It would be the act of an idiot."

People, you know, have most confused ideas about reverence and irreverence. Even the dictionary tries to describe 'irreverence' but it entirely steps out of its jurisdiction. Irreverence is simply scoffings levelled at *my* ideals, nobody else's; and reverence is simply respect for *my* ideals, nobody else's. I am not irreverent when I scoff at the image of tar and rags which a naked savage puts up and worships; and that savage is not irreverent when he, from his standpoint, scoffs at my sacred things. Now, if I wished to scoff at Arthur and his Knights, and at the things which they considered fine and heroic in their day, I am privileged to do so, and I may not righteously be called to account for it. Arthur and his Knights were privileged to criticise, in any way they chose, lower ideals than their own, and a lower civilisation which prevailed in any other country at their own time, and which had prevailed for centuries before, and one is not fairly at liberty to deny them that privilege. Our ideals of to-day will find small respect in the world a thousand years hence, but I shan't climb out of my grave to enter a protest against such procedure of posterity. I do reverence the 'Idylls of the King,' but not because I am commanded to do so out of the dictionary; and I should not do so if I did not wish to from an impulse of my own. *I reverence achievement*, and that only; and so it goes without saying that it isn't any matter to me whether achievement is the work of a person who wore a coronet or a pair of wooden shoes. I have no reverence for heredity of any kind. I should have had it if I had been educated to it, but I have not been so educated. I think that, while the titles of Prince, Earl, Duke are high, they are not high enough yet to properly decorate men of prodigious achievement, as a recognition by the world of what they have done. I would furnish to such men all the gauds and titles they wanted or would take, but I would give such things a real value by letting them perish with the winners of them."

At this moment his black servant, a man of many years of



faithful service to Mark Twain's simple wants, brought me in my solitary luncheon. "For," said the great humorist, "I hate eating, and I wish we could do away with it altogether. I rarely eat more than one meal a day."

Some curious phase of dialect which escaped him a moment after drew from me the remark, "that as far as I could judge the dialects in his books were perfect."

"Well," he replied, "I was born in the South, and I lived a good deal of my boyhood on a plantation of my uncle's, where forty or fifty negroes lived belonging to him, and who had been drawn from two or three States, and so I gradually absorbed the different dialects which they had brought with them. It must be exceedingly difficult to acquire a dialect by study and observation. In the vast majority of cases it probably can be done, as in my case, only by absorption; so a child might pick up the differences in dialect by means of that unconscious absorption, when a practised writer could not do it twenty years later by closest observation. But, of course, a dialect *can* be acquired: take, for instance, the great traveller Burchardt, who must have literally swindled himself into Mecca. A man who could have escaped the observation of thousands of Arab fanatics must have had a rare faculty for picking up nice accuracies and differences in foreign speech. Clarence King, born and reared in this place, is another instance. When a grown man, he went to the Pacific Coast, and in his very first year he wrote sketches filled with Pike County dialect which never have been rivalled for accuracy. Bret Harte went there in his budding manhood, and yet with a familiar acquaintanceship of several years with the miners, whose speech was that of Pike County, he was yet never able to master even a plausible resemblance. Why, by-the-bye, should people find fault with dialect in books? The best things have been said in dialect. It is a mighty poor Scotch story that dialect cannot save. Look at the dialect in 'Uncle Remus.' Why, that dialect is absolutely scholarly! 'Huck

Finn' is my favourite book of those I have written, and simply because I know the dialect is really good. To go back for a moment to the question of humour, I would like to say a word about your English humorists. You know very few Americans can see the fun of your comic journals. As to your humorous novelists, Dickens to me is only humorous when he drops into it by accident. I don't like his humour as a staple. His most beautiful work, 'A Tale of Two Cities,' is spoilt, to me, by that ostensibly humorous character, Jerry. I wish I could cut it out; the book is spoilt by it. 'Pickwick' I can't read as a whole; only bits here and there. To my mind, T. B. Aldrich is the wittiest man I have ever met or read."

Mark Twain, in answering my question as to how far culture and education entered into the making of books, inveighed heartily against the assumption that book-culture or a university education is the be-all and the end-all of life, and especially of literary life. "The great essential for a writer or a preacher is," he cried, very earnestly, "a knowledge of men and life, not books or university education. If I could write novels I shouldn't lack capital, because I have had intimate acquaintance with many groups of men, many occupations, many varieties of life in widely separated regions."

After he had told me that his "Innocents Abroad" was his first book, and a real, true account of the adventures of some friends of his, he placed in my hands a copy of the verses which Dr. O. W. Holmes had addressed to him on his fiftieth birthday in 1885, with which I will close this article.

TO "MARK TWAIN" (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS), ON HIS FIFTIETH  
BIRTHDAY.

AH! Clemens, when I saw thee last,  
We both of us were younger;  
How fondly rambling o'er the past  
Is memory's toothless hunger.

*An Interview with Mark Twain.*

So fifty years have fled they say,  
Since first you took to drinking—  
I mean in Nature's milky way,  
Of course no ill I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road,  
Your track you've been pursuing,  
What fountains from your wit have flowed,  
What drinks you have been brewing !

I know whence all your magic came,  
Your secret I've discovered,  
The source that fed your inward flame,  
The dreams that round you hovered.

Before you learned to bite or munch,  
Still kicking in your cradle,  
The Muses mixed a bowl of Punch,  
And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear Babe, whose fiftieth year to-day,  
Your ripe half century sounded—  
Your looks the precious draught betray,  
The laughing Nine compounded.

So mixed the sweet, the sharp, the strong,  
Each finds its faults amended—  
The virtues that to each belong  
In happiest union blended.

And what the flavour can surpass,  
Of sugar, spirits, lemons ?  
So while one health fills every glass,  
Mark Twain for Baby Clemens.

Boston, Nov. 23, 1885.

O. W. HOLMES.




## The Home of President Harrison.

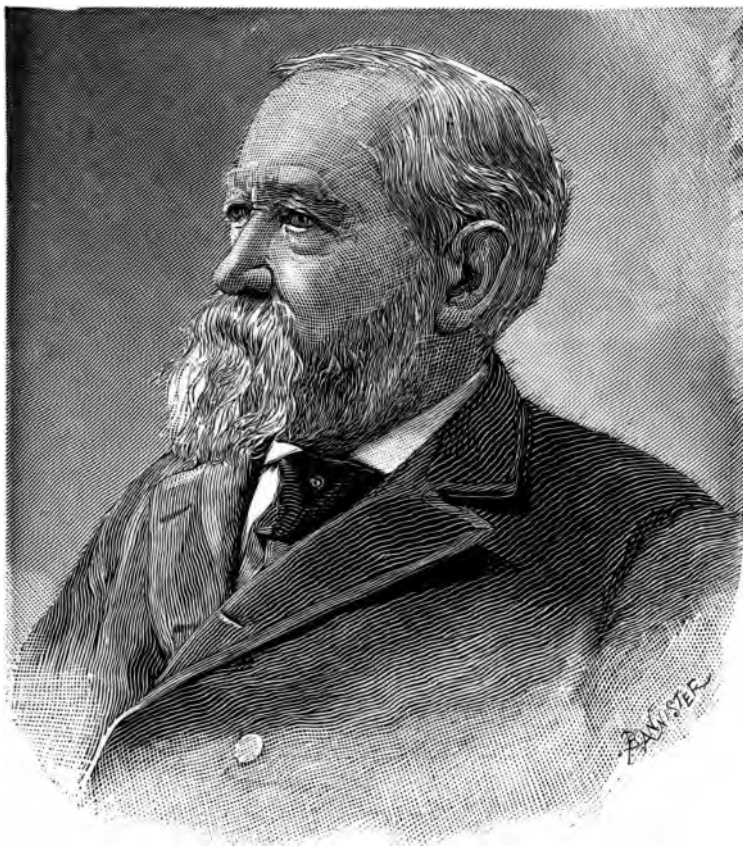


HERE is no lovelier city on the face of the earth than Washington, and seen as I saw it from the summit of the Capitol, as it lay bathed in brilliant sunshine far beneath and far around me, stretching for miles on either side, it is a sight that can never be forgotten. The most prominent object in this city of beautiful buildings, of exquisite avenues, of unequalled grace, is perhaps the Washington Memorial, which, some five or six hundred feet in height, towers above the neighbouring buildings, and dominates the whole city. You cannot get away from it; it is to be seen for miles, and from everywhere. It is the first thing that catches the eye on entering the city by railroad, it is the last object upon which the regretful eye of the traveller rests as he quits the home of the Presidents of the Great Republic. "That slim Egyptian shaft uplifts its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts of various gold." In shape it exactly resembles Cleopatra's Needle, but it is even more vastly imposing as it rears itself from earth to heaven, a superb piece of marble—pure, chaste, virginal. Its pathos, its dignity, its poetry, grow into the soul, day by day and every day. And beneath it rolls the historic "silver Potomac," the scene of many stirring episodes during the late war.

It was my good fortune to be the guest of a lady who was a relative of the great Southern general, General Lee, and I cannot easily forget the pleasure of my visit to this graceful Southern family, in which linger all the best traditions of that proud aristocracy of Virginia. I went one day with them to the beautiful cemetery of Arlington, in which lie waiting for the last great trumpet-call some three-and-twenty thousand soldiers who fell on either side in that vast struggle, in the memory of which is comprised all the pathos and all the romance of so many a home in the great country beyond the sea. And right in the centre of this silent city of the dead stands, ever open to the reverential visitor, the home of the great general himself, and my hostess pointed out to me the rooms in which as a little child she used to play so happily, never dreaming that one day the ground on which she stood would be the scene of all that was so tragic and so sad.

And another day a large water picnic was planned, and some fifty or sixty of us went by steamer down the beautiful river, the Potomac, which divides Maryland from Virginia, passing as we sailed the most deserted and delightfully quaint, quiet, moss-grown city of Alexandria, down whose sun-flecked, shadow-stricken pathways an old-time Virginian squire would now and again slowly and thoughtfully pace up and down, meditating on the glories of the bygone past. And we caught a glimpse of the beautiful amphitheatre of the Chataqua Society, which nestles among the trees by the water's side, where every summer are gathered some twenty thousand people, assembled there for mental improvement and bodily recreation. Arrived at our destination, we seated ourselves beneath the shadow of a fine old fort—a fort that, by reason of its strength, its shape, its moss-covered ivy-grown walls and deeply-wooded moat, strongly reminded one of the ruins of an old Norman castle. I had hardly thought it possible that America could have provided so ancient-looking a building. And here, a large and





GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
EX-PRESIDENT U.S.A.



merry party of Southern ladies and gentlemen—and who are more charming than they?—myself the only representative of the old country, we seated ourselves in groups. Dinner over and cigars lighted, we watched the fiery sun sink down to rest away in old Virginny, whilst one by one the stars peeped out, and the “pale, sad moon crept out to sit on the lonely hill.” Flashing to and fro, and brilliant against the dark green foliage, the fire-flies flew in myriads, whilst the harsh croaking of the bull-frogs, the shrill cry of some Southern bird, the hot, burning air, told me how far I was away from cold, foggy, prosaic old England. On the following evening, my hostess, who had received a most kindly-worded invitation from her friend Mrs. Harrison, the President’s wife, in which she had specially asked that I should go and see the President in the evening, suggested that on our way to the White House, which be it understood is the Windsor Castle of America, we should drive through some of the avenues for which Washington is famous. So quitting that part of Georgetown, in which they lived, we drove down Pennsylvania Avenue, noting in succession the magnificent Army and Navy buildings, the Treasury, the department of the Postmaster-General, till we came to the stately Capitol, in which the senators hold their deliberations, and where the Great Republic makes her laws. The miles and miles of broad, well-laid-out streets, the noble trees, the dazzling white State buildings, all of these go, as I have said, towards the making of a splendid city; and one finds it impossible almost to believe it, that only fifty years ago or so it was little better than a swamp, wherein sportsmen shot the wild fowl, who then were almost the only inhabitants of what is now a crowded and densely populated city.

As the clocks, one after the other, tolled out the hour of eight, and as welcome dusk was stealing over the metropolis, which all day long had lain sweltering beneath a sun of tropic vigour and intensity, our carriage rolled up to the stately, white-pillared entrance of the White House. Here we were



received by men-servants, who took our cards, and bade us seat ourselves in the hall, which is hung round with portraits of those Presidents who once ruled here, but who, with the exception of Mr. Grover Cleveland, have now passed away for ever. Curiously enough, Mr. Cleveland's portrait had only been sent in a few days previously, and an ardent supporter of his, who is working might and main to secure his re-election, on seeing it there, drily remarked, "Yes, he has sent it on in advance."

Whilst we sat there awaiting our summons to the Presidential presence, a little light-haired boy, about four years old, came running into the hall, and pulling at my coat-tails he said, "Come and see my white rabbits," which I accordingly did. This was the celebrated Baby McKee, the President's favourite grandchild, about whom more has been written, about whom more stories are told, and around whom more political jokes have gathered themselves, than has been the case with any other child on earth, save perhaps the little King of Spain. Baby McKee is an historic personage in America. The President rules the United States, and the Baby rules the President. Just at this moment Mrs. Harrison came forward from an inner room, and coming up to my hostess she bade us all a hearty welcome, and led us to the President himself, who was seated in a verandah at the back of the house. The ladies, Mrs. Harrison, my hostess, and her pretty daughter, fell at once to the discussion of feminine matters, of household troubles, of packing up, and so forth, while the President and I sat together and discussed the beauty of the scene, the heat of the weather (which Mr. Harrison declared had quite prostrated him), and the incidents of his recent tour throughout the States over which he rules. Just behind him towered a glorious magnolia, which he told me was the most northern-grown magnolia in America.

I had been much interested in the Presidential tour, which

had only recently been completed, and I asked him if it had not been a very splendid and impressive sight, and he commented, as I thought he would do, on the overwhelming impression which was produced on his mind by the constant contemplation of such vast cheering crowds, none of whom he would ever see again. "It is true," said he, "I often longed to get away by myself, but the sight of those myriads of human beings, assembled with but one object animating them all, and passing before me in endless, stately procession, was grand, and it can never fade from my mind." As he spoke, I recalled to my mind the story which is told of the Shah when he came to England two years ago. One day, as he was passing in procession through the vast crowds of the London streets assembled to do him honour, he observed to his Grand Vizier, "It is sad to think that one will never see these people again, and sadder still to think how unknown they are to one another." And the Grand Vizier replied, "Oh, Father of the faithful, and King of kings, do you not remember how our great poet has said:

Full many a soul to lip hath leapt,  
And no man known and no man wept."

As the thoughtfulness induced by these reflections passed away, I asked the President if he had not found it intensely difficult to make, without repeating himself once, the speeches he made throughout his tour, for in that progression of his he had made no less than one hundred and forty speeches, full of graceful tact and clever allusion to topics of passing or permanent interest, and yet each speech was as fresh and original as its predecessor, and each exactly suited to the locality in which it was spoken. He smiled and replied that it had become a second nature with him, though often enough it required more thought and study than one would imagine. "Perhaps," he went on, "the more striking incident of my tour, and one which gave me an artistic suggestion for one of my speeches, was an incident that occurred in one of the

seaports I visited. The naval officers had so arranged matters, that when it was night and our steamer came in, the lime-light, whilst all around was in pitchy darkness, illuminated and brought out clear and vivid as daylight the national flag, which appeared to hang of itself between sea and sky. It was very lovely, emblematic of the great Republic, sent down by God Himself and illuminated by the light of Heaven." As I sat there a moment longer in silence, surrounded by the deepening gloom, my only companion the ruler of a great nation, one realised the beauty of the remark that he had just made, and one felt how thoroughly fitted was such a man to be the leader of his people.

The night by now had fully come, and all around was buried in dreamless quietude. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning sprang from the sky, and there stood revealed to our wondering gaze the lovely Memorial—snow-white, violet-hued ; for one moment it was outlined against the darkening heavens, and yet again and again it flashed for a moment into sight, a solid white flame as it might be from earth to heaven.

And then we rose. "I trust you will take away very pleasant memories of our country, Mr. Blathwayt," said the President ; and as I shook his hand I assured him, with much of truth, that the pleasantest would be the memory of my visit to the White House.



## A Conversation with James Russell Lowell.\*



THIS in no way professes to be anything more than a desultory conversation with the dead poet, but as the personal reminiscence of possibly the last Englishman with whom he really talked, it cannot fail of a certain interest. It is only a few short weeks since I walked up the pretty garden pathway that led me to the door of Mr. Lowell's simple, old-fashioned, quaintly English and homelike residence near Boston.

A maid-servant opened the door and admitted me to the presence of the poet-ambassador himself. At the very first glimpse I saw how ill he was—the transparency of his complexion, the weak voice, the trembling hand, telling me the sad truth all too plainly. But he would not hear of my calling again. “On no account, Mr. Blathwayt,” said he; “I want to hear the latest about England. You know the English and I are great friends.”

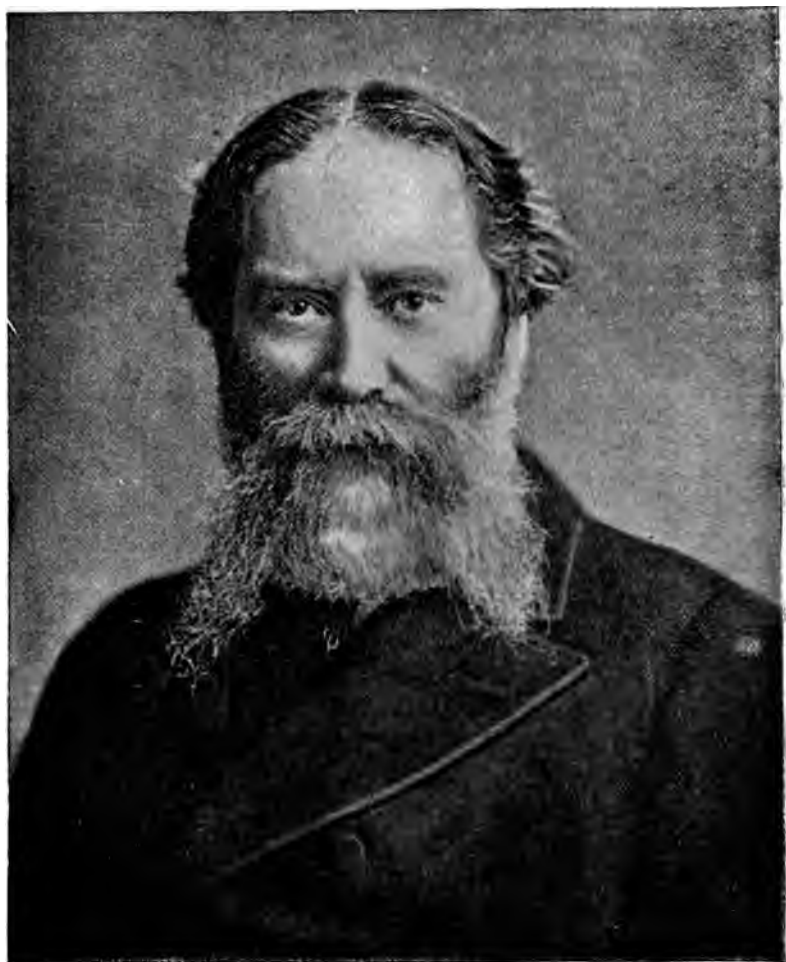
I replied very heartily in the affirmative, adding that no ambassador had ever done so much in his own person to establish and to maintain an *entente cordiale* between two nations as he. We then discussed the duties and the office of an ambassador. I cannot forget his smiling remark, “But

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\* Inserted by kind permission of the Editor of the *Review of Reviews*.

after all, it is a very 'clerky' office nowadays. What with railways and telegraphs and steamboats, all the romance and much of the responsibility of the position of an ambassador has passed away. It may have its good side, it doubtless has; but now that a Minister is in such easy distance of his superiors, he never feels his own master; he is at every beck and call from the people at home; he has little or no chance of distinguishing himself; there is nothing now to call forth his dash and energy, no means now by which he can show the world what a nation, in the person of her ambassador, can do. Many a bold stroke of policy is left undone nowadays which in the old time would have electrified the world. It *may* be all for the best," said Mr. Lowell, with a slow, doubtful smile, "but too many cooks, you know, spoil the pudding, and I am quite sure they spoil the ambassadorial temper."

An open volume was lying on the table. "You see," said he, taking it up, "one goes back to one's old loves as age creeps on. Scott is always fresh and new to me. I have been dipping into Dickens, too, but I don't like him even as well as I used to, and he never was a great favourite of mine. His humour always struck me as being forced, and his style was not always as refined as it might have been." We then fell into a discussion as to the influence of journalism upon literature—literature, that is, pure and simple—which most affected the other, and so on; the respective merits of English and American journalism. "Your papers," he said, "would be far too stately for us. In one respect you have borrowed from us, and, I may add, improved upon us. Your 'interviews' are vastly superior. It strikes me that an English interviewer does take the trouble to know something at least of the life and works of the man he is interviewing. And certainly you are much more discreet. I suffered once myself very severely, and at the hands of the son of a dear old friend. However, that is an old tale."



MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 65, Baker Street, W.*



At this moment the maid brought in his very simple luncheon—an egg beaten up in milk, I think it was, which he told me was almost the only thing he could take. He made many gentle apologies for dieting himself before a stranger. I rose to take my leave, but he would not hear of my doing so. "Oh, no! I have not nearly finished with you yet; you must have a cigar with me, and we will go on with our chat," and he handed me one of his special brand, remarking, as he did so, "you will find that most like your own English cigars." His gentle courtesy, his bright smile, were very winning; indeed, with an experience of many of the best known people of the day, I can recall no one with such grace and exceeding gentleness.

As I write, a mental picture of the whole scene rises up before me. He is seated in an arm-chair with his back to that far-famed "study window," out of which he has so often gazed. He sits there and looks quietly at his visitor, now and again raising a delicate hand to stroke his beard and moustache, or to press down the tobacco ashes in the very small pipe he is smoking, and which he tells me is an old favourite. The room is very untidy; papers lie scattered about; there is a little bust in the corner; a dog lies sleeping on the hearth-rug. The great simplicity impresses me forcibly. I can scarcely realise to myself that I am sitting quite alone with one of the most famous of living men. The quaint, homely, farm-like surroundings, scholarly and refined though they be, do not strike me as carrying out the general idea of the surroundings of a poet of world renown. I recall but dimly the pictures on the wall. A portrait of Tennyson he specially valued. I commented upon the portrait of his own brother-in-law, the celebrated orator, George William Curtis, who is also the editor in *Harper's* "Easy Chair," and with whom I had very recently been lunching. "Ah," said Mr. Lowell, "I am glad you have met him; he is a man in a thousand, you ought to have had him and not me at St. James's."



I asked him something about his English friends and the best known men he had met over here. He spoke very highly of Gordon. "Oh, why did you let him die?" said he; "he was a very Galahad." He was exceedingly enthusiastic in his praises of Lord Salisbury as a politician. "He always reminds me of Tennyson's still strong man in a blatant land; not that I mean," he added with a smiling bow, "that yours is a blatant land." "I never really knew Lord Beaconsfield," he went on, "and I regret it. I met him once shortly before his death. I am always sorry that I was unable to accept the invitation of Lord Cranbrook, who was then Gathorne Hardy, to spend a week at Hemsted Park, where Disraeli was a guest. It always seemed to me that 'Dizzy' was laughing in his sleeve at everything and everyone. He was an Oriental to his finger tips. He used to give me the idea that he was living a chapter of one of his own novels, a perpetual incarnation of one of his own characters. He might have been an ancient Egyptian or a Roman Augur, or even an American, but never an Englishman.

"Cardinal Manning, again, he is a perpetual puzzle to me. An English gentleman, an Italian Cardinal, a prince and a courtier, a Radical reformer—there is a curious mixture—and yet one of the most winning of men." He was much interested in my telling him of some conversations I had had with the Cardinal.

"I asked his Eminence once," I said, "if he was not now and again conscious of the old leaven of Protestantism," and Mr. Lowell laughed heartily when I told him that the Cardinal smiled and laid his hand on my knee, and said, "Do you know that that is a very home question indeed?"

"I quite believe it," replied Mr. Lowell. "I can distinctly trace Puritan influence here in America in Roman Catholics."

He was evidently pleased when I told him that only a few days previously the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, had been regretting to me that the old

spirit of Puritanism was dying out in America. "Did he, indeed?" said my host, "that is very interesting, and a very noble remark for him to make. But the decay of our Puritanism is only in creed; its influence among all classes is strong and healthy still. Referring to the Roman Catholics, it is essential to remember that we influence Rome quite as much as she influences us; it is perhaps a delicate political matter for me to discuss, but I must say that I think their demands as to the religious education of their children are not only natural but reasonable."

Drifting on in a conversation which in a very sketchy and "impressionist" manner included, amongst other things, a reference to Baron Hirsch and his scheme for the colonisation of the Jews, and his choice of Mr. Arnold White as a commissioner, a choice of which Mr. Lowell much approved; "Mr. White," said he, "seems to have done some very earnest work for your poor and destitute"—drifting on, I say, in such a manner, I happened to make a remark on the respective attitudes of the Southern whites and blacks, and I am afraid I more than half hinted that perhaps both parties were happier and more contented in the old days.

"Oh, but," Mr. Lowell replied, "however that may have been, and I think you are quite wrong, you must not forget the principles involved. Nothing on earth can condone slavery. I never understood the preference of the English aristocracy for the Southerners, although living in England explained much to me that used to be quite incomprehensible. Your social differences, with their exact parallel religious inequalities, Church and Dissent, solved much of the mystery. But nowadays there would be much less of that very wrong sympathy with the South than there was thirty years ago."

I asked him, knowing well his love for England, which nation was dearest to him. "Well, my own land, of course. And yet I have more friends on your side than I have here.

I can never pass Longfellow's house, which, as you know, is close by here, without a thrill. Then Emerson has gone too. We are all going, you know; the old order changeth, giving place to new, and yet it is all as it should be—all for the best. Oliver Wendell Holmes, gay youth that he is, often comes over to chat with me." I remarked that I had spent the previous afternoon with the old Autocrat. I told him what he had said to me about his age: "There are times when I don't feel it, but you must catch the old man asleep, you must watch him come down the stairs. You can't cheat old age." "No," replied Mr. Lowell, "that is true, of course. I am many years his junior, but yet I don't feel old; I don't feel my age as I am told by books I ought to feel." I ventured to ask him how old he was. I could scarcely believe him when he replied, "Seventy-two years." His bright, easy manner, especially his voice, quite untouched by the influence of time—all these things pointed, despite his manifest delicacy, to the very prime and not to the sunset of life. I rose to take my leave. "Oh, must you really go? I am so glad to have seen you; try and come again on Friday."

As we stood a moment in the sunshine—for he himself came to the door with me—I commented on the very English aspect of his little home. "I am glad you think so, but it is easily explained. We have lived here for some generations. At the back of the kitchen fire-range you will find the Royal Arms of England and the monogram G. R. My grandmother, you know, was a loyalist to her death, and whenever Independence Day (July 4th) came round, instead of joining in the general rejoicing, she would dress in deep black, fast all day, and loudly lament "our late unhappy difference with his most gracious Majesty."

The strains of a distant waltz floated by on the summer air. Mr. Lowell smiled. "Dear me, that does remind me of England! I think I heard that last at Lady Kenmare's. How music can link the present with the past!"

It was a curious reflection—a reflection that lost none of its interest as I looked at him who had uttered it—the then and now linked by a passing strain of music.

As I passed down the little path I turned once again to look at the gentle figure, standing frail and delicate, with fast whitening hair and beard, illumined by the light of the westering sun. An unerring presentiment stole upon me that even then he was fast passing “to where beyond these voices there is peace;” and alas! that now it is so.



## Three Women of America.



PERHAPS the thing that at first puzzled me most when I was in America was the position of *the* sex. It was constantly being forced upon me that the attitude of society towards women was very different from that to which we are accustomed in England. I daresay I shall be laughed at for saying this, but it is true, nevertheless.

I was ever wondering at the extreme altitude of the pedestal upon which men place their women in the States. I was constantly lost in astonishment as I beheld the, to me unusual, humility and lowly ordering of the masculine half of creation in the presence of the feminine portion of the community. It struck me as unnatural, almost unmanly. It was, at all events, universal. But the longer I stayed in the country the clearer I realised that the relations between the sexes were on the whole healthier and more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things as designed from the beginning than that which exists in the older continent of Europe. The relations between man and wife, the conditions of home life, the purity of surroundings, are very much in advance of what we see in European social existence generally—the existence, that is, which we see in the highest and the lowest classes. A woman there is more often the companion,



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

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the *bonne camarade*, the trusted *confidante* of the man, than she is here in Europe. The masculine and the feminine lives are not so separated there as here: the existences of each sex blend more into one another than we see them blend here. And all this tends to a purity and simplicity of life amongst American men of fashion for which we would look in vain amongst men of a corresponding rank and class in the older world. Chivalry exists in America as it exists nowhere else, and though now and again the casual English visitor may feel a certain irritation, of which, I quite frankly own, I was more than once conscious in myself, at seeing a woman apparently so absurdly placed above her due position in the order of creation, yet that feeling in time wears off as one realises how thoroughly worthy these women are of such a tribute of honour. Whatever else displeases in their country, American women, as a rule, are beyond all praise; their beauty, their wit, their entire femininity, all these things place them amongst the most desirable of their sex.

Now, it was my good fortune on more than one occasion, when I was in Boston, to meet three of the best known and the most charming women in America, to one of whom, indeed, every woman in the Great Republic owes it in part that her position is what it is to-day. The women to whom I refer, and with whom this article specially deals, are Julia Ward Howe, her daughter Maud Howe Elliott, and Mrs. Margaret Deland, the celebrated authoress of "John Ward, preacher."

Mrs. Howe, who was born some seventy-two years ago, is the widow of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, "the Cadmus of the Blind," as he is called, and a friend of Sumner and Longfellow and Theodore Parker. He it was who worked hard for the freedom of Greece, and whose name both there and in Italy is held in honoured remembrance. Mrs. Howe, herself, is chiefly known for her connection with the woman suffrage movement for which she has lectured, and on behalf of which she has laboured for many years. But even more



is she widely celebrated for her magnificent Battle Hymn, a hymn which more than any other hymn on earth, save, perhaps, the stirring hymn of the Marseillaise, has roused the flagging energies and strengthened the arms and hearts of conquering soldiers. I was spending the evening with her and her charming daughter one day last May, and I told her of the enthusiasm with which her beautiful hymn had been greeted when with it I concluded a lecture I was delivering to a large London audience, and I begged her to tell me how



MRS. MAUDE HOWE ELLIOTT.

she came to compose it. The old lady, for such she is beginning now to be, though it is difficult to realise her age as one talks to her, delightedly complied with my request; and this is what she told me:

“Late in the autumn of 1861, shortly after our great civil war had begun, I visited Washington. One day whilst there I drove out to see a review of the troops. In the

carriage with me was my dear pastor, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes' great friend, and Mr. and Mrs. Whipple. The day was fine, and all promised well, but the enemy suddenly surprised us, and we had to beat a hasty retreat. For a long distance the soldiers nearly filled the road, they were before and behind, and we were obliged to drive very slowly. We presently began to sing some of the well-known songs of the war, and among them—

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.

"This seemed to please the soldiers, who cried, 'Good for you!' and themselves took up the strain. Mr. Clarke told me I ought to write some new words to the tune. I replied that I had often wished to do so.

"In spite of the excitement of the day, I went to bed and slept as usual, but awoke next morning in the gray of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts, then I rose, saying to myself: 'I shall lose this if I don't write it down immediately.' I searched for a sheet of paper and an old stump of a pen, and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking, as I had learned to do by scratching down verses in the darkened room where my little children were sleeping. Having completed this, I lay down again and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me.



MRS. MARGARET DELAND.

"The poem was published some time after in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It first came prominently into notice when Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby Prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course of it told how he and his fellow-prisoners, having become possessed of a copy of the Battle Hymn, sang it with a will in the darkness and loneliness of their prison."

Mrs. Maud Elliott suggested that she and her mother should sing it to me, as I had never heard it set to music.

And so, with all the *verve* and energy of her youth, and with wonderful brilliancy of execution and delicacy of touch, Mrs. Howe herself struck the opening chords upon the piano. And this is what she sang :

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;

His truth is marching on.  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps,  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,

His day is marching on.  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,  
" As ye deal with my contemners, so with you My grace shall deal ;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,

Since God is marching on !"  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat ;  
Oh, be swift, my soul to answer Him ! be jubilant my feet !

Our God is marching on.  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Glory ! glory ! hallelujah

Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !

Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !

While God is marching on.

As the last long triumphant chords died away, the poetess rose, and, crossing the room to where I was sitting, she placed in my hands a beautiful copy of these deathless lines of hers, writing beneath them, in strong, clear characters—

Julia Ward Howe offers this copy of her poem to Mr. Raymond Blathwayt.

And so now they lie amongst my treasures.

After this, we sat round in a circle, and held what may well be termed a bookish causerie, and Mrs. Maud Elliott, who follows in her mother's footsteps, and Mrs. Margaret Deland—and they are two very beautiful women, indeed—told me all I wanted to know about the writing of their own books.

I had been especially interested in Mrs. Elliott's very strong and powerful story "Mammon," which Lippincott had published in his well-known magazine. Her gospel—for, like most of the American writers of fiction, she has a message to deliver, and a distinct ethical intent pervades all her writings—her gospel is a gospel of rewarded virtue and punished evil. The Greek spirit is in her in its entirety. Nemesis, inevitable and relentless, stalks behind the evildoer as he drags his weary, wicked life through the pages of her book. But with all the power, with all the logical accuracy, all the strong power of depiction, there is great delicacy of touch, intense femininity of touch, in her writing. She is so thoroughly a woman ; and the joy of her book is that her womanhood creeps out in every line she writes. In speaking of her work she told me that she began to scribble at a very early age indeed ; before she was

twenty she had written a novel and many verses. Her mother's instinct was strongly developed in her.

"The summer," she said, "is my best working time; and the morning hours always produce the best work. My working habits may best be described by saying that I seize every minute of the day in which I am not obliged to do something else, and turn always with delight to my reading and writing. In the long summer days passed in the quiet home my husband and I have near Newport, which is our fashionable seaside resort, you know, my work has few interruptions. Sometimes I pass a day in a friend's yacht, or on board one of the Newport cat-boats. That is delightful. But the cool peace of the long country days is the pleasantest thing that life has brought to me."

This, then, is what she told me of her pretty life; but I despair of giving my readers even an idea of the charm of her personality as she leaned forward to eagerly illustrate what she was saying. The dainty turns of thought, the pretty gestures, the quaint expressions—one I can never forget. She would frequently say:

"But, dear sir, don't you think so and so?"

And I would humorously reply:

"No, dear madame, I do not."

I can even now hear her ringing laugh at the quaintly innocent remark a little child made to a friend of mine. "Mr. C—," she said; "Mr. C—. Do you know that God never forgets—*nor elephants!*"

And this last remark led us into a discussion of the theological propositions put forward in Mrs. Deland's remarkable book, "John Ward, preacher," and this is what Mrs. Deland told me in reply to my question as to how she first came to the writing of it:—

"I wrote the book primarily as a love story. It seemed to me that the highest quality of love was that which was capable of making the beloved object suffer for his or her deepest

good : a lesser love than that will often selfishly spare the beloved pain. The introduction of theology when I began to write the story was only a stage property, so to speak ; because, of course, it is the spiritual side of love which is capable of the deepest suffering. But as I wrote and studied the conditions of theological thought in the Middle States, I was immensely impressed by the reality of this horrible faith among the best sort of people, and I said to myself, ' Let me find what would be the logical outcome of this belief in a sincere and noble-minded person.' That there never was a John Ward I felt quite sure, simply because, so far as I knew, there never was a logical Presbyterian. I have, however, since the publication of the book, been interested to learn of a parallel case in one of the Western States, where a certain Rev. Mr. Packard, of Illinois, put his wife into an insane asylum because she did not believe in original sin. He said to her : ' It is for your good I am doing this. I want to save your soul ; you do not believe in total depravity, and I want to make you right.'

" The woman then inquired if she had not a right to her own opinion, and the clergyman answered :

" ' You have a right to right opinions, but no right to wrong opinions.'

" She was accordingly placed in an asylum, her ' opinions ' being of so preposterous an order, from her husband's point of view, that she was evidently a maniac.

" She remained in the asylum for three years.

" Here in New England the question of eternal punishment is no longer very much discussed, but in the Middle States, where the scene of John Ward is laid, it is a living issue. I have, myself, heard a clergyman of reputation in Pennsylvania state that there was sin enough in every new-born baby to damn it eternally, ' save,' he added, ' for the mercy of Christ !'

" You ask concerning the influence of the book upon

preachers, and I am sure I don't know whether it has had any influence at all. I have had a good many letters from clergymen, and some from clergymen in England, and I recollect very well that one of those English letters took me more violently to task concerning the looseness and baseness of my views upon eternal punishment than any American minister had done."

And so the evening passed to an end.

A memorable evening even amongst the many memorable evenings of my life. An evening chiefly memorable because in the course of its happy hours I learned to realise as I had never realised quite as fully before the influence of good and noble women.

America would not be what and where it is to-day, it would not hold the position it does amongst the nations of the earth, were it not for the women, who living there are as the very salt of the earth. For less there than anywhere,

They spoil the bread, and spill the wine,  
Which used with due respective thrift,  
Make brutes men, and men divine.



## Looking Forward : A Talk with the Author of "Looking Backward."



FADS and faddists appear to be more than ever the order of the day, and I confess, quite frankly, that at times, faddists with their fads, their quips and cranks, their facts and fancies, their stories and statistics—I confess that at times I am tempted to regard them in the light of great and exceeding bores. And naturally, in my time and generation, and in the natural course of events which come within the sphere of my chosen labours, I have met many and varied specimens of the common or garden "faddist," or, as the Americans tersely but aptly describe him, "crank."

I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that Mr. Edward Bellamy, the very charming and talented author of "Looking Backward," the book which created so great a sensation on its first appearance, is either the one or the other. On the contrary, I found him to be, considering the novel nature of the views put forward in his great *chef d'œuvre*, a remarkably common-sense man, with quite his full measure of sweet reasonableness and light. Still he is a man possessed of an idea ; still he is a reformer of the most thoroughgoing description—a fanatic, if you will, who will not shrink from what to



other men would appear the attempt to bring about the apparently impossible. In his opinion the whole theory of the world of Society is hopelessly and entirely wrong. Nothing—as it is—appears to him to be right. It is his mission therefore to set right all these wrongs, these hopeless inconsistencies, these glaring inequalities. And so, quite frankly, with perfect confidence, with abundance of knowledge and of common sense, too, he is going steadily to work on his self-appointed task. It is a curious and a remarkable fact that he wrote “Looking Backward” without any preparatory reading up, and so evolved a whole, complete, and well-balanced organisation himself. Like the White Knight in “Alice,” he could say, “Its all my own invention.”

When I went to see him in Boston, I found him a very delightful person indeed to talk to. Very good-looking, thoroughly well informed, full of all sorts of queer views of life and extraordinary ideas as to how he was going to put everything right, how he would make the rough places smooth, and do away with all hills and valleys in the great panorama of life, and render it—so it appeared to me at least—one vast uninteresting plain of deadly commonplace and impossible equality.

But he was quite happy, very enthusiastic, and entirely certain that his theories would one day become accomplished facts.

For my own part—and I have the courage of my convictions—although I quite believe that many things are hopelessly out of gear, yet, as a whole, I would gladly leave them as they are ; or perhaps I should say the wild revolutions and vast upheavals which he and his followers propose are worse than the existing evils.

I tackled him at once upon the subject of his great book.

“Oh,” he gaily replied, “‘Looking Backward,’ to me, is ancient history. We are going far beyond that now—in theory at all events. We all of us have an idea that things

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Edward Bellamy



are in an unfortunate condition at present ; I suppose that even a conservative Englishman will own that ? " I nodded assent. " Exactly ; we have reached a critical position, but we are turning towards the light now. My book has done a certain amount of good ; it has led to societies, and the paper *The New Nation*. We don't call this movement socialistic, you know, but nationalistic. The two are quite different ; although harmonious in some respects, they are radically different in others. You haven't got nationalisation in England ? "

" No ; thank goodness ! " I replied, with a grateful emphasis that much tickled his fancy. " No, thank goodness, we have not quite arrived at that stage yet ; ' the last madness of noble minds, ' " I added, sarcastically. Then I went on : " Now, Mr. Bellamy, let me have your definition of Socialism ; I am sure it will interest my English readers. "

" Well, " he replied, " Socialism represents a very broad movement, with many phases. The socialists would have it a class-meeting, and would appeal to the labouring classes. Ours is a citizen movement for citizens generally—and by citizens I mean all the members of this vast body politic. We have many rich men, many authors, many university men. We appeal to all classes. Mr. Blathwayt, you *must* be one of us. "

I shook my head.

" Mr. Bellamy, I am hopeless. But, mind you, I have my own opinions, and I sympathise with you very strongly indeed, in many respects. "

" Well, you will have to do so one day, my friend, whether you will or no. We are fast going ahead. Already we have one hundred and fifty clubs, and new ones every day, with a main branch in London. "

" And do you meet with no opposition ? "

" Little or none ; and certainly from no special class. The fullest justice is done to us. The entire purity of our aims is

recognised. The men who help us chiefly are not those who are specially aggrieved by, or who suffer from, existing conditions. The religious bodies are in very hearty sympathy with us. The presidents of our clubs—the clubs of ‘The New Nation’—be it understood—are frequently ministers. They help us, indeed, more than any class. Some of the Episcopalians have started Christian Socialism. We ourselves are not atheistic, though atheists themselves are very welcome to become members of societies. We don’t wish to be distinctly placarded as ‘Christian,’ but this religion of humanity, as taught by us, *is* the religion that Christ taught. We believe in the general brotherhood of men, and in all that is implied by that brotherhood. ‘He that is not against us is for us.’”

In connection with this I may say that I found Cardinal Gibbons held very radical views on the subject of the working man. He assured me that he considered they had a full right to form themselves into Trades Unions. This I told Mr. Bellamy. He replied that the Cardinal was well known for his broad, sensible views on these subjects.

“And now to come down to details of your work, Mr. Bellamy—some of your more direct efforts?”

“Well, one of our chief theories is, that the public conduct of industry for the general public should be undertaken by local and national government, and not by capitalists. Your English system of municipal lighting of your streets, for instance, is quite socialistic. We have had to fight thirty-five millions of capital in Massachusetts alone in our endeavour to bring that about. We find that we can do it more cheaply. You have helped us wonderfully in England. We draw our illustrations from your cheapness and efficiency. We claim that these vast aggregations of wealth should be put out of public positions. Your municipal governments have the reputation of purity; our big corporations are very impure. Then look at your telegraphs—all under government; here

that is regarded as very socialistic. We are miles behind you. We have to push it as a radical measure. Our Postmaster-General, it is true, is in favour of modified State control. We would effect great saving by it. We want all our great industries managed by the people through their agencies, either local or national, instead of being managed by private capitalists for private profit. Our issues are with big corporations, and they consider us as seditious spirits. I tell you this, that you English may know that, in many respects, you are thoroughly practical socialists. The same with our charities. We ourselves are not associated with any special charities, because we maintain all these things must come in one great movement which will embrace *all*. We aim at the ultimate and complete control of all labour, and so only can work be guaranteed to all alike."

"What do you think, then, of General Booth's new scheme?"

"We are in hearty sympathy with General Booth, but his schemes are not scientific enough to deal broadly and generally with the vast problems with which he is confronted. What we want to secure is the public control of all industry, and so be able to provide universal employment. Our work now is to educate people to the idea that this is the only way out of the wood."

"It comes to this," said I; "you believe—as, for the matter of that, I believe—in the speedy advent of a revolution which you hope by these means to guide into peaceful and efficient paths."

"Precisely. And our ideas are spreading the world through; for this revolution, be it warlike or peaceful, will overflow the world. Our ideas, I say, are spreading. What has pleased me more than anything has been the foreign circulation of my book, especially amongst Germans, Russians, etc. It has done good in suggesting a certain kind of Socialism acceptable even to Conservatives. We want a

movement as Radical as Socialism, but without its class divisions and its class hatred. In this country the public mind moves with wonderful and portentous rapidity. The big capitalists are quite unconsciously doing more than anyone to help us. Jay Gould and others are gobbling up the people literally—all the money of the country is going into the pockets of two or three of these men. This makes people think. This tendency toward centralising all labour, all capital, in a few hands, is waking up the Americans. Now our society is not wasting its time in denouncing individuals or corporations, but it is 'going for' a system which makes such iniquities possible. Let us suppose now that the Government owned and produced everything, and the share of each member of the community was his numerical share of the total annual disposable product, then what would be the use of money? Everything would be at hand, and as in my 'Looking Backward,' everything would be in the Government stores and warehouses, and each citizen would obtain what he wanted to the extent of his balance; he would simply check it off on his account with Government. The present use of money is the result of multiplicity of producers; then there will be only the exchange between Government and individuals. It will not in any way be a question of arbitrary abolition of money; money would simply become unnecessary. A man's citizenship would be the only title to his share in the nation's produce and wealth. Each man and woman and cripple would have an equal share."

"And you really believe all this will come to pass?" said I.

"Sometimes I wake up with pains and aches at night, and doubt this; but it will come to my children, and perhaps some say it will all come to England first, which I doubt. When we here in America see our farmers moving, as they already are in the West, towards the initial features of our programme, we are not far from it. In twenty-five years the nationalisation of the telegraph will see two millions of Government

employés. This would be a good start for Government manufactories for the supply of men in the Government service; and so step by step, taking over the employment of employers from one branch to another would necessitate the establishment of factories, and so take in all under Government employ, and provide for those incapable of labour."

"Well," said I, "you differ from the socialists. For they seem to see the germ of coming industrial order in Trades Unions; each trade monopolising the plant in its own branch, and making what it can by the sale of its product to the rest of the community."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Bellamy. "The Nationalist sees in the *Nation* the germ of coming industrial order, and contemplates a complete industrial partnership of *all* the people, for their equal benefit. Education will be for *all*. The University Extension system will be carried out in its entirety. The socialist recognises not equality, but the total abolition of the employer. We say that the equal income will abolish *all* classes, equal income and equal education together."

"Then," said I, "you would do away with all effort, all ambition; you would reduce all to one dead level?"

"No; the smartest, of course, will lead, and will be rewarded by the honour of leading."

"Yes," I replied; "and you are simple enough and ignorant enough of human nature to believe they will be contented with that, and rest there. Not a bit of it! They would go on and on, and the last state of that republic would be worse, ten thousand times worse, than the first. Doesn't Herbert Spencer say somewhere that the officers of a republic would be sure to get their own power, with all that that would mean?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bellamy; "but that would only be in the case of their having a proletariat to appeal to. We extend our base very widely, and place the centre of gravity



on the *ground*. Competition must be done away with, and the nobler principle of association put in its place ; otherwise the highest development of the individual cannot be reached, the loftiest aims of humanity cannot be realised. Remember this, there are two practical sides to our proposition to make industry public. One is the economising of everything for the buyer, the other is to furnish means of guaranteeing certain rights and advantages to the employés, such as prevention of discharge except for certain causes which shall be specially denoted ; proper provision for old age ; reasonable hours, and reasonable compensation. We believe all these things cannot be arrived at except by Government employment on these lines ; and in permanently improving the condition of employés, as well as securing economy of co-operation for the consuming public, we are guided and inspired by the love of the brotherhood of all men."



## Frank R. Stockton.



NEW roads are sweeter or prettier than the one that leads from the station in New Jersey to the pretty little house in which Mr. F. R. Stockton, the author of "Rudder Grange," has taken up his abode. As we drove along, Mr. Stockton, a little, dark-featured, very pleasant-faced man, and a thoroughly typical American, drew my attention to the numerous fir woods which lined the road, and which to me were strongly suggestive of some of the wild parts of Hampshire and Surrey. He told me a good deal of his own past history, and of the New England pilgrims from whom he was descended.

"We came here in 1657; my forbears coming directly from Malpas in Cheshire, although some, I believe, lived in Warminster and in Reading. We have some quaint old samplers worked by one of my long dead-and-gone grandmothers, which tells us our history in a very innocent fashion indeed. You cannot realise how some of us Yankees cling to our old English ancestry!"

By this time we had arrived at his house, and I found myself in a deep, cool drawing-room, gazing through the window over a vast extent of country, gazing into the far and illimitable West, losing myself in the awful distances which present themselves in so mystic and romantic a fashion to the

traveller in America ; distances which we English cannot ever realise until we have stood on the edge as it were of a great continent, and figured to ourselves the miles and miles of land that roll between ourselves and the far-off other side, the cities and the towns, the villages, and the great weary deserts and prairies that intervene.

Upon all these things I was reflecting, whilst Mr. Stockton was putting into tidiness a number of manuscripts which lay scattered about the room ; this done, we settled ourselves for conversation, first of all agreeing that we both thought " Rudder Grange " was his best production hitherto ; " although," continued he, " I like my new book, ' Ardis Claverden,' very much, because it reflects that which I have seen, and describes people I have known."

I rather joined issue with him here, " for," said I, very plainly, " I don't like your young Englishmen ; I think they are quite impossible."

" Not a bit ! " he retorted, with a smile ; " the young Englishmen in Virginia are exactly as I have described them. We have numbers of them there who have gone out as farmers ; and very popular they are too, although they steadily refuse to become naturalised at all."

" And how did you write ' Rudder Grange,' Mr. Stockton ? I was talking to E. A. Abbey some time ago, and he referred to that book as containing an exact picture of American village life."

" I am glad to hear such testimony from so competent a critic," replied my host. " The writing of ' Rudder Grange ' was simple, and in this wise. I used to live near Haarlem, a suburb of New York, and a poor man there dwelt in a canal boat, much resembling that described in the book. He sold oysters, and I used to go and talk with him, and eat oysters every day ; in this way I got a good idea of the people I wanted to describe. Pomona, the servant girl, is an exact sketch of a young woman who lived with us for many years,



FRANK R. STOCKTON.



only my wife says the one in the novel is not half as funny as the original. I have just brought out a continuation of 'Rudder Grange,' and describe Pomona calling upon a real live earl. Almost all the characters in the book are from life, so much so that some of the originals have taken great umbrage, the 'boarder' who came to live in the house-boat being particularly annoyed. As a rule I never sketch people I have known, although the negroes in Virginia to whom one of my books was read, and in which they are very faithfully described, were highly flattered and delighted. The old farm-house novels of the days of Miss Elizabeth Wetherell are, I regret to say, fast dying out. I, however, always endeavour to describe country life, and my novels as a rule deal with the Southern and Middle States. I love the negro. Do you in England realise the change that is going on amongst the blacks here? The negro is fast merging into the poor white. They go from country to town, and the old plantation negro is dying out. I therefore think it is my duty to catch the *traits* of the old negroes before they die out altogether. This is very much shown in my book, 'The Late Mrs. Null.' A very peculiar form of peasantry is that of Virginia and Tennessee; further South they are more like the Russian serf. The Virginian blacks often took the names of the old families they worked with, and in many cases the black 'mammies' think more of the white babies they nurse than of their own. If the two babies were drowning in a river, the white would be saved, and the little black would have to take its chance. But all this is passing away with the disappearance of the old families since the war, although down in what is called the Black Belt of Virginia, the old tobacco range, there are ten blacks to one white. Here the negroes still live with their old masters and mistresses, on very small wages. They have their old traditions and habits; for instance, their marriage ceremonies are quite different from those of the whites."

"And is there any of that fearful Obeahism which I used to meet with amongst the negroes in the West Indies when I lived there; a very curious survival of the savagery of their old African days?"

"No," replied Mr. Stockton, "unless in the very far South, where they are always importing negroes from Africa. Their religious beliefs are very extraordinary. They interpret the Bible according to their own ideas. Many of the preachers could not read. An old black minister went to a university one day to see the Greek Professor. 'I want,' said he, 'to ask you if de old Greeks was coloured-folk;' and when he was told they were not, he was much distressed, for he would have thought so much more of his own face had they been so; and he was further under the painful necessity of publicly withdrawing his teaching of many years upon this very point. He was a regular minister, with a large following. Now they have their own colleges, &c., the same as ordinary white Baptists."

"Who do you think, Mr. Stockton, best describe the lives and habits of the other's country—the English or the American?"

"Oh, decidedly the American," was his prompt reply; "the American who has studied English history, constitutions, modes of life and thought, all his life. We are much more familiar with England than you are with America. I have often amused myself with teaching cultivated Englishmen the geography of the United States. You certainly don't teach geography to the extent that we do. We love everything English, you know. The name of this house is quite English—'The Holt.' Look at that inscription above my fireplace. It is a quotation from Turberville, an old English poet:

Yee that frequent the hilles and highest holtes of all,  
Assist me with your skilful quilles and listen when I call."

"Your humour, Mr. Stockton, is very keenly appreciated

in England, but I never can find an American who thinks we have any sense of humour whatever."

"It is difficult," replied he, "to say whether humour is keenest here or in America. The finest humour is undoubtedly English, though some of the best is not funny. Some of the best American is too funny, and yet you don't like it. You have Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb; what more could you want? And look at W. S. Gilbert! He is splendid. Do you remember how Captain Marryat describes 'Keel-hauling' as 'undergoing a great hardship.' That is a perfect piece of English humour. I used to write a great many fairy stories," he went on, replying to a question of mine as to the trend of modern American fiction, "but the tendency is undoubtedly towards realism. Very few would read E. A. Poe's stories nowadays, just as very few of you English read Scott. The Americans are masters of the art of writing short stories; and so are the French, Daudet especially."

"But I suppose the war, which has cast a shadow, a pathos, a romance into every American home, must greatly have influenced all your fiction?" I remarked.

"No," said Mr. Stockton, "I hardly think it has. We have very little war literature at present; it will be more popular in thirty or forty years' time. The war, however, brought out some very good Southern writers—Geo. W. Cable, for instance; his sketches of Creole life in Louisiana are very fine. Amelie Rives, who is also a Southerner, writes very finely. For my own part I love to describe, not our wealthy classes, but the common people; there is more in them, as Dickens found out. The people of the Middle States are really very interesting. I deal with them in the 'Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.' These good ladies developed all the characteristics of the thrifty housewife of the inland country farm."

I smiled as I replied: "Ah, yes; they are the ladies who



put on black stockings in the hope that the sharks, who never eat black people, would spare them."

"Yes," said Mr. Stockton, "those are the people I like best to describe. It is little good now to write of the Southern States. The romance of the old Southern life has been destroyed by the war, and the discovery of coal has altered even the very aspect of the country."

"And which critics do you prefer, Mr. Stockton—the English or the American?"

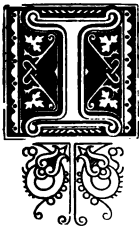
"Well, on the whole my own countrymen have treated me the best. The *Saturday Review* headed a note on me—'The Loves of the Prigs'—which I liked. I once wrote a *brochure* called 'The Great War Syndicate,' in which I described how a war broke out between the two countries, and the rich men of America undertook the war—which was all on account of the Fisheries question—after a novel fashion of their own. Your Army and Navy papers noticed it very fully and scientifically."

"One more question before I bid you good-bye, Mr. Stockton, and it is a question I am bidden to ask you by some English ladies: 'Which door did the Princess point out to her lover—the one behind which was concealed the lady, or the one which hid the tiger?'"

Mr. Stockton fairly burst out laughing—"Tell those ladies as soon as I become a woman I will tell them. None but a woman could decide that question. That story was not written for publication, I composed it to tell at a literary gathering."



## The Story of Harper's Magazine.

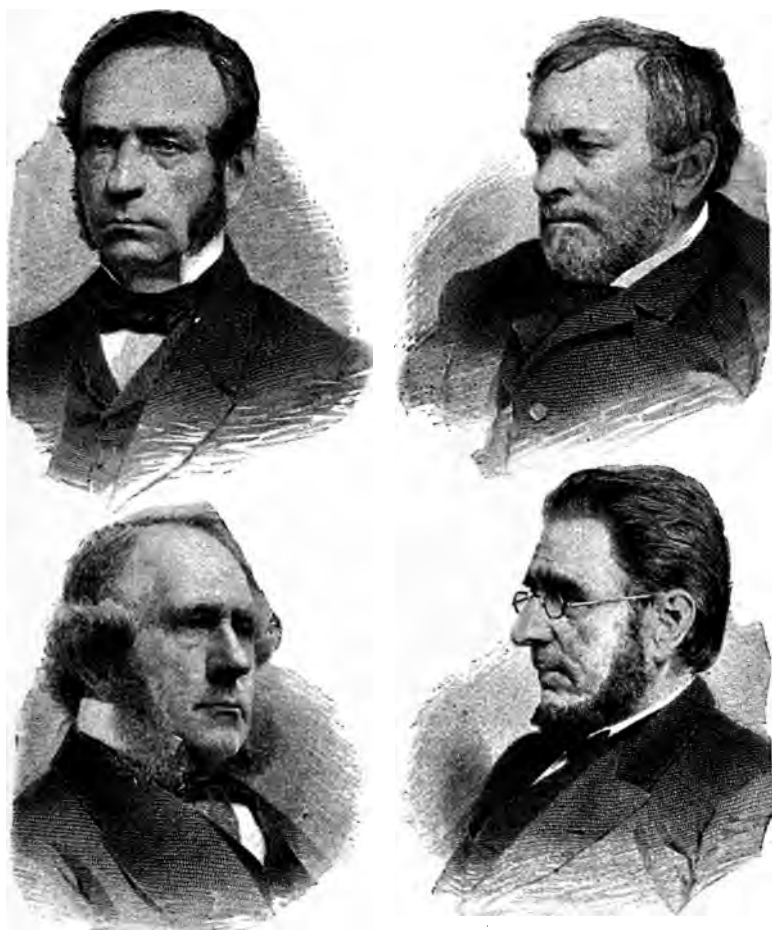


CAN well remember one evening a few weeks before starting on my American tour I was discussing with my sister the plans I had been making. She said in one portion of our conversation: "Well, now, go and live as far as you can a chapter out of one of Howells' novels or a page of *Harper*."

I thought it was expressive, a good idea. It is through Howells and Harper that we English really are beginning to know and understand something of that social life beyond the seas which so much resembles, and yet is so different from our own. I went to America, and stocked as I was with introductions to the best people, I had little or no trouble in seeing something at all events of that social life so well described for our benefit by Howells, Henry James, and the other well known American writers. Not only was I therefore enabled as it were to step into a page of *Harper* or a chapter of Howells, but I actually met and talked with Mr. Howells himself, and I was fortunate enough to meet the head of the celebrated Harper firm himself. Quite one of my most pleasant recollections is of a luncheon which he (Mr. Joe Henry Harper) gave in my honour at the "Player's Club," which is to America what the "Garrick" is to England, and to which he had invited to meet me several of the best known Americans of the day.

Of Mr. Harper himself what shall I say? He hates being written about; he is far too modest and unassuming. I will depict him briefly as I knew him, the smart man of business in Franklin Square, beloved of all his coadjutors and assistants, the young father of a charming family, devoted heart and soul to games—tennis, cricket, base-ball, riding, bathing, swimming—always the life of a large circle, full of humour and fun. This is my memory of Mr. J. Henry Harper as I saw him when I stayed with him and his family at his charming summer residence by the sea.

First in order of the guests who were present I must mention Mr. G. W. Curtis, brother-in-law of the late James Russell Lowell, the editor of the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*, and one of the finest orators in America. He sat next to me, and I shall not soon forget the charm and interest of his conversation; Mr. Alden, the editor of the magazine itself, of whom I shall speak later, and several other well-known literary and artistic Americans, notably F. D. Millet, the vice-president of the American Academy, for whom every living soul has a good word, who is as well known and well liked in England, where he now chiefly lives, as in America, of which country he is a native; popular Lawrence Hutton, one of the editors of *Harper*, and the author of "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," "Literary Landmarks of London." No Scotchman knows Edinburgh better than does Mr. Hutton, and few cockneys could tell you half as much about their beloved London as he has done in his charming and gracefully written *brochure*. An hour with Hutton in what he humorously terms his "scullery," a playful allusion to a mysterious Golgotha, into which he has collected a vast amount of the death masks of great celebrities, is an hour full of interest and of pleasure. There also was Richard Harding Davis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a tall, strong, very athletic, and remarkably English-looking young man, whose book, "Gallegher and other Stories," has won



HARPER BROTHERS.

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for him the name of the American Rudyard Kipling. These and others constituted a notable gathering.

Nothing could be imagined more delightful than the conversation to which I sat quietly listening that summer day in the "Player's Club." Edwin Booth, the far-famed actor, whose acting indeed the Germans consider is equalled by none, sat there, pale and still, though now and again wakening up into energy and enthusiasm as he told of past triumphs, or smiled at the memory of some amusing incident in his eventful career. Clarence Stedman, the well-known poet and author of the "Poets of the Victorian Era," with his whitening beard and moustache, and quick, nervous manner, was there also; Brander Matthews, whose name is almost as well-known here in England as it is in America, he too joined our group late in the afternoon. I myself sat taking to Mr. Alden, the editor in chief, discussing the interesting work, in which, as editor, he has been engaged for so many years; for more interesting work can scarcely be conceived than that which is involved in the editing of a magazine, which probably has, without any undue stretching of the imagination, done more than any one thing else to join the two countries together in a full and complete understanding of one another. From the very first, *Harper's Magazine* has been to the American people, and no less to the English, an important means of secondary education, bringing within the comprehension of its readers great currents of human progress, of which the passing events recorded by the daily press are but indications. The value of this magazine as a popular educator, apart from its mere literary interest, was aptly expressed some years ago by a well-known American orator, who, speaking on the subject of education for the masses, thus declared himself:

"If I could have but one work for a public library, I would select a complete set of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, for it is always varied, always good, always improving and always

reflecting with the utmost skill the average popular demand."

No wonder, then, that quiet, scholarly Mr. Alden is so proud of the magazine which he edits so splendidly. Some years ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* was described by the late James Russell Lowell as editing England; with almost equal truth it might be stated that *Harper's* edits the world. Where can you go that you do not find it a welcome visitor? I have met *Harper* in little West Indian bungalows far up country. I have seen it lying on the mess table barracks, both at home and abroad. It is devoured in South Africa; it is read by everybody, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, in England, America, Australia; all over the world you find *Harper's Magazine*.

Its editorial departments, the "Easy Chair," the "Editor's Drawer," all peculiar features in themselves, with their genial reflections upon social, scientific and æsthetic subjects, are beyond all praise of mine. I asked Mr. Alden to tell me something of the story of the magazine.

"Well," he replied, "it is practically the story of the last forty or fifty years of America. In the magazine you have a reflection of the best sides of American life—the literary, the artistic, the scientific and the social. Here, for instance, in this very club, or in the "Century" where I met you the other night, you meet certain distinct specimens of our American personalities. These personalities are, as it were, reflected either in their own writings, or those of other people, in *Harper's Magazine*. It displays to a certain extent the growth of the journalistic tendency even in fiction. It touches, although never in a partisan spirit, on our political life. It shows the different aspects of American social life. It is, in short, an exposition of contemporary life."

"Which is quite what I have gathered from years of study of *Harper*, Mr. Alden. We in England get much of our idea of American life and thought solely from *Harper*. How

far then do the admirable literary sketches of English life affect the American understanding? "

" Well," he replied, " to a great extent the effect is the same with us as you describe its being with you. The articles grow more and more into the intimate life of the people, social, educational, &c., and the best writers furnish these articles. All these articles help the English to understand our life. We first published in England in 1880, and were most cordially received, and probably, for one reason, just because we were so American; though I still think the Americans love it best. It is for them an institution which has grown up into the very life of the country."

" Yes," I replied, " I can well understand that. It is very interesting though to us to note in it the difference between American and English ideas of humour, and the *social* differences of the two countries as exemplified in the fiction of your magazine are very curious. I suppose now," I went on, " that you find that there is a great change in what the people require from that which they required when the paper started forty-one years ago? "

" You would hardly believe how great a change," was Mr. Alden's reply. " When first published it partook far more than at present of the character of a miscellany."

" In 1850 *Harper's Magazine* furnished almost the sole reading matter of lonely farmhouses far away on the prairies, of grocery stores in little New England villages. Now all that is changed, and the change is a development in many respects in the journalistic tendency of the day from the character of a mere miscellany. For instance, in our early days we took up a history of Buonaparte, which ran for two years. To-day that would be quite out of place; it made then a thrilling story. Nowadays, the indefiniteness and the elasticity of the magazine render it sensitive to its environment in every particular, and so it is able to move with the times. Its progress has been wonderfully rapid, and it is

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fully contemporaneous with this great industrial era. The change is so rapid that before you are through the first volume it has ceased to be entirely eclectic.

"The greatest English and American novelists have written for us, at one time English writers being specially predominant. Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot have all written for *Harper*, and indeed our first story was 'Maurice Tiernay,' written by Charles Lever, we paying for the advance sheets. It was then, or immediately after, that we began the system which grew up here, and which is now universally adopted, of making payments to English authors for priority of publication. I think also that I may claim that *Harper's* has discovered, developed, and made known to the world many of those who are now the most celebrated writers of the day.

"Now we deal almost entirely with contemporaneous life in every department of the magazine, and so it has gradually become a kind of 'World's Exposition,' in which the literary and pictorial development has been extremely marked. I would have you specially note that the journalistic development is shown not only in articles, but in fiction itself, Charles Dudley Warner's "Little Journey in the World" being a good example. I have a great belief in the ultimate influence of journalism in every department of literature. This story of Warner's took our readers into our Exchange, it gave them a glimpse of our commercial life, and still it was a story, and a good one. All of Mr. Howells' fiction lays stress on the realistic side of our contemporaneous life."

"And I suppose it is here that you would specially differentiate between the best American and best English fiction."

"Yes, I think so," replied Mr. Alden, "though you get a good deal of realism in Trollope and Dickens."

"Several of our men are coming forward, Mr. Alden, in that direction," I remarked, "notably Mr. W. E. Norris,

who gives capital glimpses into what we consider good social life in England."

"So I imagine," he replied.

"Then again," continued Mr. Alden, "we are great in travels. There is nothing in African travel that has not been popularised in this magazine. We have published fifty-two books and five hundred and forty articles on travel in Africa, South America, Polar Expeditions, and many others too numerous to mention."

"One thing that you have done which is very charming to your English readers, Mr. Alden; you have brought before us the pathos and poetry and romance of your great Civil War. You have helped to make it a great fact for us."

"Yes," said he, "I think that it is true. Ah!" he continued, thoughtfully gazing back into the past, "how wonderfully that war developed us as a nation in every particular. Every walk of life was affected by the war. It has developed national character as nothing else could possibly have done, and I think that is shown in our pages. Again, how much of our history, our progress in art, in everything, is wrapped up in the pages of *Harper*. The growth and development of American engraving, for instance, has its very history in our magazine. At first, beyond a few fashion plates, there were scarcely any pictures at all. Now you see what it is. The best work of the best men, E. A. Abbey, G. A. Boughton, F. D. Millet, Du Maurier.

"With regard to politics, as I say, we are bound to be very careful. The magazine is pledged not to deal with sectional politics. We are never partisan. Such questions as that of the Behring Seas or the Tariff are treated by us in a broad liberal, spirit; but, as a rule, we fight a little shy of politics."

"Well," I remarked, concluding a lengthy conversation, "it appears to me that *Harper* occupies a unique position in joining together two great countries, not only from a literary

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and artistic point of view, but also from a social and a political point of view. Such being the case, its influence might be great in favour of peace, should ever so ghastly a thing as a rupture occur between England and America."

At this moment Mr. Joe Harper, with his bright smile and jovial manner, came up to us.

"Why, what on earth are you two talking about—an International war, and *I* am to be arbitrator? Rubbish! Come and see the base-ball match—that's better than all the wars and magazines in the world."



## A Talk with James Anthony Froude.\*



LITTLE wind-swept station; Dartmoor stretching wild and gloomy to the rear; a long road gleaming whitely between green hedges, over hill and dale; an ancient coach that is curiously reminiscent of Colonel Cody and the Far Wild West; and lastly, a broad, old-fashioned town; a gleaming piece of water, wooded down to its very edge, across which the evening shadows are falling long and level.

This is Kingsbridge, and here one takes the little steamer that lies in waiting for Salcombe, seven miles down the water-side.

And then the night glooms down upon the lovely little Marine Hotel, from which one catches a glorious glimpse of the great broad sea beyond, and with the roar of the long journey dying down in one's ears, and the jolting of the old coach forgotten, with the sweet fresh air blowing in at the window, one sinks to rest in the summer night.

The following morning ushers in a perfect day, and by eleven o'clock I am seated with the world-famed historian, James Anthony Froude, in a study, that on one side opens into a pretty little conservatory, and on the other on to a lawn and garden that slope down to the very edge of the sea-beaten cliff, and from the windows of which one obtains glimpses of wonderful beauty.

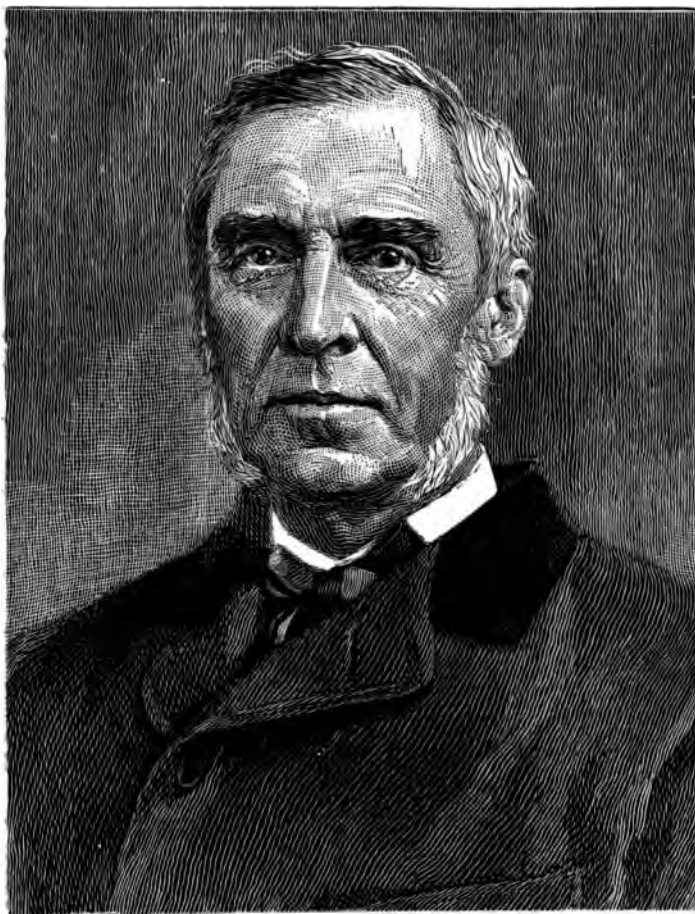
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A very notable figure the historian presents, as he sits easily back in his arm-chair. And as I look at the tall, strong, well-knit figure, clad in an easily-fitting suit of summer grey, and note the sunburnt face and muscular hands, and hear the still youngish voice, I find it almost impossible to realise that I am talking to a man seventy-four years of age. He does not look so much by ten years. To all intents and purposes it is a man in the full vigour and energy of life who sits there talking to me so vividly and brightly of the past, the present, and of that which is to come. For the choice of subject had been left with me, and in thinking it out in the quiet watches of the night, and mindful of the man with whom I was to talk, I had come to the conclusion that I could not do better than to attempt a comparison between the years 1845—52, and this present year of grace, 1892. For out of the dim mists of that controversial period rose up the figures of Froude and his brother Hurrell Froude, Newman, Pusey and Manning, the Hares, Keble, Kingsley, F.W. Robertson and F.D. Maurice—a very noble host indeed. And then there was Carlyle, already a strong influence in the land, and Tennyson faintly outlining what is now known as the “larger hope” in his “In Memoriam.” And to-day there is the New Thought, social, religious and political; the New Poetry, the New Journalism, and the New Humour; Rudyard Kipling, Stead, the Nonconformist conscience, and Lottie Collins! Can I better differentiate between the stateliness and the quietude of the past, and the hurried, feverish restlessness, the passionate earnestness, and the cynical frivolity of the present?

And as I sat in that quiet, scholarly study, far away amongst the Devonshire lanes, there came to me the words of the poet:

“We swim the earth from pole to pole,  
And nod and glance, and bustle by;  
And never once possess our soul  
Before we die.”



MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, LL.D.

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.*



And that perhaps was the dominant note of our conversation—the restlessness and love of change of the present day.

“Take for instance the Ritualistic party in the Church of England,” said Mr. Froude. “What a curious result of my brother Hurrell’s original idea, for it was he, of course, who really started the High Church movement. It arose with him out of High Toryism. He hated change and Radicalism with a virulent hate. Now you find the Ritualist and the Rads are joined together. It is all a part of their desire for change. Do you think my brother ever dreamed of *Lux Mundi* !” I smiled as my old friend turned up again ; I told Mr. Froude how Cardinal Manning, in talking it over with me, had shaken his head and said it was worse than the *Essays and Reviews* of his day, how the new Archbishop of Westminster had pointed to it as a confirmation of his assertion that England was fast becoming Catholic on the one hand and Atheistic on the other. “But, Mr. Froude,” I continued, “as Professor Shuttleworth once pointed out to me, the authors of *Lux Mundi* are really the spiritual children of Dean Church, who surely was orthodox to his finger tips.” Mr. Froude smiled as he replied, “Yes, but he had all the liberal spirit of the present day. *Lux Mundi* is the outcome of a certain ultra-Catholic party in the Church who think they can re-establish Christianity only by the *Church*. They regard the old-fashioned Bible as of no good. ‘It is no authority,’ say they. Newman held, as Luther held, that the Bible was the stronghold of Protestantism. All this tendency to liberality of thought on the part of Ritualists gives an immense impulse to Roman Catholicism, which I always said to Carlyle, but which he denied. Carlyle held on to his Calvinism in the sternest way. ‘There never was such a faith,’ he used to say to me, ‘to take the conceit out of such a brute as man.’”

“Well, but now, Mr. Froude,” said I, “whom do you blame for this liberality of thought—Tennyson, with his beautiful trust that ‘good shall fall, at last, far off, at last to all,’ or



Huxley of to-day, with [his militant Agnosticism, or whom ? ”

“Certainly not Tennyson,” replied Mr. Froude, “who has really helped to confirm and strengthen rather than to shake people in the old faith. There is no touch of materialism in his beautiful, deep and serious thought. John Mill is the most serious opponent that the orthodox have had to contend with in my day, and Huxley, I think, the most faithful. A splendid man is Huxley, so true, so honest. But Newman and Maurice foresaw all this; they saw that the dissolving tendencies came in with increased intellectuality. Ah,” continued Mr. Froude, with a rather sad shake of the head, “the enlightenment of to-day is not a thing to be cheerful about.”

“And now to particularise a little more, Mr. Froude,” said I. “I remember once that Cardinal Manning said to me, ‘the Church of England has fallen away sadly since I left her,’ and in reply to that I told what you had once said to me, ‘The Church of England is crumbling to the ground.’” “Well,” replied Mr. Froude, with a smile, “you see we both arrived at the same conclusion, though starting from very different points. But I think we are both right. This tendency to liberality of thought is disintegrating the Old Rock, which is fast becoming a heap of sand. The High Anglicans are living in a dream, with their old ladies, their painted windows, their schools, and their dim religious light. As far as the country congregations are concerned, the Ritualists have done more to unsettle the people than any other class of the religious community.”

We drifted then into a discussion on Cardinal Manning’s curiously democratic attitude towards the end of his life. I remarked upon the apparent inconsistency of Imperial Rome being joined to Free-thinking democracy in the person of a man who had once been a Tory Anglican. “Quite incomprehensible to me,” he replied, “I remember well Carlyle, in discussing democracy with me, said, ‘I would gather the crowds together, I would say: Now, here on the one

hand is Judas, and on the other is Christ. Here is a black ball and here is a white one, now go and vote,' and then he shook his head and said, 'When I am gone, if they ever read me, they will say I have given a considerable shove towards fierce Radicalism,"*and I fear it's true.*' But at heart I think he had little sympathy with modern Radicalism, and none with its weak sentimentality. His strength of mind was owing to his Calvinism, though at last he got to feel 'I can only believe in a God who *does* something, and He does nothing.' But that was only one of his spasms. He was very true to the old faith. He hated Darwinism."

The conversation reverted to Manning. "The last time I saw him," said my host, "he was very cold with me on account of some things I had been writing about Ireland." This, of course, led to the Ulster Convention. "What on earth is Gladstone thinking of? How can he roll back the seven hundred years of English misrule? And what are the Nonconformists about when they want to help him to impose the rule of the priests on Ulster? They talk of Union of Hearts indeed!" cried Mr. Froude, with splendid scorn. "But there will be no union while we allow one side to dictate and the other to give in. The Ulster men will never give in, they have far too much of the old sturdy Protestantism left in them for that. And how terribly inconsistent are our English Radical Nonconformists in upholding Gladstone in his wild ideas, how utterly they have gone astray from their own best traditions. The Radicals rose out of the Reformation. They are the lineal descendants of the Long Parliament, and here they are flinging over all that the Long Parliament foresaw, as far as Ireland is concerned. This union of English Dissenters and Irish Catholics is a very unwholesome and ominous combination."

I attempted a word of excuse. "They wish to be tolerant and broad-minded, perhaps, Mr. Froude. I found Mr. James Russell Lowell and many leading Protestant Americans very

tolerant towards the Catholics, who are gaining great power and influence in the States."

"Ah," said my host, "such tolerance is all rubbish! Carlyle used to say to me that when people were tolerant, it was because they didn't care. Touch them on a vital point and they are rattlesnakes. But what do the English Dissenters care for Ireland?" I suggested that, perchance, the Roman Catholic rule may not be so bad for Ireland as some people fear it may be. "I found," I continued, "that as a matter of fact American Puritanism, which is dying out amongst the people in general, is springing to life again amongst the Catholics, and is consequently producing an absolutely new Catholicism, utterly different from the old Catholicism of Europe."

Mr. Froude, much interested, replied, "Yes, I can believe that; though I did not know it was actually so, for I always said to Carlyle, though he would not have it, that the Catholics would ever retain certain essentials of morals, and that so they might recover some of their lost ground. But still I do not think they will recover much. Look at the literature of France, how frightfully abandoned it is, and yet it is the result of Catholic education, the result, that is, of centuries of Catholicism, though, doubtless, the Catholics themselves hold it in abomination. With regard to Ireland I am not without hope. Ulster will win the day on account of their old piety."

As we sat at luncheon, Mr. Froude suddenly turned to me and said, "Did Cardinal Manning ever tell you about our Metaphysical Society? It was started many years ago by Tennyson and Knowles. Tennyson always wanted to *prove* that there was a future life. That was the origin of it, though he never got it proved beyond the possibility of doubt. There were thirty of us, representing every shade of thought and opinion—Manning, Ward, St. George Mivart (the scientific Catholic), Tennyson, Gladstone, Roundell Palmer, Huxley,

Tyndall, Ruskin, two or three Anglican bishops, myself, and others. We used to talk of the future life, of conscience, of God. We dined together regularly and then discussed. We lasted two years. We never once quarrelled, though we talked with the utmost frankness and plainness. I remember once we discussed the possibility of miracles. I said there could be no doubt as to their possibility, for there was a living miracle in the fact of such a society as ours existing at all. And at all events, though we never could agree, there was one good result. We had learned not to hate. Curiously enough, neither Manning nor Gladstone impressed us with their powers of debating. Manning, of course, was blinded by his superstition. Manning and Martineau, one of our most valuable members, presented a curious spectacle sitting together in perfect amity. But then Manning used to admit," and as Mr. Froude spoke I recalled how the old Cardinal more than once said the same thing to me, "'that there was great excuse for heresy nowadays; for,' said he, 'people have been born into it.'"

I asked Mr. Froude how he liked the idea of his new work at Oxford. "Ah!" he replied brightly enough, "how curious that Lord Salisbury should have chosen me. Oh, I like the idea very well indeed. I am working away preparing for it, like an undergraduate. I expect I shall find Oxford much changed from what it was in my day; and for the better in some ways. Young people are kept much more on the 'go' now than they were. And yet the men at Oxford and Cambridge are less matured than we were. We were much more men of the world. They have an enormous number of exams. to get through; indeed, I wonder they can do it all. But I dislike their light reading—Mark Twain and all that kind of stuff; far inferior to Bulwer, Scott, and the old heroes. However, I look forward with a good deal of interest to my new work. I shall take up my old ground again chiefly. I have no belief in the modern

theoretical ideas of the Constitution ; I would as soon have the theological. If I did take up a new period, I should like it to be that of Charles V. I hope, if possible, to make that the work of my old age. He was a strong, quiet, sensible man, but unfortunately, as in his case, the quiet sensible man is generally hated by both sides."

I ventured an expression of opinion that Mr. Froude must have worked very hard in past days. "Well, I don't know," he replied, with an easy shrug of his shoulders. "I have always been interested in history. Ay," he continued, waking up into energy, "I wonder what those people who write and speak against me so fluently and glibly would say if they saw all the old manuscripts and records I have been through. I have studied them all—in Salamanca, Paris, Vienna, London. Manuscripts that have never seen the light since they were written till I touched them, for I have often brushed off the sand which had been sprinkled on them to dry them."

At this moment we rose from the table, Mr. Froude giving me a cigar and lighting a pipe for himself, and we passed out into the lovely garden. Pointing to a lonely village which straggled down the side of a neighbouring hill, Mr. Froude said, "I'll tell you a tale about that village, which dates back to Doomsday Book, and is one of the most ancient in England. Some fifteen years ago the agent wrote to the proprietor to suggest that as the houses were very old, having been last repaired in the days of Edward III., he would suggest that they be burned down and the people sent adrift. This accordingly was done despite my protestations, and one fine day a hundred people found themselves homeless, whilst these dear old houses, absolute relics of mediævalism, were burnt to the ground. I must tell you too that the village armed and sent out a ship to join Drake's expedition against the Armada. I wrote to a well-known London paper asking that they should expose it all. To which the only reply was

that 'His Grace was too useful a member of the Liberal party for the paper to take notice of his present action, and so risk offending him.' Bah!" continued Mr. Froude, with a gesture of disgust, "the cant and humbug of politics sicken me. I always think of what Carlyle, whom you will think I am always quoting, used to say to me, 'Dizzy and Gladstone are both charlatans, only Dizzy, at all events, knows he is one.'"

As we wandered about the pretty grounds, Mr. Froude now and again drawing my attention to some rare plant, and especially to the oranges and lemons which were growing in the open, we touched upon the New Literature, and Mr. Froude acknowledged frankly that he did not know much about it.

I asked him if he knew many of the present men of letters.

"No," he replied, rather wearily, "why should I trouble to know all these new people? They won't live. After all, taking the whole of the last fifty years, Tennyson and Carlyle, in my opinion, are the only two who will really live on and on. The people I have known are far more interesting than those of to-day. You will say," he added, with a charming smile, "that that is an old man's story, but I think it is true. Come and sit down here," he continued, as he drew up two chairs in the verandah, whence we obtained a magnificent view of the great blue sea beyond. "Come and sit down here, and I'll tell you about some of the people I have known. At Oxford, of course, I knew all the Tractarians. There was my own brother Hurrell; there was Keble, who never liked me; Pusey, of whom I was always fond. Then there was Newman, nothing of the Don about him. It was his vivid earnestness and intense reality that gave him his great influence over all us enthusiastic young fellows. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever met, though Carlyle once did say of him that he hadn't got the 'intellect of a rabbit.' I quite own, however, that his intellect was not improved by

Rome. Then there was Carlyle, of course, He was by far the most remarkable man I have ever known. So intense, none like him. No," continued my host, in reply to a remark of mine as to the peculiarity of his phraseology, "no, he wasn't in the least affected. His writing was forged out of his intensity. He had a more real Faith than almost anyone I ever met. I'll tell you the last thing he ever said to me. It was only a short time before he died, and I had gone to say good-bye to him. He whispered very feebly to me, 'Ah! isn't it strange that those people,'—meaning "explained Mr. Froude, "the Powers above—'isn't it strange that those people should have sent so much trouble on the very oldest man in Europe,' which, of course, he wasn't," added Mr. Froude, with a smile of reminiscence at the sad oddity of the scene, and then continued, "I said to him, 'Well, we don't know their reasons.' Carlyle at once replied, 'Ah well, it would be rash to say they have no reason.' It was the last flicker of the old thought. It was very characteristic. He never spoke another word to me. I think his writings hereafter will be of immense value, they will give people something substantial to hold on to.

"And then Stanley and Milman, the two Deans, were great friends of mine. Milman greatly disbelieved in ecclesiastical domineering. I can never forget his amusement at the dismay he caused in Oxford by terming Abraham an Arab Sheik. He was the first really to attempt to liberate the Bible. Stanley always found it difficult, as a high dignitary, to say all he really thought. He was a fine, pious, sceptical man. He was very fiery for Colenso, 'he is the only Bishop,' he once said to me, 'who will be remembered a hundred years hence.' Colenso again produced a great effect on me. I can remember he and I and Carlyle once walked in the Park together, and Colenso very full of himself and his troubles. 'Poor fellow,' said Carlyle, when he had gone, 'he mistakes it for fame and he doesn't know it's rather

an extended pillory he is standing on.' Kingsley and Maurice were always dear friends of mine." There followed much talk, and we drifted into a dissertation on Agnosticism, which my host characterised as a humble and respectful attitude towards the Great Unknowable, and which he said reminded him of a little boy who was telling stories before the Lord Mayor, and who when the Lord Mayor asked him if he knew where little boys went to who told stories, replied, "No, I don't know, and you don't know, none on us knows." "I should like to know what became of that boy," added Mr. Froude with a smile. After this dissertation, Mr. Froude suggested that we should go down the village and see how the repairs to his yacht were going on, "and you had better stay here and sail down to Dartmouth with me," he said, as we wandered down the quaint old streets, the young men touching their hats on all sides with simple, old-fashioned courtesy.

"Ah," said Mr. Froude, "I wonder how long that simple courtesy will last, in these dreadful days of Radicalism and general levelling of things. What did you think," said he, turning to me, "of the 'Black' question in the West Indies, when you lived there?"

"Well," I replied, with a good deal of hardihood, considering my acquaintance with some of the leaders of the New Thought, "I really think, Mr. Froude, that in many ways they were happier, both in America and in the West Indies, in the old days of slavery; for though of course the principle was infinitely wrong, the practice was often all that it should have been."

"Precisely," he replied. "In the old days there was a human relation between whites and blacks, but the more you try to make them equal by legislation, the bitterer and stronger becomes the social prejudice. The feeling against colour in the States has only arisen since slavery was abolished. I don't in the least approve of the black vote; Carlyle was very angry



with Disraeli on account of the Franchise Bill. It is all part of the same thing, the disintegration of the old bonds, the doing away with the old principles of authority. And look at all the rubbish that the so-called 'friends of India' are advocating with regard to the Government by the Baboos. We shall lose India if we don't look out. Baboos, indeed! —people who would be despised by their own people. But it is all this ridiculous sentimental Radicalism of these latter days." And so, grumbling good-humouredly against the enthusiasms and the new ideas, the sentimentalities and the altruistic aspirations of the present day, we passed down the old-fashioned streets.



## How Mr. Clark-Russell Writes his Novels.\*




AM on board ship on my way to America, and the scenes that constantly meet my eye are so curiously reminiscent of Mr. Clark-Russell's delightful stories of the sea that I have determined here and now to record some of my own impressions, together with the memory of a charming day that I once spent with the Novelist at Deal, and so attempt, as it were, to blend the actual and ideal in the one pleasing whole. Constantly some small incident—a dash of spray across our bows, a ray of sunshine, the glimpse of a rugged, sea-worn countenance—recalls almost to the letter one of his vivid *impressioniste* descriptions. For instance, I came up on deck yesterday morning; it was rough; there was an ugly look in the run of the seas to windward; the decks were wind and water swept; the rain poured down at times in tropical hurricanes and torrents; all was confusion and misery. A number of people were gathered together at the side of the vessel looking intently out to sea, in the far distance of which I discerned a little ship tossing like a cock-boat on the huge rolling waves. We soon came alongside her and passed her—passed her close enough to be able to distinguish the man at the helm, who, with another sailor, seemed to be the only people on board. Doubtless her crew were resting below. That glimpse, though, to me told a tale

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\*Inserted by kind permission of the Editor of *The Novel Review*.

of heroism and patience, and of undaunted, unvaunted, and oft-tried courage. It was almost like a chapter out of one of Clark-Russell's splendid sea novels. Almost as I thought thereon the little vessel was hidden from our sight by a great rolling mass of water, and we saw her no more. This is just the little incident, small in itself, which such a writer as Mr. Russell depicts to the life for his readers; and such a depiction proves him to be indeed a master of his subject such as no other writer of the sea can as yet even hope to be. Some time ago Herman Melville, the great American sea novelist, in dedicating his book, "John Marr and Other Sailors," to Mr. Russell, thus wrote of him: "'The Wreck of the Grosvenor' entitles the author to the naval crown in current literature. Upon the 'Grosvenor's' first appearance in these waters—I was going to say—all competent judges exclaimed, each after his own fashion, something to this effect: 'The very spit of the brine in our faces! What writer so thoroughly as this one knows the sea and the blue water of it; the sailor and the heart of him; the ship, too, and the sailing and handling of a ship?'" And to those who have read Mr. Clark-Russell's books, and much more to those who have talked with him, these words come home with a ring of singular accuracy and assurance. He is, indeed, what he shows himself to be—a sailor to his fingertips. I have heard it asserted by many a land-lubber that he writes only that which he has read, or guessed, or imagined; that he never was himself at sea. A more foolish assertion it would be impossible to make. He is termed the descendant of Captain Marryat. He is no more like Marryat than he is like Chaucer. Marryat gave us delightful stories of love and war, and of midshipmen's larks by sea and land, around which he threw a skilful, and, in many instances, a very true-to-life atmosphere of rude old ocean. He told us of Nelson and of the days of Nelson, of splendid old three-deckers that have long since sailed away into the dim and





MR. CLARK - RUSSELL.

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliot & Fry, 25, Baker Street, W.*



distant past. But Clark-Russell places before us the very aspect of the sea to-day and all its hardships and its tragedies. He is the only one writer who has really attempted to tell us exactly what life in our great English merchant service really is. And in this he differs from almost every other novelist of the sea, in that his pages are full of his own personal experiences. Other writers content themselves with having paddled on the sea-shore. He has gone down to the sea in ships, and has sounded its very depths. All this I have gathered in conversation with him from his own lips.

Such were the reflections that passed through my mind yesterday. When I went on deck this morning, with my writing materials ready at hand to pen on the ocean itself a memory of my interview with the great novelist of the sea, all was changed, and yet once again I seemed to be transferred from life into the chapters of one of his stirring stories. It was a bright and charming morning, with a sweet soft wind blowing all the happy hours through, Walt Whitman's "Splendid Silent Sun" blazing down upon the ship. The band was playing, the sea sparkling, and everyone seemed brimming over with buoyancy of spirit and pure light-heartedness. The scene was picturesque to a degree; the long lines of perspective, the great tossing world of waters, the notes of music heard only by those few hundreds of people on board and then flying away to be lost in far-off space, the sun-flecked, shadow-stricken deck—all went to the making up of a most curious and picturesque *tout ensemble*.

Throwing myself into a deck chair, I endeavoured, as far as possible, to project myself back into that day when I sat beside Mr. Russell in his pretty house at Deal overlooking the great broad sea, for it was in such thoroughly sympathetic surroundings that I found him. There he sat, a rugged-looking, handsome, sailor-like man, kind and hospitable, with a nervous power of masculine expression which I have never

heard excelled. His is a strong, clear, well-balanced mind, giving direct utterance to his thoughts, placing the scene he is describing before his hearers in a few terse, strong, exactly-fitting words. I seated myself beside him, and after the first words of greeting we sat for a few moments looking down upon the waters as they lapped gently upon the beach almost immediately beneath us. A deep calm pervaded everywhere; sea and sky and land were lulled to dreamless sleep. Now and again a golden shaft of light shot from the setting sun and just indicated those far-off yellow sands, the awful Goodwins, the graveyard of many a gallant ship; a distant steamer could be descried upon the horizon; or we would watch

Some ship of battle slowly creep,  
And on through zones of light and shadow  
Glimmer away to the lonely deep.

Commenting upon the beauty of the scene, Mr. Russell told me a little of the history and characteristics of Deal.

"Just look at those long-shore men," said he, "where else would you see such queer, quaint, loafing figures? Grumbling, cantankerous, quid-chewing, yarn-spinning old humbugs, and yet delightful company. It is a place full of historical associations. Here both Cæsar and St. Augustine landed. Van Tromp drove thirty Spanish galleons upon this very beach. Black-eyed Susan kissed her love good-bye just here. And within a mile of this spot Lord Nelson, on board the *Medusa*, awaited Napoleon's threatened invasion."

After a while I said to him, "Your novels, Mr. Russell, have a great fascination for me. They are as weird as a German folk-lore story, and they possess the heart-stopping power of a Coleridge or an Edgar Allan Poe. But their vivid presentment of ocean life is the most wonderful part of them. I suppose you write exactly what you see?"

"Yes," he replied, "that is, in one word, the secret of any power I may possess. I write only that which I know. I

speaking out of my own experience. And surely that is the only way to write. How should a man who has probably never seen more water than the English Channel, and who most likely was too sea-sick to observe what was going on around him, how should such a man be able to appreciate a description of a high sea off Cape Horn, much less describe it himself? or what does he know of the appearance of a large full-rigged ship motionlessly becalmed upon the Equator? You might as well expect a cockney who knows no more of the world than Cheapside and Fleet Street to witness and enjoy points of rural beauty with the eye and appetite of a Gilbert White. I have been nearly all over the world in my time, and I know exactly what I am writing about when I describe the sea and things nautical. I went to sea as a middy, in one of the old Blackwall liners, at thirteen years of age. I was all through the China war, on board the old Hugomont; and, curiously enough, when I was sitting here only one day last week I saw her towed down Channel. I knew her dear old lines as soon as I clapped eyes on her."

"But, Mr. Russell, how is it you can so vividly place all these scenes before your readers? It must be difficult enough to manœuvre a ship on the water, but to manœuvre a vessel on paper, to sail 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' that must take some doing."

Mr. Russell smiled as he replied: "Ay, you are right. My plan is always to endeavour to place myself and my readers upon the ship's deck. Critics complain that there is too much sea and sky in my novels, but what would you? It is exactly as at sea. I remember," he went on, explaining to me the manner in which he always accurately described what he saw, "that I noticed everything. Nothing was too trivial. A group would be gathered upon deck. They would be standing there just for that one minute, and the scene would be photographed indelibly in my mind. The



-captain, tall, well-built, clean cut ; the men, rough, squint-eyed, hard-grained old salts, each with his touch of individuality, each possessed with a certain grim humour, of an inimitable quaintness of aspect. I would notice the sunlight strong on each face, the spars and ropes in the background, the sea and sky around, the humming of the wind in the shrouds. I have innumerable such memories in my mind ever ready to produce on paper. And then, again, I possess the capacity for blending. For instance," and, as he spoke he pointed to a sea-bird that was screaming beneath us, "take that white floating there on tremulous wing ; now that is the object of interest. Now I group all my effect around that bird. I would note the mirage I saw, the haze, the shimmer, the water, the uplifted vessel. I harmonise atmospheric effects with material objects, and then your untravelled critic falls foul of me for describing, perhaps, an Arctic sunrise, simply because he never happened to see the like in Regent Street or Madison Avenue. Again, I am charged with sameness by these dreadful critics. Could anything, I ask you, differ more essentially in all respects than 'The Frozen Pirate' from 'The Golden Hope,' the 'Death Ship' from the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor,' 'A Sailor's Sweetheart' from 'The Lady Maud' ? The 'Ocean Tragedy' and 'My Shipmate Louise' run on entirely new lines. I repeat it, experience is the greatest and best, I had almost said the only, qualification for a novelist of the sea. In order to write about the sea a man must have gone to sea as a sailor ; it is not sufficient that he dabble ankle-deep in the water. A ship is a jealous thing to touch. The difficulty in writing about the sea does not consist in mere description of clouds and waves and sunsets ; it is a far greater difficulty to sail the ship itself upon the water. Take, for instance, a vessel which is going along under all plain sail, wind on her quarter. It comes on black to windward, with an ugly look in the run of the seas. Now comes the

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question of shortening canvas. What sail will a landsman, who, as dear old Herman Melville would put it, only knows the sea from a beach-combing point of view, take in? How would he begin? What sheet, what halliards, will he first start?"

This was a poser for me. Mr. Clark-Russell grinned sardonically as he waited for my reply. I pictured myself at sea, as I had often been. I waited a moment, and then I said, "I would begin by hauling down flying jib and clewing up main royal."

"But that would be quite wrong," smilingly replied Mr. Russell, "while your fore and mizen royals were still abroad;" whereat his youngest son, a jolly lad of fourteen, and a true chip of the old block, burst into a scornful laugh that made the rafters ring again. "You see how thoroughly a writer on the sea must be acquainted with all these details. In what a horrid mess an untravelled critic or journalist would find himself were he placed in such perplexing circumstances!"

Blushing a deep red, and realising as I had never done before that there are moments in a man's life when silence is indeed golden, I changed the subject.

"How came you, Mr. Russell," I asked, when the boy's ringing laugh had died away, "how came you, a practical sailor, to take to novel writing?"

"Well, the taste for writing first came to me in a very curious manner at sea. We were homeward bound from Sydney, and when abreast of the Horn I was washing down the decks when the batten hen-coop was discovered to be missing. The captain told me to look for it. I couldn't find it. The captain grew angry. I was cheeky, and so he ordered me below. It was bread and water and irons and imprisonment for the rest of the voyage. Having nothing else to do, I took to reading 'Tom Moore,' and that started me to the writing of poetry. I didn't go to sea again. I

wrote a drama in 1866, which was a gloomy failure. After awhile I wrote 'John Houldsworth, Chief Mate,' and that was my first nautical novel. A well-known publisher asked me to write a book for him, and the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor' was my response. However, that was rejected by his reader with the remark that it was a merely a catalogue of ship furniture. I now write sea novels only. 'I am web-footed, and I shall stick to the sea,' I tell my friends when they try to tempt me ashore. My object is to keep the standard elevated. As a rule, sea stories are only written for boys, and yet England, which is a great maritime country, possesses no great sea novelist." To which last statement, considering the company I was in, I loudly demurred. Mr. Russell then told me that most of his stories were founded on fact. He picked up a newspaper once and read an account of a mutiny at sea, the news of which was conveyed in a bottle to land. He pondered over that until at last he wrecked the "Grosvenor."

These and many other things he told me before I took my leave, and as I pen these last lines in my cabin, whither I have descended, I glance out of the porthole as though to discover an actuality to blend with the charming idealities he then conjured up and I pencilled down. It is almost as though he were still talking beside me. What a rush of life and motion, and how inspiriting and irresistible it all is! and ever "the sound of many waters" in my ears. A bright rainbow flashes now and again in the sun as the rays of light fall upon the dancing spray. Now and again a great green transparent wave lifts its crested head almost to the very porthole, and one sees it a moment poised in mid-air, a mass of light and shadow, ere it tumbles over with a subdued roar. But the stately ship, unheeding, cleaves its onward path, leaving ever behind it a glittering snow-white track. The clouds chase each other through the blue wind-swept vault of heaven, and we are glad at heart.

## A Chat with the Author of "Tess."



It will be perhaps the simplest and most interesting procedure on my part that I should tell my readers something about Mr. Thomas Hardy, himself and his surroundings, before going into the weightier matters of the law into which we were compelled in our discussion upon his last production, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented." Mr. Hardy is in himself a gentle and a singularly pleasing personality. Of middle height, with a very thoughtful face and rather melancholy eyes, he is nevertheless an interesting and amusing companion. He is regarded by the public at large as a hermit ever brooding in the far-off seclusion of a west country village. A fond delusion, which is disproved by the fact that he is almost more frequently to be seen in a London drawing-room, or a Continental hotel, than in the quiet old-world lanes of rural Dorsetshire. His wife, some few years younger than himself, is so particularly bright, so evidently a citizen of the wide world, that the, at first, unmistakable reminiscence that there is in her of Anglican ecclesiasticism is curiously puzzling and inexplicable to the stranger, until the information

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is vouchsafed that she is intimately and closely connected with what the late Lord Shaftesbury would term "the higher order of the clergy."

Nor are their surroundings less interesting than themselves. The house is built on ground within a mile of Dorchester, which was given by Edward III. to his son the Black Prince; it was purchased some years ago of the Duchy of Cornwall by Mr. Thomas Hardy, who I may mention is a magistrate, and who thus becomes the first freeholder of other than Royal blood for many hundreds of years. Beneath the building itself have been discovered the skeletons and the relics of those Romans who fifteen hundred years ago were encamped here in great force, and remains of whose Latinity are still to be discerned in the dialect and features of some of the interesting and complex rusticities by whom Mr. Hardy is surrounded, and of whom he is so fond of writing. Pieces of red Samian, rare specimens of ancient pottery, fragments of iridescent glass, most of them discovered on his own ground by Mr. Hardy himself, meet the eye at every turn. Upon the walls hang the original illustrations of his different stories, which have been given him by his friends, Professor Herkomer, Mr. Alfred Parsons and others, whilst Mrs. Hardy's clever little water-colours go far to prove the verisimilitude of her husband's delightful fictions. In the dining-room, and overlooking the sunny breakfast table, the painting of Mr. Hardy himself—looking, with his full beard, strangely unlike the almost clean-shaven person with whom I am talking—confronts the little engraved portrait of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy—who was, I presume, a relative of the novelist—and in whose arms Lord Nelson passed away in the hour of his greatest triumph.

It was by the drawing-room fire that we sat discussing the frail but charming "Tess."

"You cannot imagine how many letters my husband received," said Mrs. Hardy, "begging him to end his story brightly. One dear old gentleman of over eighty wrote



MR. THOMAS HARDY.

*From a photo by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 66, Baker Street, W.*



absolutely insisting upon her complete forgiveness and restitution." "And why did you not, Mr. Hardy?" said I. "Surely without any very great stretching of points Tess might have left with Angel when he returned to her, and so have avoided her last great sin, with its fearful punishment?"

Mr. Hardy shook his head.

"No," he replied, "the optimistic 'living happy ever after' always raises in me a greater horror by its ghastly unreality than the honest sadness that comes of a logical and inevitable tragedy.

"The murder that Tess commits is the hereditary quality, to which I more than once allude, working out in this impoverished descendant of a once noble family. That is logical. And again, it is but a simple transcription of the obvious that she should make reparation by death for her sin. Many women who have written to me have forgiven Tess because she expiated her offence on the scaffold. You ask why Tess should not have gone off with Clare, and 'live happily ever after.' Do you not see that under *any* circumstances they were doomed to unhappiness? A sensitive man like Angel Clare could never have been happy with her. After the first few months he would inevitably have thrown her failings in her face. He did not recoil from her after the murder it is true. He was in love with her failings then I suppose; he had not seen her for a long time; with the inconsistency of human nature he forgave the greater sin when he could not pardon the lesser, feeling perhaps that by her desperate act she had made some reparation. She had done what she could. She had done exactly what I think one of her nature under similar circumstances would have done in real life. It is led up to right through the story. One looks for the climax. One is not to be cheated out of it by the exigencies of inartistic conventionality. And so there come the tears of faithful tragedy in place of the ghastly and affected smile of the conventionally optimistic



writer. And it is the very favourable reception by the public of this sad ending to my story that has impressed me as a good sign. At one time a publisher would tell you that 'a tragic ending' was always a failure. Now, however, people have studied more fully the fictions of all time, and are infinitely more artistic."

At this moment Mrs. Hardy placed in my hand a sketch by Mr. H. J. Moule, which sketch, drawn on the spot, represents the actual house in which the bride's confession—the turning point of the whole story—took place. "That is Woolbridge Manor House," explained my host, "one of the seats of the——, the family to whom Tess belonged by right of her descent. In that house and on that same night, if you remember, she tried on the jewels that Clare gave her. I think I must tell you that that was an idea of Mrs. Hardy's." "And a very pretty and affective idea it was," I replied, with which opinion my feminine readers are sure to agree. "And, Mr. Hardy." I went on, "it is no mere figment of your brain that Tess was of ancient lineage, and possessed of more old 'skelingtons' than anyone else in the country?"

"Oh, no," replied the author. "It is an absolute fact. I will go and fetch you the genealogical tree of the actual family." While he was out of the room Mrs. Hardy told me of her overhearing some labourer boasting to a friend of the vault at Bere Regis, which was full of the 'skelingtons' of his family. It was a fact, she said, that this man was always addressed by an antiquarian clergyman as "Sir John," "for," said he, "he *is* Sir John." And she was much interested, as was Mr. Hardy, when I told them that on a very recent occasion, in an old Northamptonshire church, I had stood by the carved effigy of a crusader, whose embalmed heart, brought home from the land of the Saracens, was visible in an adjacent pillar; and that the only living descendant of the family was an old labourer who lived in the

village, where his long dead ancestors had once reigned supreme.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Hardy, "there are many such cases about here. You will trace noble lineage in many a face, and there is a certain conscious pride about some of these people which differentiates them at once from middle-class cockneyism or provincialism. And in another sense, the rather free and easy mode of life adopted by the squires of the last century, has contributed to the ancient lineage and to the fine features of many of the labouring classes in this neighbourhood. A gentleman told me the other day of a whole village to which he was related through his grandfather. Here is the pedigree of Tess's family," said my host, as he placed an enormous volume in my hand. And here I traced without a break, right back to the Conquest, the records of this stately house. "Woolbridge Manor House," continued Mr. Hardy after a time, "as you can see by Mr. Moule's sketch, is only a farmhouse now. The farmer's wife has lately been much exercised as to what the many pilgrimages to her house have meant. You will see on the stairs, exactly as I have described, those two dreadful portraits of Tess's ancestresses; and only a few weeks ago a number of records of the family were discovered hidden away amongst the rafters in the roof."

"I suppose, Mr. Hardy, that most of your characters are drawn from life?" "Oh yes, almost all of them. Tess, I only once saw in the flesh. I was walking along one evening and a cart came along in which was seated my beautiful heroine, who, I must confess, was urging her steed along with rather unnecessary vehemence of language. She coloured up very much when she saw me, but—as a novelist—I fell in love with her at once and adopted her as my heroine. Old Mr. Clare was a Dorsetshire parson whose name still lives enshrined in the hearts of thousands. 'Shepherd Oak,' in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' I knew well as a boy; while

'Bathsheba Everdene' is a reminiscence of one of my aunts. Our family, you know, has lived here for centuries. 'Joseph Poorgrass,' 'Eustacia,' and 'Susan Nonsuch' in the 'Return of the Native,' were all well-known local characters. Girls resembling the three dairymaids in 'Tess' used to get me to write their love letters for them when I was a little boy. I suppose," he went on, replying to a question, "that unconsciously I absorbed a good deal of their mode of life and speech, and so I have been able to reproduce it in the dairy at 'Talbothays.'"

I observed how thoroughly and effectually he had disposed of the current conception of Hodge as a mere soulless, mindless humanity. Replied Mr. Hardy, "And what a ridiculous idea ! The English peasantry as a rule are full of character and sentiment, which are less often found in the strained, calculating, unromantic middle classes. As I have said in 'Tess,' so I say now, 'Hodge' is a delusion. Rustic ideas, the modes, the surroundings, appear retrogressive and unmeaning at first. After a time, if you live amongst them, you will find, as Angel Clare found, that variety takes the place of monotony. The people begin to differentiate themselves, as in a chemical process. The labourer is disintegrated into a number of varied fellow-creatures, beings of many minds, infinite in difference : some happy, many serene, a few depressed, one here and there bright even to genius ; some stupid, others wanton, others austere ; some mute Miltons, some potential Cromwells. The men, strong, heroic souls ; the girls dainty heroines. Much of which I ascribe to the fact that in many cases our peasantry is the sole remnant of mediæval England.

On the following morning, frosty and brilliant, Mr. Hardy took me for a stroll, pointing out as we walked along "Egdon Heath," which, bathed in sunshine, lay in the far blue distance. "Between the heath and us, in that hollow there," said he, "is Talbothay's dairy. The road running whitely through the moorland leads to the 'Trumpet Major's' home

near Weymouth. And here," said he, a few minutes later, as he pointed to an old red-brick house standing on the outskirts of Dorchester, which of course is known to all Mr. Hardy's readers as "Casterbridge," "here is where Judge Jeffries lodged in the Bloody Assize, and upon the spot on which we are now standing, and which to this day is called 'Gallows Hill,' he one morning hanged eighty people."

Turning away from the town we presently found ourselves pacing up and down the old Roman amphitheatre, where once had been realised the wild beast's spring, the victim's shriek, the plaudits of the cruel thousands; where long after—in 1705—a hundred thousand people had gathered to watch the burning alive of some poor wretch who had poisoned her husband. All was still now, and as peaceful and sunny as on that day when "the Mayor of Casterbridge" met his wife at the old Roman encampment. In the distance, rising against the sky, Maiden Castle, with its Titanic personality, compelled the senses to regard it and consider. Here, far from the madding crowd, uninfluenced by modern conventionalism, unrestrained by Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Hardy and I, pacing up and down the green yielding grass, very seriously discussed the moral aspects afforded to the thoughtful reader by his extraordinary and really magnificent presentment of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

"But now, Mr. Hardy," said I, "I have to quarrel seriously with you for your deliberate description of 'Tess' as a *pure* woman. For the moment, please, you will regard me as a representative of the British public, of the narrow-minded, as of the liberal, of the club man in Piccadilly as of Mrs. Grundy in some provincial town. You must let me state the case. I can quite understand that you claim a purity for poor Tess after her *first* fall, the outcome, as she pitifully tells her mother, of sheer ignorance. But how on earth you can describe her as a pure woman after her absolutely unnecessary return to Alec D'Urberville I cannot conceive; for you

cannot plead with F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, that in her case 'a woman's first fault arises from a perverted idea of self-sacrifice.' And to add to her sin a cruel murder is, at first sight, absolutely unjustifiable."

"Very well," replied Mr. Hardy, "but I still maintain that her innate purity remained intact to the very last; though I frankly own that a certain outward purity left her on her last fall. I regarded her then as being in the hands of circumstances, not morally responsible, a mere corpse drifting with the current to her end." "And then again," said I, "you appear to ignore the idea much put forward of late by certain very earnest people that purity is as binding on men as on women, when you depict that very odious young gentleman, Angel Clare, casting off his wife for an offence of ignorance, and yet the very next week proposing to elope with her friend. I grant you that you are true to human nature. Sometimes it seems impossible for the most high-minded reformers to attempt to legislate for us *men*, as though we were angels. They doubtless are theoretically right, but practically they are hopelessly in the wrong. Nature herself is against them. Remorselessly she exacts a purity in woman which she does not demand from man; and you have shown this truth in 'Tess' I think."

Mr. Hardy replied: "Exactly. That is what I have striven to show. I have adhered to *human nature*. I draw no inferences. I don't even feel them. I only try to give an artistic shape to standing facts. Angel Clare you describe as odious. Well, I have had many letters from men who say they would have done exactly as he did. Angel is a type of a certain class of the modern young man. Cruel, but not intentionally so. It was the fault of his fastidious temperament. Had he not been a man of great subtlety of mind, he would have followed his brothers into the Church. But he had intellectual freedom in the dairy. A subtle, poetical man, he preferred that life to the conventional life."

"Yes," I replied with a smile, "and a number of pretty dairymaids to fall in love with him."

"Ah," interpolated Mr. Hardy, "all my men correspondents condemn that as impossible ; all my women friends say it is exactly what would have happened." With which I quite agreed. "For them, poor dears," said I, "a gentleman would exercise an irresistible fascination. But, Mr. Hardy," I continued, "why boast of his freedom from convention when, at the most crucial moment, he shows himself as much a slave to it all as his very priggish brothers would have been ?"

"Precisely, that is the inconsistency of human nature," replied Mr. Hardy ; "he always professed to despise ancient lineage, and yet as a matter of fact he was delighted that Tess was a D'Urberville."

"I revel," said I, "in your delineations of feminine character, Mr. Hardy. I fancy you realise with me the fact that, in the case of women especially, *les extremes se touchent*. Human nature is far stronger in the Duchess and the dairy-maid than it is in the daughter of the lawyer or the draper at Little Pedlington. You would find far more 'Tesses' amongst the aristocracy than you would amongst middle-class provincials."

"That is probably true," was the reply. "One often notices in the woman of position the same transparency of passions, the same impulses, the same gentle, candid femininity that you meet with in dairymaids. The higher or the lower you go, the more natural are the people—especially the women. Hence, perhaps, they are deceived more easily."

"Yes," I answered, "they greatly loving, greatly dare." I pursued the train of thought and asked Mr. Hardy if he had discovered—as I myself on a recent occasion had found out—that Mrs. Grundy has different faces, and that in consequence protestations and approvals came from the most unexpected quarters. "Certainly I have," replied he. "Every

clergyman I know has broadly approved of my book as a story, and especially of the christening scene, which, in deference to the advice of a certain friend of mine, a thorough man of the world, I had left out in the serial publication of 'Tess.'"

"You must have felt it a pain to bring her to so fearful an end."

"Yes," said Mr. Hardy, "such dreams are we made of that I often think of the day when, having decided that she must die, I went purposely to Stonehenge to study the spot. It was a very gloomy, lowering day, and the skies almost seemed to touch the pillars of the great heathen temple."

"And the ultimate result of your book, Mr. Hardy, will be, I hope, that a greater freedom will exist for the decent, grave consideration of certain deep problems of human life."

"Well," replied Mr. Hardy with a smile, "that would be a very ambitious hope on my part. Remember I am only a learner in the art of novel writing. Still I do feel very strongly that the position of man and woman in nature, things which everyone is thinking and nobody saying, may be taken up and treated frankly. Until lately novelists have been obliged to arrange situations and *denouements* which they knew to be indescribably unreal, but dear to the heart of the amiable library subscriber. See how this ties the hands of a writer, who is forced to make his characters act unnaturally, in order that he may produce the spurious effect of their being in harmony with social forms and ordinances."



## Mr. Arnold White and his Work.



THE simple creed of Mr. Arnold White's hard-working and unselfish life may briefly be summed up in these words, "To leave the world better than I found it." And what nobler creed can a man hold, or one that more thoroughly covers the entire ground of life and duty? I trust I shall not be considered a pessimist if I say that this is an age in which, despite numerous assertions to the contrary, seriousness of thought and life is becoming less and less a feature of our nation. Culture and education are increasing and spreading, doubtless, and the effort to do good is not less strenuous or universal than it has been any time during the last fifty years. But as a whole the spirit of the age does not appear to make in any marked direction for seriousness of life, for self-sacrifice, for sustained effort. The pursuit of mere pleasure, the grasping at "Folly's dancing foam," which melts away as soon as touched, is far too characteristic of our times. But, of course, this is not a universal trait: there is also side by side with this tendency towards frivolity and the light, thoughtless aspect of life, a side that is infinitely deeper, not only by contrast, but absolutely on account of the existence of that evil of which I have been speaking. As the gulf between



wealth and poverty appears daily to widen, the call to action grows louder and more earnest, and the thoughtful-minded of the community are rousing themselves in response to a cry that will not be hushed down or turned away from. Men are beginning to realise that not all has been done for the poor and destitute that might be done; that there are problems in this life, the solution of which lies only in self-sacrificing, in strenuous and well-directed effort.

In the very forefront of these men is the subject of my sketch, Mr. Arnold White, the author of that very stirring call to arms—for I cannot otherwise better describe it—"The Problems of a Great City." Mr. White, the son of the well-known Congregationalist minister, the Rev. Edward White, is in the very prime of life. He so dislikes personalities, and anything like praise of his work is so thoroughly distasteful to him that I confess I feel, in attempting a few words of personal description, that my task is a difficult one, and yet I wish to place my readers thoroughly *en rapport* with his stirring individuality. Let me describe him as I have so often seen him upon the platform of one of our Sunday evening Gordon League meetings, on the committee of which it was for some time my privilege to work with him, and of which he is the vice-president and the chief guiding and controlling force. Of course, with all of us, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, he is intensely popular. He is one of those men beneath whose guidance anyone worth his salt would rush to the forlornest hope that ever was. Men and women can do no other thing than believe in him, with all their energies roused to action by his words and deeds. Well may it be believed, then, how the cheers ring out again and again, as when he stands upon the platform, fresh returned from Africa, and greets his old friends once again. I have often turned, whilst he has been speaking, to look upon the pale, wearied faces turned up to gaze upon him whom they consider as one of the heroes of their lives.

They know, none better, the long, weary battle he went through on their behalf against the nameless horrors of the brutal sweaters, of whom we heard so much a year or two ago; they have heard of his work in Africa when, fighting against untold and unimaginable difficulties, he has gone out, as he so often has, to found colonies to which the poor of great agricultural districts may be drafted. They know daily and hourly his life and work are for them. And so the enthusiasm that greets his appearance amongst them is wholly genuine and unfeigned, and the offspring of very grateful hearts. In person he is a good-looking, soldierly, well-groomed and well set-up man, who, as he stands upon a platform to urge the cause he has so much at heart, wins by the force of his earnestness, and the crisp, pithy eloquence of his carefully modelled and well-thought-out sentences. But as I have said, of all things that are distasteful to him, praise is the most distasteful, and therefore I will say no more. But one may, with perfect good taste, point to him as an example of a man who, surrounded by sin and suffering, finds it impossible not to attempt to lessen these evils; and, as Charles Kingsley once said, when preaching before the Queen, "The age of chivalry will never die so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman to say, 'I will redress that wrong, or die in the attempt.'"

Mr. Arnold White has but recently returned from South Africa, where he has been establishing the new Tennyson Colony, and to which he has despatched a number of agricultural labourers, who are now doing well for themselves and their families. On the subject of emigration and of colonisation he is of course an authority, and, as he well points out, these are matters not lightly to be undertaken by irresponsible philanthropists. There is method in emigration and colonisation. And he is very earnest in urging that, when you have carefully selected your land, you must send out to it as pioneers men only of whom the bulk shall consist of sober,

hard-working, well-trained agriculturists; and let these men go out to work controlled by a committee of old colonists. It was on this very subject of colonisation and emigration that I very recently had a conversation, a résumé of which I will give below. We discussed the whole matter from the beginning. "The history of colonisation," said he, "is a history of failure, for, as in Bacon's time, 'it is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of the people, and wicked and condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant colonies.' The Greeks colonised successfully because of the absence of the unfit as a class, of strong drink, of a newspaper press agape for news. A Greek colony was like what gardeners call a 'layer.' It was a portion of the parent tree, embedded in fresh soil, until it had taken root, and then severed. The colonisations of the nineteenth century have been more like handfuls of twigs, buds, cuttings, thrown down on the ground and left to chance."

"But now, Mr. Arnold White," I remarked, "is the present attitude, mental and physical, of the British working man favourable to successful colonisation? Are they as plucky as those Albany settlers in the early part of this century, of whom I have heard you before now speak so enthusiastically? They were destitute and afflicted, wandering in the caves and deserts of the earth, but who yet won by sheer pluck and the strong hearts of them, and whose descendants are now doing well. I fancy we don't get the same strain and quality and 'grit' of manhood nowadays?"

"You are quite right," he replied. "Those Albany settlers, by training and heredity, and by sheer undaunted pluck, evinced their fitness to survive. Sir George Grey's German settlers at the Cape were good also. I think that that which has been done in the past by Englishmen, and which is feasible to Germans in South Africa, and to Scandinavians in Minnesota, is now most difficult owing to the degeneracy and the comfort-worship of our labouring classes. One of

my colonists wrote home to his friends in Hampshire—he was only a labourer,—‘the thought of being without butter nearly breaks me down.’ There, that is a specimen of the spirit against which I have had to fight. To set one’s face like a flint against such people is the only thing to enable one to hope for success.”

“Well, now, how do you differentiate between colonisation and emigration?”

“People are apt to mix the two up. Colonisation is a swarming of a community of bees from the old hive to the new; emigration is a migration of single or married swallows. In the first a common life, common interests, etc., create a oneness of existence absent from any scheme of emigration. In dealing with emigrants, responsibility ceases with the payment of the passage-money. With colonists, it begins when the new home is reached. You cannot combine the two. The physically and morally unfit are unfit for the colonies.”

“For whom then is colonisation intended?”

“The class to be sought for is neither the best nor the worst.”

“You have founded ‘Tennyson’ Colony in South Africa, with experiences gained from your ‘Wolseley’ Colony. Why was it that ‘Wolseley’ failed, Mr. White?”

“For these reasons: Never did colonists begin under better conditions, but in two-and-a-half years I closed the colony because, firstly, the system of administering a month’s rations at a time did away with the necessity for work; because of drink; the discovery of the goldfields; the profuse employment by my colonists of black servants; the proselytization and the battles that raged amongst the religious sects; the utterly false and illusory nature of the testimonials as to original characters; newspaper comments, etc. ‘Tennyson’ has been founded to remove the surplus agricultural population, and so by tapping the stream at its source to save the

towns from the horrors of over-population. 'Tennyson' now goes wells. It aims at a practical demonstration of the feasibility of colonisation. And I hold that we really benefit the whole of South Africa, and for this reason: there are large estates there held by individuals who are unable or unwilling to develop the resources of their land. Now, Messrs. Halse Bros., of 'Carnavon,' Wodehouse, have set a good example to such people. They have transferred a part of their enormous estate to the 'Tennyson' colonists, who, as thriving British colonists, make it pay. Each man has fifty acres of arable ground under irrigation, and one hundred acres for pasture. The quit-rent payable by the settlers to Messrs. Halse is 7s. per arable acre a year, or £17 10s. per annum from 1891. The value of produce is between £200 and £300 per annum. In 1889, a very bad year, over £200 was earned by some of these men. They are prospering wonderfully. They have undertaken the education of their own children; they work hard; they make no fortunes in the usual sense of the word; there are no defaulters; liquor is excluded; they are free to stay or go; and, finally, no more prosperous piece of England with the English flag flying above it exists than 'Tennyson.' It is simply General Booth's scheme of colonisation begun seven years ago."

"You are very strong, are you not, Mr. White, on the question of the Unfit—that portion of the community which is half draining away its life?"

"Yes," he replied, "I see nothing for them but that drastic method of sterilization of which I speak in my 'Problems of a Great City.' It is a fact that out of one hundred of these people seventy are fit only to die. Let us, I say, concentrate all our energies on the remaining thirty, and then out of them you have only five or six who are fit to go out to colonise. Colonisation is no panacea for our hideous evils, but it does help those five or six. In my night wanderings through the London streets, when we were giving breakfasts to the

destitute and homeless, I have found the country people the most raisable. Let General Booth begin with the 'fit.' We waste ten-and-a-half millions in keeping these dreadful 'unfit' people alive. The money wasted should be spent on a reproductive remuneration. It is no good for Mr. Booth to crowd his home farms with the morally and physically unfit. They will never do any good; they are quite unraisable, and the philanthropy that would keep them alive is a deadly injury to posterity. Now, just listen to this, for it is a truth. I have said it over and over again. Birth into certain quarters of London, or of any of our great cities, is birth into an environment from which there is no escape. At three years old baby lips lisp oaths and curses. At six, little girls are initiated by their mothers into loathsome practices. At ten, boys and girls alike are unclean spirits, limited in their power for evil only by their abilities. Generations of criminals and paupers hand down from generation to generation hereditary unfitness for the arts of progress and all that brings greatness to a nation, and engage themselves in warring against all forms of physical and moral order. Well, what I say is this, and it is only common sense: where a man is criminal himself, and the cause of crime in others, and the begetter of criminal posterity, it seems to be an act of mere self-protection to segregate him. Like a poisonous upas tree, he is a source of death to all around him. I daresay this sounds very terrible, but it is the truest and widest charity in the end. But capture the children; they are raisable, and to raise them is a really noble duty, and one that will be attended with splendid results."

Here our conversation ended, but there is much in it my readers will do well to ponder over and to lay to heart. The work—and it is a very noble one, for it is the work of the very Christ Himself—is of inconceivable magnitude, not to be undertaken in the lightness of men's hearts, or by those who are unprepared to fight a weary battle. The bitter cry

of outcast humanity is ringing through our land, and woe to him who gives no heed to that cry. Well has Mr. Arnold White written concerning these solemn facts :

“The luxury of the few,” says he, “confronts the misery of millions with a sharpness of contrast hitherto achieved by no nation since the story of mankind was first written. Religion has become a thing of words and buildings. Religion, endowed so that the carriage of the Cross is often the means to win high place and high comfort, has converted the Narrow Way into a path to the House of Lords, as well as to the Place of a Skull. Were Christ the Teacher to return to London, how long would He remain aloof from an attack on the problems of a great city? Responsibility exists, and cannot be explained away. On our rulers and on our teachers the heavy burden is laid; but there are few whose rest is troubled by the thought of things undone that ought to be done, or by the shame that would drive away all sleep from their eyes, if those eyes could see and understand the remediable wrongs inflicted on a stricken and feeble folk.”



## A Chat with Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen.



CANNOT soon forget a memorable Saturday afternoon I once spent in the British Museum. I was wandering aimlessly about amongst the old Assyrian Bulls and the cat-like deities of Egypt, when I came suddenly upon a large party of young men and women, who appeared to be, as a rule, teachers in our elementary schools. In their midst and discoursing to them with quiet energy, vivid picturesqueness and extreme simplicity, was the subject of this article—Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen. I drew near and listened to what he was saying. At the moment of my approach he was reading to them the mystic syllables upon an old Babylonian clay tablet, reading to them the letter of some love-stricken swain to his dusky bride. And though the hand of him who penned those burning words had long since crumbled into dust, and the love-lit eyes of her who first read them had long been hidden by the night of death, yet here and there one could see the quiver of some tender mouth, the eager interest of some parted lips as the story, so old and yet so new, was told once again by so quaint and romantic a record. "From Under the Dust of Ages," to quote the title of one of his charming lectures, Mr. Boscawen had brought to light an evidence of our common humanity,



had revealed to all those listening modernities the one touch of nature that makes all nations and all ages kin to one another. And it is just this singular power of Mr. Boscawen's that makes him so attractive a lecturer. He takes up and deals with the abstruse, long dead religions and politics of a people whose very name has passed away, and he makes these dead lips speak, he breathes the spirit of life into the midst of these dry bones of history, and all live and move and have their being once again. Take a walk with him through the streets of ancient Babylon, and see with his eyes the splendours of her palaces, the glories of her temples and her libraries, the wonderful civilization of her inhabitants; and yet to-day of all those glories not one is left, there is not one stone left standing upon another. The hot wind of the desert blows where once stood palaces and great buildings, overshadowed by the palm and the aloe: the burning dust hides beneath it the treasures of the ages.

Mr. Boscawen is the son of a Welsh clergyman. He is about forty years of age, and he was educated at Rossall School. For a short time after leaving school he was articled to an architect; but the building up of the airy palaces of the long dead past had for him a far greater fascination than the erection of the churches and schools of his own modern Babylon; and therefore, after much time spent in study at the British Museum, he started on a voyage of research and discovery for Palestine, North Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt. On his return from this journey, of which I shall have something to say later, he succeeded the late George Smith, the well-known Babylonian explorer, as the assistant to Dr. Birch in the Oriental department of the British Museum, in which place, for the last ten years, he has delivered the most learned, the most erudite, and withal the most absolutely picturesque and delightful lectures upon Babylon and Egypt that it is possible to conceive.

Nor do I speak without my book, for I have heard many



MR. W. ST. CHAD BOSCAWEN.

*From a photo by Hartcells, Clapham Road*



of these courses myself. I have seen with my own eyes the rapt attention of audiences composed, to a great extent, of some of the best known *litterateurs* and *savants* of the present day. Mr. Boscawen, if he will allow me to say so, has one great fault—if, indeed, so rare a virtue can be deemed a fault—he is far too modest and retiring. He never in any way asserts the undeniable position that he holds as one of the principal English Orientalists we possess, but on the contrary he allows other men, with not one-half his knowledge and ability, and who have carefully and cunningly extracted from him what knowledge he has gained at great expense of mind and body, to avail themselves of the fruits of his labour for their own benefit. And they, trading upon his good nature, and profiting by the work of his brains, have gathered to themselves a reputation for learning of which, in the ordinary nature of things, they are absolutely incapable. This is the way of them, thus runs the world away, my masters, for from the beginning it is a proverb that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country and amongst his own people. But the truth will out, and Mr. Boscawen is now universally acknowledged, and despite his own modest reticence on the subject, as one of the greatest Oriental scholars and as one of the most brilliant and most picturesque lecturers of the day. To Biblical students, and especially in these days of the so-called Higher Criticism, his researches and discoveries are absolutely invaluable. Therefore, in my discussion with him the other day as I sat with him among the solemn records of the far-away past, I put to him simply and plainly this question—

“What is the effect on your own mind of the researches upon which you have now been engaged for so many years?”

He replied directly and emphatically—

“I find that they tend to prove the historical truth of the scriptures and deepen in my own mind the main beliefs I

have always been taught to hold, but at the same time I have learned many new things. My researches show the historical character of the Jewish people and the important place they take in the general circle of Oriental history. They remove them from the abnormal position of a chosen and therefore an isolated people, and show that without these people Oriental history would exhibit a blank unfilled. Recent discoveries have put an entirely new aspect on early Jewish history, and will tend to remove many of the strongest arguments of the School of the Higher Criticism. I believe, mind you, that these men are doing good analytical work. The Higher Criticism has taught us, for instance, the construction of the early Hebrew narratives; has established the existence of various versions of the same event, harmonising at the same time with contemporaneous monumental evidence, and showing both in Egypt and Assyria the groundwork of many of the early traditions."

"Well now," said I, "if you assign a common source to both Egyptian and Assyrian records, can the early traditions of Genesis be assigned a Mosaic origin?"

"No, I do not think so," he replied. "I fancy that those writings and traditions are, however, much older than the School of Higher Criticism would have us believe. I will touch on this subject a little later on, but at present I will say that this statement of mine is proved by the 'Tel-el-Amarna Tablets.' These wonderful letters give us the history of Canaan 150 years before the Exodus. And the letters from Jerusalem, Hebron, Lachish, Askalon, and other cities show the immense power of the Canaanite and the Amorite. I have myself seen these clay tablets, and carefully examined them. They show not only the power, but the civilisation of the Canaanite. Jerusalem was the Holy City governed by Priest-Kings like Melchizedec, whose office was not hereditary, but by oracle of the Great God. The second name of Jerusalem was Salem. The meeting of

Abraham and Melchizedec, King of Salem, as recorded in Genesis, and which is an event doubted by critics, is therefore in thorough accordance with history. Hebron was the civil or secular capital, and was a city of a powerful alliance of Southern Palestinian tribes, whence its name of Kirjath—Arba (“City of the Four Allies”). The evidence of the ancient monument proves, therefore, why David was first king of Hebron and then of Jerusalem. He wished to unite the secular and the sacred power. A discovery made only a few days ago leads us to expect the most important results from Palestine itself. In the library at Tel-el-Amarna are the letters of Zimrida, Governor of Lachish, describing a revolt in Philistia and among the Amorites. In the mound of Tel-Hesy, the site of Lachish, was found a few days ago a letter written about Zimrida, telling news of this revolt. This proves the existence of libraries and literature in Palestine long before Moses. The Chaldean records are now so perfect that we can establish the date of Abraham’s migration with a margin of ten years, and show its historical importance in the history of Western Asia. There now remains only one gap—that from B.C. 1300 to B.C. 1000, 300 years, and unless that is filled by Jewish history there is no other can fill it.

“I was out in 1879 and 1880 in Northern Syria. I saw the site of the Hittite capital of Carchemish, and most of the antiquities there discovered. I examined very carefully most of the sites of the important Hittite cities in Northern Syria, and I fixed the site of Pethor, the city of Balaam. Assyriology has made rapid strides during the last few years, and has become a subject which the clergy and teachers should not neglect. Its side lights on Biblical studies are of immense value; the language is a sister of the Hebrew, and an ordinary knowledge of Hebrew will allow the acquirement of a fair knowledge of Assyrian in a year or so. The best use to which this monumental evidence can be put to meet the

statements of sceptics and others as to the accuracy of the Bible is first in showing that the general outline of Biblical history is in harmony with monumental evidence ; and also as to the accuracy of minute details, such as the death of Sennacherib, the exact day of which is now known to us, and the circumstances of which are in perfect harmony with the record of Scripture itself. Then, again, the capture of Babylon, on the 15th of the month Tammuz, B.C. 538, during the great festival, without fighting, and the death of Belshazzar, agree most closely with the account given in the much attacked book of Daniel. There is another point, however, in which Assyriology will be of great assistance. The religious literature of the Assyrians resembles, as no other does, the Hebrew Psalms. The Assyrian Penitential Psalms are full of phrases word for word the same as those of the Bible. I am just publishing a translation of several of these Psalms, and I find more than a hundred passages in them which are found in the Bible. Resemblances such as these go far to prove the antiquity, if not of the actual literary production of the Psalms, at any rate of the thoughts contained in them. Hebrew life, manners, and customs are all largely illustrated by cuneiform records, and students and teachers might often make a Sunday-school lesson much more interesting by the use of illustrations from these ancient sources than from the now worn-out illustrations of modern Palestine life."

As we moved away from the old Assyrian tablets against which we had been leaning, I said to Mr. Boscawen, " Jewish chronology is always a great puzzle to me. For instance, there is that splendid pyramid of Sakkarah, the pyramid of steps, which was built B.C. 4300 ; that is 6200 years ago. And yet the orthodox date of the beginning of all things is fixed 4004 years ago."

Mr. Boscawen smiled as he replied :

" Ah, my friend, that has puzzled many. For my own part

I consider early Jewish chronology as quite untrustworthy. One of the greatest hindrances to the full recognition of the value of the Oriental discoveries to Biblical illustration has been that of persistent adherence to the dates to the early chapters in Genesis. These dates are probably either later interpolations after the captivity, and indeed they bear a curious resemblance to the Babylonian system, or else they are based upon some mystic or cabalistic system of which we know nothing. Archæology and anthropology furnish so many and ever-increasing proofs of the vast antiquity of the human race, that to maintain the 4004 legend is to persist in an obstructive antagonism to the evidence of hard, dry facts. Come upstairs into the Assyrian room, and I can prove this to you in a moment. For myself I consider that the starting-point of all Jewish chronology is the migration of Abraham. All before that is artificial, and that migration I fix at B.C. 2230."

By this time we had reached the Assyrian room, and standing by a glass case Mr. Boscawen, pointing to a little marble ovoid of Sargan the First, said :

"There, we know by the thrice repeated dates upon the little cylinder that it goes back to B.C. 3750. Below it," pointing to a wonderfully hieroglyphiced tablet, "is a tablet which is at least 4,000 years older than Christianity itself, and yet, as you see, this table indicates a long use of cuneiform writing, as the characters have changed their form, and spelling has replaced the ideograph, that is, where a single sign stands for a whole word, as the sign '£' with us stands for 'pounds.' This fragment, again, carved on a block of basalt, is of the same age, and has been cut with copper tools, showing clearly enough that such tools were in use before the alleged date of their invention by Tubal Cain. This slab here was carved in honour of Khammurabi, king of Babylon B.C. 2200, who overthrew the Elamite alliance mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis."



Having told me of a series of lectures to be illustrated by pictures drawn and coloured by himself, which he is about to deliver in different parts of England and America, and which deal with the dawn of civilisation, as illustrated by recent discoveries, he bid me good-bye.

As I passed down those splendid halls of gloom wherein stand the great Assyrian bulls, one golden ray of sunlight shot through the misty air and fell upon the grey stone effigy of a mystic Egyptian deity. That solemn face illuminated once again, as it may have been illuminated any day these past 3,000 years, appeared to me to be a veritable link with the present of the long dead past, and to verify the truth of what has well been said, that man passes away, but his works remain.



## Science and Religion: A Talk with Professor Drummond.



CAN remember that in conversation once upon this subject, old Sir Richard Owen assured me that he considered that as a matter of fact there was no longer any conflict between science and religion.

"The two," said he, "run upon parallel lines which will never meet. The highest and best truths of Christianity remain, and will always remain, untouched by the discoveries that are ever being made in the world of science."

And that this is a "true saying and worthy of all acceptance," is being proved almost daily by the exponents of what is now termed the Higher Criticism.

Science and religion are for all practical purposes as things apart, nor is it necessary that they should ever be joined together. No one pretends that the early biblical account of the Creation as we find it in the book of Genesis is in any way accurate or scientific. It is simply a metrical version of certain traditions cast in the literary forms of a far-off period of the world's history, and it would be as reasonable to

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demand historic and scientific accuracy in an old Icelandic saga or one of the Epic songs of Greece as to subject certain chapters in the Christian Bible to the severe judgment of the scientific or the geological critic. But though we may gladly and with a certain relief confess that the two great facts of our existence—science and religion—are apart, that they run upon parallel lines which may never meet, it does not follow therefore that certain analogies do not exist between the two, or that the religionists do not owe a vast debt to the scientists. Science has opened up vast vistas in the religious world, which had hitherto been closed to unseeing eyes and to unthoughtful minds.

There is but little doubt that a certain class of the mind religious is too apt to take things for granted. As it was in the far-off beginning with the long-dead forefathers of certain good people, so it is with them, and so it will continue to be long after they have crumbled into that dust whence they came: this is their argument. But it is not so. There is no standing still in this world. Everything moves forward towards "one far-off Divine Event," and religion must move forward too, or else for ever be left behind. And science, besides revealing much that was hidden before, has taught her how and in what lines she is to move forward. There is a Natural world and there is a Spiritual world, and one God or one law reigns supreme over each. It is quite right and quite fair that we should recognise the analogy that exists between each world. And it is because such analogy has been gladly and frankly recognised by such a man in the past as Bishop Butler, and by such a man in the present as Professor Drummond, that religion has been rendered possible to thinking men and women.

Few books, in my clerical career, came to me with so great a power of revelation as Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Many paths that had been dim and dark before became illuminated with the



Yours Sincerely  
Henry Drummond

From a photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



bright light of his clear counsels. And as with myself, so it was with countless others. For them the darkness became as the shining noon, the crooked paths were made straight, the rough places were made smooth. And all this simply because science, coming to the rescue of religion, was able to explain certain intricate matters, to throw a light on what had hitherto been hidden mysteries, and to recast certain truths in a new, a delightful, and easily-to-be comprehended form. It was, therefore, as will be readily understood, a real pleasure to me to meet and talk with one who had done so great a service to his generation as Professor Drummond has undoubtedly done. Henry Drummond lives in Glasgow, where he is a professor of science at the Free Church College. He is a man of about five-and-thirty years of age, I should imagine—tall, good-looking, with clear blue eyes, auburn hair and moustache, and with a singularly pleasant voice and manner. He belongs to that class of scientist and religionist which does not consider due attention to dress and personal appearance as matters beneath consideration.

It is, perhaps, regrettable, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, I think, that great scholars and very religious people frequently lose what influence they might otherwise have possessed by their extraordinary disregard for the little *convenances* of society which go to make life smoother and pleasanter than it would be without them. Professor Drummond, the scientific religionist, is, however, wise in his own generation in this as in many other respects. He wins, therefore, a large portion of the community to his way of thinking. For in this world it is the little things of life by which we are chiefly influenced. His study in which we sat is a singularly beautiful room; in its way, one of the most beautiful rooms I ever saw. After a few preliminary remarks, I came straight to the point, and asked him how it was that he came to the writing of his great book, "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

He walked to the fireplace, leaned against the mantelpiece,

remained a moment buried in thought, and then replied very slowly :—

“ Science had reconstructed my own mental world, shifted all the pieces, and rearranged everything on a basis of law. I was lecturing for five days a week at the college on science, and on Sundays I talked on religious matters to a number of working men. I could not shake off the mental habit of science, so I had to apply it to religious matters, and gradually I discovered that they also rested on a basis of law. So that book consists practically of my talks to the Glasgow working men, although at the time I never dreamed of making a book of those talks.”

“ And did not this study of science tend to shake your religious belief and to make you uncomfortable ? ” said I.

“ No,” he replied, very promptly. “ Religion is a scientific fact. You observe it in life, and you can’t shake a fact. You can reconstruct your *theory* of a fact ; you can’t reconstruct the fact. Why do you smile ? ” he very abruptly asked me.

“ I smile,” I replied, “ because I think of those good timorous ones who are afraid to look facts in the face, and who would make all the facts of life square in with their theories as to what those facts *should* be.”

Professor Drummond smiled in his turn.

“ Quite so,” said he. “ But I can assure you I did not find much difficulty in reconciling seeming contradictions. The religious facts are so clear—the facts of Christian experience, the fact of Christianity in history, of Christ’s person and influence. Science does not disturb these facts.”

I mentioned to the Professor what Sir Richard Owen had said to me regarding the parallel but never meeting lines, in which science and religion are running.

“ Precisely,” said my host. “ Here, in Scotland, that truth is being rapidly recognised. The old controversy between the scientists and the religionists is extinct ; one

never hears anything about it. Creation versus Evolution; the controversy has been extinguished by the Higher Criticism, which has given a new reading of the literary methods of the Bible."

"I suppose," I observed, carrying back the conversation to his own theological work, "you have endeavoured to reconstruct a theology on the old broad basis. For instance, in that chapter in your book wherein you base Eternal life on a knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, you present an old truth in a new garb. But if I remember right, some of your scientific critics charged you with bending scientific truths to suit your religious wishes."

"No," said he, very gravely, "that would be immoral and unscientific to endeavour to bend science to religion. I may have put a pressure upon certain analogies which they could not sustain. I would write the book differently now if I were to do it again. I should make less rigid application of physical laws, and I should endeavour to be more ethical, and this I have stated in a new translation of the book in Germany. But it is still clear to me that the same laws govern all worlds."

"The things that are not seen and are eternal are then analogous to those things that are seen and are temporal?" I interjected.

"Yes," he replied, "there is only one universe. What I have never been able to see, however, is that *law* can be analogous. Phenomena are, but it is a misuse of words to say that law can be so; it is philosophically incorrect. That has been the great difficulty with many with regard to the natural law in the spiritual world. They protest that identity of law is not made out, but that analogy of law is. Now there is no such thing as analogy of law, and I try to prove that they are identical. I can't conceive of laws being analogous; it is an incorrect way of stating things. Phenomena are made analogous by identical laws. I have never



found anyone who could show me that laws could be in analogy. It is either the same law or a different law."

"However that may be," said I, "you proved one great thing as I do not think it has ever been proved before—that is the law of consequences—what the Greeks meant by Nemesis, what St. Paul referred to when he preached that *whatsoever* a man sowed that must he also reap. I suppose that was a comparatively easy analogy from the natural world?"

"It was all easy," said he; "for a far-fetched analogy is a fallacious one, and therefore ceases to be an analogy at all. You quote St. Paul's sowing and reaping argument. There you have the same law in the spiritual as in the natural world; but the phenomena are different. You can't say it is by an *analogous* law that these *results* are analogous. But it is the *same* law that makes them so."

"In fact," I replied, "you conceive *one* universe governed by *one* law; and I suppose all the newer theology of Germany and other countries goes to prove this. And you are not afraid of German theology, Professor Drummond, I am sure?" continued I.

"No," he replied, with an amused smile, "why should I be? I studied at a German university. Naturally enough, everyone now is influenced by German thought of the best kind. We can't escape it, and we would not wish to if it is surrounded by proper safeguards—the safeguards of time and further work and research. But, understand, I would not subscribe to all German rationalistic thought by any means. All I mean is that we are gratefully looking for light from any quarter. But one has even a scientific contempt for the publication of premature results and hasty theories."

"And how would you recommend that a scientific religion should be taught?" I asked.

"Let science and religion go each forward in its own path, they will not disturb each other. As I say, the contest is

dying out. The new view of the Bible has made further apologetics almost superfluous. I have endeavoured to show that in my articles on creation. No one now expects science from the Bible. That would be an anachronism. The literary form of Genesis precludes the idea that it is science. You might as well contrast "Paradise Lost" with geology as the book of Genesis. Hence when sceptics attack us by saying that it is not science, the reply is, 'Whoever said it was?'" "Mr. Huxley," continued Professor Drummond, taking up the great Agnostic champion's most recent publication from the table, "might have been better employed than in laying that poor old ghost. The more modern views of the composition of the Bible have destroyed the stock-in-trade of the platform infidel. Such men are controverting difficulties which do not exist, and they fight as those who beat the air."

"And are your smaller books on scientific lines?" I asked.

"Well, not all of them," he replied. "'The Greatest Thing in the World,' for instance, does not admit of scientific treatment. 'Pax Vobiscum' does, however, for it is an application of the same principles as those of which we have been talking, and with which my first book chiefly dealt—that cause and effect prevail in the religious sphere as much as in Nature. Religious experiences are not the work of chance, but come along the line of cause and effect."

"And you have really found, then, that science has opened up the whole of the religious field for you?"

"Well," he replied, "it has made religion a thousand times more thinkable and certain. It has become simply impossible for thinking men and women to be at rest on the old theological standpoint. The basis of religion was getting very weak. Science and literature, so far from weakening the spiritual part of religion, have strengthened it beyond all belief. This fact is never recognised by people who attack those who try to meet and express the modern spirit. This

work of theirs is asserted to be destructive. It is really done in the interests of conservatism. All the older men who have kept growing are on the modern side. But a few have been too busy to grow. Certain good people whom you and I each know," continued Professor Drummond, smilingly, mentioning the names of some good earnest mutual friends, "have made up their religion fifty years ago, and have been quite satisfied with the forms in which it was presented, and never had occasion to reopen the question. Theirs is undoubtedly the smoother path, but their standpoint is useless for apologetic purposes with modern thinkers. Their life may have weight, their theology none."

"Then you do admit of the faith that lives in honest doubt?" I said, and as I spoke I recalled an anecdote which "A. K. H. B." had very recently told me, and which he relates in his newest book:

A friend said once to John Keble, "But what would you say to people who had doubts, Mr. Keble?"

Whereupon that stern old bigot promptly replied, "Such people are too wicked to be dealt with."

That was the old method. Professor Drummond's is the new. My readers can decide whether it is not the better way also. I carried on the conversation for a few moments longer, with a remark upon the curious fact that when in America the Provincial of the Jesuits had assured me that the men beneath his care were engaged in the most elaborately scientific work that it is possible to conceive; and upon the equally curious fact that some of the most advanced thinkers of the day, and notably the writers of "Lux Mundi," are to be found amongst the Anglican High Churchmen.

"It is very remarkable," said the Professor. "The Jesuits are wonderfully advanced in science. They appear to me to keep their scientific knowledge in a water-tight bulkhead from whence it cannot filter through into the rest of their

thinking. They daren't let it ; their religion would survive, but their theology would go by the board. The battle between science and religion, generally speaking, is now won. The only danger nowadays is lest people go too fast. The pace has just been rapid enough—if anything too rapid. But I take it as a good sign that there is more religion among the newer school of young theologians than ever, and they are crowding to foreign missions more than ever they did before. Their interest in practical Christianity more than keeps pace with their newer ways of thought."



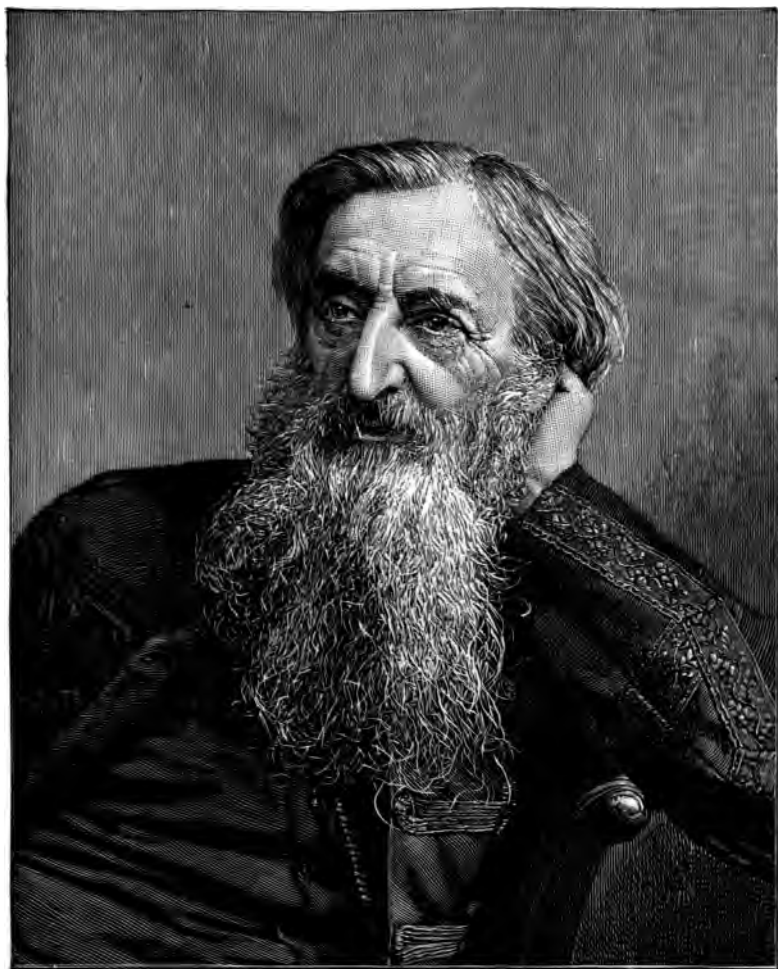
## General Booth at Home at Hadley Wood.\*



As we entered the small, sparsely-furnished sitting-room of the very unassuming little villa in Hadley Wood in which General Booth lives, a tall, gaunt figure, clad in a dressing-gown which came down to his heels, rose to receive us. This was the great man himself, the originator, the controller, the commander of one of the most marvellous organisations, social, religious, or political, that has ever been known upon this earth. This was the man who rules as with a rod of iron an army that contains within its ranks almost every known nationality; the man who in a moment of time can place his finger upon a village in India, a town in America, a settlement in Australia or the Cape, a hamlet in Great Britain, and tell you to a nicety the number of his followers, the minds and characters of them, their hopes and their prospects, and the work that is done by them in each place. Such a man, it goes without saying, and such an Army, must exercise not merely a great religious, but also a vast social and political influence upon the face of the whole earth. And as I looked upon the curiously-garbed figure, the marked and mingled air of asceticism and ecclesiasticism which so vividly differentiates him from the ordinary run of his fellow-Christians, comfortably

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GENERAL BOOTH.

*From a photo by The London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, H*



jogging along upon their heavenward path, and listened to the rapid flow of the words of a man in whom common sense and marvellous insight into the great social problems of the day are far more to be noted than mere eccentricity or fanaticism, I felt that it would be well I should endeavour in my conversation to elicit, as far as I was able, the political possibilities of such an organisation as that which goes to the making up of the much sneered at, little understood, and yet world-conquering Salvation Army. At first the General sat very quietly in his chair and told me of his recent tour round the world, and especially of his brilliant reception in India, during the relation of which, with the reins in my hands, I kept him as far as possible in the political tracks.

"Then, General," said I, "after so many brilliant triumphs I may take it that you are becoming not only a great religious force but even a great political influence in India?"

"Certainly you may," replied the General, as he sprang up and began pacing the floor with long, impatient footsteps, "certainly you may. For though the feeling in India is most friendly to us, yet it is not manifested so much in any general converting work as in a gradual change of attitude towards the English. The Rajahs subscribe to our work, listen to what we have to say, and consider us in a very special manner as the friends of India. I have no hesitation in saying, that whilst they have always admired and respected Englishmen, we are the first whom they have really loved, and if love is the strongest form of cement, we shall gain them. India is to be ruled by love, not by fear. The highest amongst the native rulers recognise the humanising work of the Salvation Army. 'We think,' say they, 'that the British are good, but that they are here for their own benefit, not for ours; but the Salvation Army is here exclusively for us, and so we are grateful and love them.' You see, good as many of the English missionaries are, yet they have not learned the great truth that to do real lasting benefit to these people, an



Englishman must not live apart from them, but among them. He must become part and parcel of their lives. To go on the principle that expensive European luxuries are indispensable, necessitates an entire living apart from the people whose souls they have come out to save. The keen-sighted Hindoo smiles at this and doubts. My people live on 4s. 6d. a month, the very life of the country, and so win their way for ever to the heart of the great nation. It was the knowledge of all this that caused Ahmedabad, with a population of 120,000—not fifty persons of whom were even nominal Christians—to turn out in a vast mass of enthusiasm and affection, greeting me with shouts of joy and salaams, and garlanding me with flowers. We are hoping to obtain a large piece of land, on which we will make a large industrial colony, and so prepare India to migrate from the overcrowded parts. All this I explained to the Viceroy, who was delighted; for to him the increase of the population is a great problem which he cannot solve and which we trust we shall.”

“And do you think you will be able to carry out this policy of Imperial Federation in Australia, for instance, as well as in India?” I asked the General.

“I most earnestly hope so,” he replied, as he took up his position on the hearth-rug, tucked one hand beneath the long dressing-gown which gave him so ludicrously the air of a General of the Jesuits clad in his cassock, whilst he stretched out the other wherewith the better to emphasise the exceeding energy of his remarks (for he was now full upon the war-trail, and no man could stop him)—“I most earnestly hope so. As far as the working population in Australia is concerned, we are a great federating influence, and perhaps the greatest religious force with which they have hitherto come into contact. Our discipline, the simplicity of our aim, the unity of our action, all help to make us a great antidote to anarchy and red socialism. We teach obedience, and we are the only people on the face of the earth except the Roman Catholics, whom

with all their errors I greatly respect for that very reason, who do systematically and as a part of the plan of Salvation teach obedience. Now the New Politician says, and he says it nowhere more loudly and persistently than in Australia, 'Everybody must have votes—paupers, prisoners, and lunatics even.' This is contrary to Divine law and common sense; the wisest and best only ought to rule. As a matter of fact the whole thing is wrong because of the innate selfishness of the human race," and here for a time the General soared from the region of practical politics into the dazzling empyrean of an impossible altruism. "The king is all for his throne," cried he, "the aristocrat for his class, the plutocrat for his money-bags, the working man for himself; then come my submerged tenth, and then chaos! That is the rule of self. Nowhere more clearly shown than in Australia, where the working man is selfishly desirous of retaining the whole land to himself. 'I don't care for your perishing submerged,' says he, 'I want all this for myself.' The labour party there don't seek to destroy, I must say that for them, but only to keep. But I trust I have half-converted them. New Zealand, for instance, with the most Radical Government on earth, has offered me a vast tract of land."

"Well now, General Booth, how do you, who are so strong an upholder of law and order, justify the riotous proceedings of your followers at Eastbourne?"

He flung out a long arm at me as he replied, "We go in for righteousness, and on those lines which we see most likely to secure it. If we were in Mashonaland we should accommodate ourselves to the regulations of the country, and so gain our end. If the law of Great Britain forbade our marching with a band on Sunday, we should not do so. Your Church missionaries go to China against the wish of the people. But you forbid us to go to Eastbourne. We fall back on the common law of this country as expounded by the Lord Chief Justice, who says that we have as much right to march

through the streets, bands playing and colours flying, as have Her Majesty's soldiers themselves. This has been endorsed by the Government, when it repealed the Torquay Act. We shall show them how fair and reasonable we can be when we get our way, as we are quite sure to do. I can bring half the chief constables of England to show that we are the friends of law and order, and we shall be so more and more."

"I am glad to hear it," I replied, "because at times it has struck the more thoughtful of the community that success was turning your heads and destroying the simplicity of your lives and of your aims."

"The very reverse," said the General; "we were never more beset with difficulties than to-day. Our very success makes our difficulties. The humble spirit and the self-sacrifice of the Salvation Army are greater than ever. Those who don't know our work can have no idea of the agony of it, or the strain upon the nerves. But the joy of it keeps us going. Ah! if only people knew all we went through they would not say the unkind things they do about us. I hear, for instance, that my recent welcome home has terribly offended some people."

"Well," I replied, "that is one of the very things that apparently vexes the righteous soul of my friend here."

Whereupon the General turned smartly round, and said to him: "Well, now, I shall be very much obliged to you if you will tell me what it is you object to?" They forthwith plunged into a long argument, into which it is unnecessary I should follow them entirely. Said the General: "My people spent six shillings each out of their own pockets to come and meet me, and welcome me home again. But even out of that demonstration and subsequent meeting we cleared £750, with which we are going to start a small hospital for our sick people. We always make money, not spend it, over our demonstrations. I don't cost my people the value of a plum cake. And then again," continued the energetic General, as

he turned from my now thoroughly convinced and satisfied companion and continued his conversation with myself, "then again the people grumble at me because I am 'a self-advertiser' forsooth, who is never happy unless he is forcing himself before the public. But, my friend, if you want to make a great political or commercial success you *must* advertise. Publicity in all such cases means success. It is the same with us; and I'll be bound to say I have got more religion into the newspapers over my return, and into the House of Commons over Eastbourne, than has been known for years. The State, aye, and the Church too, will come to recognise me and my Army as their best friends before they have done with us. Just as in India we are turning the hearts of the natives to regard British rule with affection, just as in Australia we are quietly but effectually combating the strong tendency to Anarchy and Socialism, so here in England we will aid with all our heart and soul the forces that make for righteousness towards God, and for loyalty to Her Majesty the Queen. Our religion is based on the love of Christ for suffering humanity. And it cannot fail. And we cannot advance the real welfare of man without thereby benefiting humanity itself."

"And you consider all your methods are wise and right. Your choice, for instance, of music-hall tunes, your queer advertisements, which sometimes to the uninitiated perilously approach the blasphemous, your noisy processions through the streets?"

The General paused in his restless parade, and looking me solemnly and quizzically in the face he said, "Don't you think that the *dilettante* intonation, as the poet has it, of the Anglican curate has failed as yet to touch the heart of the great seething masses surging around us? 'The dearly beloved brethren' don't respond as they are expected to respond. Now, I come along with my drums and my trumpets," and here the General marched valiantly round and round the

room, beating an imaginary drum and blowing an unseen trumpet, with wonderful *verve* and energy, "I come along and at once I get a large and increasing following. No, if anything, we don't have music-hall tunes enough. We are getting too respectable, greatly to my regret."

"And you quite justify, to your own conscience as well as to enquirers like myself, your assumption of the title of 'General.' For you know you are quite as much an autocrat as the Pope or the Czar of Russia."

"Exactly," he replied, "and that is where my success comes in, that is why the Pope is so great a force. He is the *Papa*, the Father of his people. I feel that I am right in being the Father of my people. But I cannot exercise that power beyond the intelligence and the affection of my people, nor do I wish to do so. My power is based on their confidence; my system calls out all the intelligence that is in them. A man rises with us by force of his merit and the due exercise of his intelligence, and by that and that alone he attains to a position of authority. To teach a man to respect himself is the great thing in this life. This is what we do in the Salvation Army. Ours is a Mosaic democracy. With us it is a regular scientific process of evolution, in which only the fittest can hope to survive. And by this system we can never fail to exercise an increasing influence upon the nations of the earth, binding them together with the bands of Christ's eternal love."



## The "Grand Old Man" of Science: A Talk with Professor Owen.\*



VERY autumnal were the hues of Richmond Park as I walked to spend the afternoon with Sir Richard Owen, the great naturalist and geologist; very charming and picturesque the antlered deer as they stood gazing at their reflections within a tiny lake; very pretty, and altogether cosy and homelike, the cottage given him by the Queen, in which one of the greatest of Englishmen passed his closing days. For almost the first thing the dear old man told me, as he accorded me the most courteous and gentle of welcomes, was the fact that, though he was eighty-six years of age, and though his memory failed him very much for names, yet that "all his wits were as energetic as ever concerning his beloved bones, but that the last year had somewhat told upon his strength."

"But you are still hard at work, I notice, Sir Richard," was my remark, for the fine, tall figure of the old gentleman, and the grey head and lofty forehead were bent in the perusal of a manuscript of which he had just been penning the closing lines in characters strong and clear as print.

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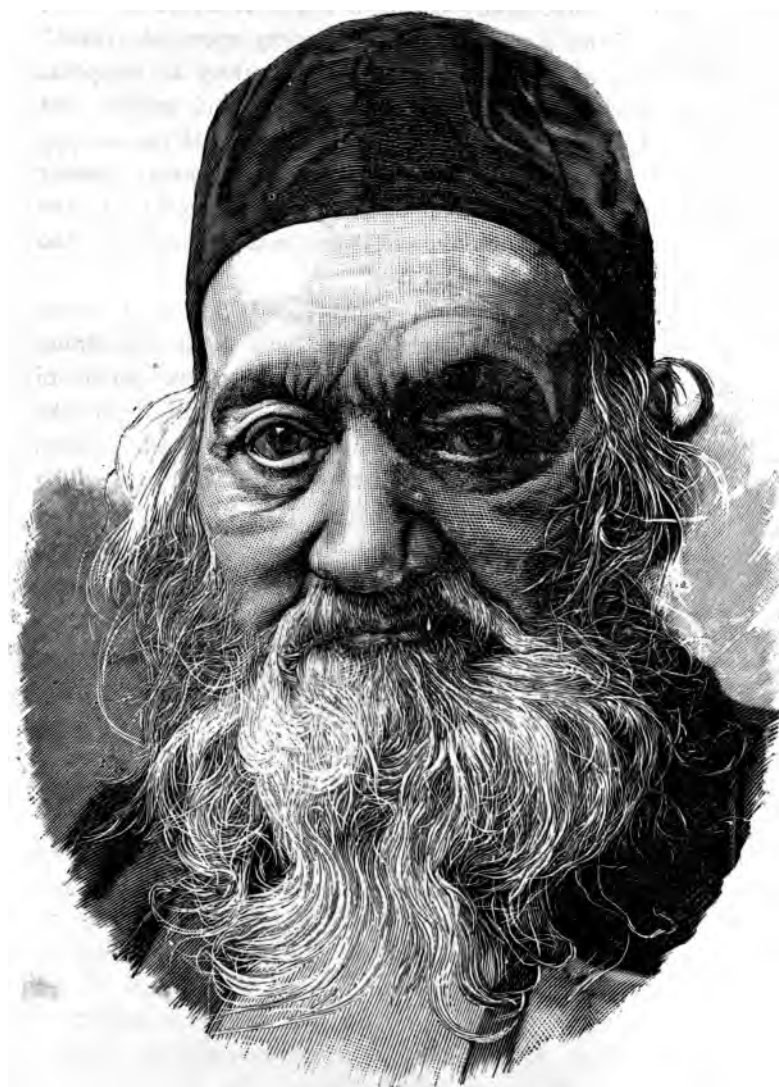
\* Inserted by kind permission of the Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Yes; I have been writing a paper to be read at the meeting of the Royal Zoological Society upon this skull," taking up a very ghastly fragment of humanity as he spoke, and proceeding to tell me all about what he had written, but adding, "Please do not publish what I have told you, as you will only anticipate me; and this paper has a great interest for me, as it probably is the last one I shall ever do. I have only just finished it to-day, and it has been illustrated by the artist who always works for me."

"Well, now, Sir Richard," I proceeded, "it is of course unnecessary for me to trouble you with questions concerning all your life's work; but there are one or two points of interest upon which we might touch, and I should much like to ask you how far, in your opinion, revelation and science can be reconciled. Has Christianity in any way suffered by the scientific research of late years?"

To which Sir Richard gravely and thoughtfully replied, "Your question is a fair one, but it seems to me that religion and science are too utterly distinct to be ever reconcilable by the logical and scientific man. The progressive advance of both is such that each diverges rather than converges. And I do not quite know why this should not be without damage to either. I possess a very real and true recognition of Bible teaching and faith, and I recognise their great value for all the hope of human life; but, at the same time, I do not think that the Genesis of the Bible is the real history of creation—not for a moment can I think that, though I would never doubt the good faith of the writer. No, I cannot think that religion has in any way suffered. The known is very small compared with the knowable, and we may trust in the Author of all truth, who, I think, will not let that truth remain for ever hidden." Very earnest grew the strong, deep voice as he closed with these words: "Nothing of the highest Christianity has ever suffered, or will suffer."

A silence succeeded the last words, which was broken by



SIR RICHARD OWEN, K.C.B., F.R.S.

*From a photo by Messrs. Mayall & Co., Limited, 73, Piccadilly, W.*





the old Professor himself. "Now, do ask me whatever you want to know. I am entirely in your hands." Being much interested in one of the problems of the day, as to the antiquity of man, I asked Sir Richard what his opinion might be. "I have heard," I said, "that rude drawings by men of the mammoth and horse and cave-bear have been discovered in the caves of Auvergne, which scientists have declared were done in the Neolithic period."

"Well, my own opinion is this: the oldest evidence that bears upon the question of man's antiquity dates back his then existence to the Tertiary period, 18,000 years ago. Weapons and the like belonging to that period have been found. There is no method of authoritatively interpreting what might seem to be older evidence. I have spared no pains to justify this opinion by personal inspection, and the oldest remains that I have seen have been in the South of France; but the hiatus between the lowest man and the highest quadrumana is so great that there is no rational connection between the two. But no geologist has any doubt whatever as to the prehistoric antiquity of man, though some of my non-geological friends are very sceptical of cave evidence. Let me refer you to the pamphlet I wrote on the 'Antiquity of Man' as deduced from the discovery of a human skeleton at Tilbury in 1883; that will explain somewhat of my meaning to those who are not experts. You see that the skeleton was found thirty-four feet beneath the surface upon a stratum of sand, which stratum we may regard as being that upon which the man once moved. Considering that the Thames and its banks 2,000 years ago were much as they are now, and that but little change has taken place since then, an immense period of time must have elapsed to allow of so great a change as the discovery of these bones reveals to us. I think this will be intelligible even to those most ignorant of geology."

I asked him whose admirable idea it was to place upon the Crystal Palace lakes the models of extinct mammalia. "I am

sure I forget," said he. "My old friend Paxton and I were, of course, colleagues together in that work. Yes, I think it was a good idea well carried out, but very difficult sometimes. In the case of the Ichthyosaurus we had portions of petrified integument, which greatly helped us. Speaking of the Crystal Palace reminds me," continued Sir Richard, "of the Natural History Exhibition at South Kensington, which I may venture to claim as chiefly my own idea. In the old days, as you know, it existed in the British Museum, where we were compelled, by want of space, to keep many of our most precious specimens so near the heating apparatus that at least 1,000 of them were obliged to be preserved in the most expensive spirits. I was much perturbed at this, and wrote strongly to Gladstone, who came one day, busy as he was, to see for himself how the land lay. For two hours he was there going into every single detail; he was shocked at what he saw, and horrified at the danger of fire should any of these bottles explode, when all would catch fire and the Museum be burned down. He made careful notes, and a little later on I went down to Hawarden, and together he and I and one or two more drew up a scheme for a distinct building; and now my satisfaction is great that England possesses the finest Natural History Museum in the world. Ah! Gladstone was so good, and so punctual too, in his returns; kind as Disraeli was to me, I never could get him to send me returns—that was the difference between them."

"You have lectured a good deal to children, have you not, Sir Richard?"

"Yes, to old and young, and big and little. Many years ago the Prince Consort, always my great friend—by the by, how characteristic of him that Exhibition of 1851 was!—requested me to give a series of elementary lectures at Buckingham Palace to the Royal children, the four eldest; there they used to sit in front of me as quiet and attentive as possible, whilst the Prince Consort pointed at my diagrams

with his stick; thirty or forty of the Court were present. For a long time I could never make out why it was that the door close to me was always kept open, but I subsequently discovered that the Queen had drawn her arm-chair up to it and used to sit and listen. In later years I gave a similar course at Windsor to the younger children. The King of the Belgians was then on a visit to the Queen, and he was one of my most regular hearers. It is to those lectures that I am indebted for this charming little house. I have been here for nearly forty years. Come and look at the garden," and as he spoke he rose and walked to the window, whence a beautiful view was obtained. "All my spare time," said he, "has been spent in the cultivation of the garden as you now see it. It is all Crown land."

"You have been a hard worker all your life, Sir Richard," I observed.

"Yes, I do not think I need reproach myself on that score; and even now I have a vast amount of correspondence with all the great Academies of Europe. I have had forty years' steady scientific work since I lectured at St. Bartholomew's."

"You must have had good health," I observed.

"Well, yes, I have much to be thankful for: but some years ago I was troubled with a pulmonary complaint, when I received an invitation from the Prince and Princess of Wales to go a tour with them up the Nile. It was most delightful. We were a large party—about twenty of us—and the Khedive placed two steamers at our disposal. My chief friend was Sir John Fowler, who has just built the Forth Bridge. He was then engineer-in-chief to the Khedive, and made the only railway there. Yes, the Prince and Princess were deeply interested in all the natural history of the Nile, and asked for information concerning every single fish and bird and beast they saw. That tour saved my life. The pure air of Egypt is perfection for weak-lunged people."


The last ray of sunlight had long since died from off the

wall ; the deer had long before sought their leafy lairs ; the gloom fell thickly round. The grand old head was dimly outlined against the darkening window-pane, but the flickering flames cast an ever-changing light upon the kindly face ; a deep solemnity crept over me, and an unutterable pathos stole into the voice of the old *savant* as he told me of the many friends who had sat within that little room, and of whom so many had for ever passed away.

"Carlyle used to be so fond of spending a half-holiday here ; and Tennyson, from whom I have not heard for ages, how often he has sat in the very chair in which you are now sitting ! Nearly all the Royalties—the Princess Mary of Teck's children are frequently here now. And Charles Kingsley and Faraday—dear old Faraday !—Lyell and Darwin ; I think almost every single person you could name. I have had friends amongst them all."



## John Burns and the Mind of Him.\*

T is endeavoured in this paper to place before the readers of it the actual mind of this remarkable man—this idolised tribune of the people, this idealised demagogue of the latter end of the century. It is the aim of the writer to place his readers thoroughly *en rapport* with the person of whom he writes; that they, however much they may differ from John Burns, or however actively they may oppose his views, may rise from the reading of the article thoroughly persuaded, as is the writer himself, of the entire disinterestedness, the real self-forgetfulness and self-denial, the absolute singleness of heart of this man whom they may have never understood, or even tried or wished to understand before.

I do not, of course, by this imply that John Burns is a perfect man. Very far otherwise. He is not without the defects of his qualities. None could deny for a moment—even his greatest admirers, of whom I do not pretend to be one—that he is egotistical; to a certain, but quite appreciable, extent intolerant; rather hasty in his conclusions; inclined to be harsh in his judgment of those from whom he most differs; unable, to a certain extent, to look at a question from all its bearings. He has all these defects to the full, and even

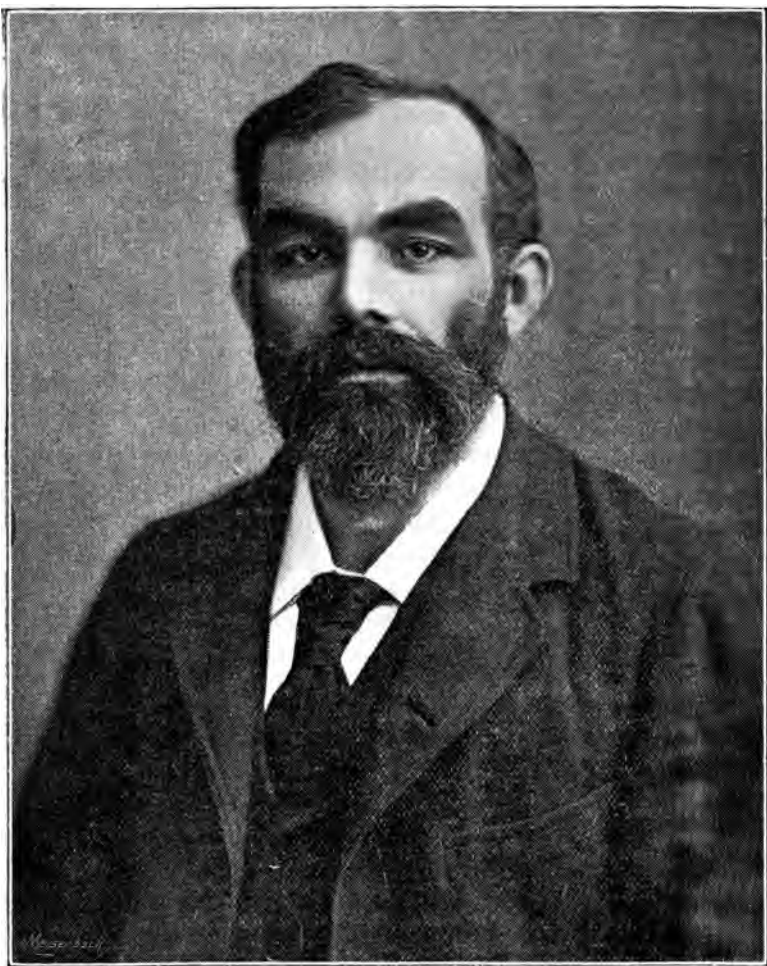
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\* Inserted at the moment of going to press by kind permission of the Editor of *The Idler*.

others. But no light is without shadow, and the light shines the brighter by contrast. If he is an egoist, his egoism is not without its justification ; if he is intolerant, it is because the iron of persecution has entered into his soul ; if he is harsh in his judgments of people whom he feels are mistaken, he is tenderness itself to all who are battling through a world of suffering and of wretchedness, and who look up to him more almost than to any other as their helper and their deliverer.

The man carries his better qualities written in his face. It is a charming face, strong, rugged ; a face with a history written in deep lines upon it, and withal a handsome, cheery, breezy face. A very dark face, full bearded, clean cut, somewhat coarse-grained ; dark penetrating eyes, overshadowed by beetling eyebrows ; a profusion of thick hair, fast becoming grey, although its wearer is only thirty-three years of age. Something of the Scotchman in his face, for is he not the son of an Ayrshire father and an Aberdonian mother, and does not the blood of the great poet run in his veins ? He is energetic in his conversation, and his phraseology smacks at times somewhat of the platform. He is vivid, picturesque, original in his descriptions. He outlines a subject clear and strong, and with vigorous terseness, for the benefit of his listener.

He is at home everywhere and with everyone. I have met him in the Palace of the stately Anglo-Roman Cardinal, with whom he was as thoroughly at one as he was on the following day with a number of young artists in a studio in Bohemia. He instructed the Cardinal, he listened to him, he deferred to him, he differed from him, he laughingly triumphed over him ; and on the following day he expounded the whole gospel of Art to the young Titians and Leightons by whom he was surrounded, and displayed as he talked an intimate acquaintance with the galleries of the Continent, the works of the old masters, the brilliant achievements of the new. I have seen him on the top of a 'bus fraternising with the driver and the



JOHN BURNS.

*From a photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.*





conductor, learning their troubles, advising them best what to do; or seated in the County Council, of which, but for his wonderful disinterestedness, I have good reason to know he might have been the Vice-Chairman, and drawing an income which, to his simple ideas, would have been a veritable fortune. And I have watched him at tennis with his wife on a sunny afternoon in Battersea, or neatly taking the wicket of some skilled batsman, or holding his own with the best in a clever boxing match. As Lord High Executioner in "The Mikado" he is a rival of whom even Gee-Gee himself need not be ashamed, whilst as a singer of comic songs he always brings down the house. "I used to act at amateur entertainments once on a time," he told me, "to get funds for the labour cause. I have other work to do now." But, as all the world knows, it is as a leader of men that John shines pre-eminent among his fellows. His is a winning personality. With an admirable voice, a marvellous knack of putting himself in accord with his audience, a perfect mastery of his subject, and an indomitable pluck and perseverance, he is a born leader of men.

Briefly, let me picture the man's life. Nor can I do so better than in his own words.

"I was born," said he, "here in Battersea, in November, 1858. My dear old mother brought us all up like Spartan soldiers. I owe much to her. I was educated at Christ Church Schools in this very district, which I now represent in the L.C.C. and Parliament. I fancy that even as a boy I held my present views. When I left school I went as a 'tiger' in top hat and top boots to a gentleman in Hampstead, and when I left him, having out-grown my uniform, I went as a potboy to the 'Winstanley Arms' close by here. But I never drank. Indeed, I have never tasted intoxicating liquors in my life. I then became an apprentice to a firm of engineers, and here my political troubles began. I used to address meetings in the country, and this coming to the ears of my

superiors, I was discharged. However, the head of the firm, knowing I did my work well, insisted on my return.

"About this time, when I was sixteen years of age, I first appeared in print," and as he spoke John showed me a carefully preserved cutting from the *Daily Chronicle*, February, 1875—a smart, though naturally rather crude, letter on "Mechanics and the Unemployed." "Ah!" said Burns, "can't I remember sitting down to that letter, and my mother laughing at me. 'You write on the Mechanics and the Unemployed. Why, they'll laugh at you!' I said, 'I'll have a try, anyhow.' And I did, and ever since the workless have been my chief care. That was my first step towards where I am now. Mother was here the other day and I showed her this, and reminded her of what she said.

"A year or two afterwards I got into trouble for addressing a meeting on Clapham Common, and was taken before the magistrates. I was struggling with the police when that young lady," continued John with a smile, and pointing to his charming wife, who sat beside him, "caught a glimpse of me with my rough hair, flushed face and torn jacket. She was coming from church with her father, John Gale, a Deptford shipwright. I looked at her, she looked at me. We met again and again, and at last she became Mrs. Burns, and I won't tell you all she's been to me. Well—without her, I shouldn't be where I am to-day. Well, in 1880, times were bad, and I had no work here, so I accepted an engineering engagement on the West Coast of Africa. Here I worked for a year or two, and it was in that tropical, death-bound region that I found in the sand of the river Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, which I devoured. It was a revelation to me. It was that book and Robert Burns' saying, 'It is the most sorrowful thing in the world to see an honest man willing to work and unable to get it,' that really set me firm on this work of mine for the labouring masses. Adam Smith, Robert Burns, and my own hard lot have built me up into what I am.

Whilst in Africa I studied very closely the habits of the natives, and from their primitive methods of life I deduced certain principles I thought would be applicable to civilised institutions *plus* that artistic and scientific knowledge that civilisation ought to give us.

“When I left Africa, which I did rather than be put over the head of my senior, who really had won the post that was offered to me, I came back to England. I had a little money in hand, and this I spent in travelling all over the Continent, studying the great galleries, wandering about the cathedrals—a splendid education for a man brought up as I had been. I there learned what *art* really means, and how big a piece of life it is. After a while I came back to work in England. Then times grew very bad. Distress came—the Trafalgar Square riots. I was the ‘man with the red flag’ then. Then came my imprisonment. I hold it as a cardinal principle that every man should go to prison as part of his education.

“At that period when out of work, six or seven years ago, I helped as an ordinary day labourer to pull down old St. Martin’s Workhouse. It was a good hard time, I can tell you, how hard it would only pain you to know.”

Just at this moment Burns’ daily string of visitors began to pour in, and I sat back in my chair and watched them quietly. A County Council Forest Ranger asking for John’s advice on certain improvements, which appeared to vex his righteous soul. Then some lads out of work seeking his help, readily promised or given. Then in came an old lady, a most direct and amusing person. She walked up to his little table, plumped down a bag of chinking sovereigns, and said, “There, John, there’s £86, all my savings; whatever you do with it, Mr. Burns, I shall be satisfied.” A poor, thin, pale-faced girl next came asking for a ticket for a convalescent home. A man in trouble with his employer came for advice over a legal matter, and a rich man sent £13,000 to John for the Albert Palace. It was a striking and impressive sight. The

perfect confidence and love of all these people, the cheery, sympathetic manner, the keen insight of the "Judge Advocate General" himself; nothing that was not dignified and impressive. After they had left, John turned to some dry County Council statistics, and to the inspection of some paint-brushes and material for the Council's workmen. "This is work," said he, "that I hate. But it must be done. I was made for a fighter, to lead a forlorn hope, to face a battalion of police. But this—ugh!" he continued, with a queer grimace. "However, my greatest victory in life has been the conquest of myself."

Mr. Burns then took down a number of photos, which show him at different epochs of his eventful life, and interesting and amusing enough they were too.

One smiles at the humorous grin which crosses the face of the clever engineer in his shirt-sleeves, when the news is brought him in his workshop that he has been elected a member of the London County Council. The smile widens into a laugh, that is not without an appreciation of the pathos of the scene, when "Burns is caught napping at last." After long days and nights of sleepless watchfulness, spent in the cause of the London 'busmen, John went to sit down in a chair with the terms of victory in his hand, only to fall fast asleep.

And, finally, we behold the man who has thus strenuously fought his way onward and upward seated in the House of Commons, "waiting for that day when inevitably he will be called to office," as I suggested to him on the occasion of my visiting him shortly after his return to Parliament. "No," he replied, with great simplicity, "I have not the slightest desire for office. It is for me to give hostages to disinterestedness. The balance of advantage lies for years to come in the mere working man like myself exploiting the administrative ability of the middle and upper classes, we confining ourselves to its guidance and direction. I have done my best, and loyally tried to dignify the art of the demagogue, and my only way is

by teaching and preaching, and convincing the people that the hunting for the loaves and fishes which one denounces in other people has no charms for oneself. I would sooner be plain '*John Burns*' than the Right Honourable John Burns, Premier of England. There's a new rôle for fellows like me—the old-fashioned rôle of ædile or syndic, a job not necessarily sought for material reward so much as for usefulness and the honour it confers on recipient and giver."

"But yet the loaves and fishes are not to be despised by anyone, and much less by one who has borne the burden and heat of the day," I objected.

John shrugged his shoulders with a smile, as he replied, "Oh! I don't know, the fishes of office often stink. I declare to you," he continued, very earnestly, leaning his arms on the table and looking me straight in the face, "money hasn't a particle of attraction for me; I have had temptation enough that way, God knows. Within the last year or two I have returned to good-hearted men enough, but who don't understand me—something like £5,000, which they have offered me to help me in my fight for the people. But I don't want money or office either. Office!" he cried, with a fine scorn, "I am prouder of my present office, Judge Advocate General of the Poor, than I should be of the Premiership itself; for many hours daily, as you have just seen, there is one continual stream of people in distress for work, in want of advice, claimants for insurances, and half a thousand other things. And they come to me, I tell you, my dear fellow, because they trust me, and they believe in me, and they *know* that I am working for their good and not for my own. The conviction is born in them that I am after neither office nor money, and they trust me."

"Well, John," I replied, "you can say and do no more. You sweep away half the prejudice you have undoubtedly excited in the minds of people who don't know you when you say that. I don't mind telling *you*, once I was speaking at a big meeting of working men, and, very mistakenly I frankly own,

charging you with playing for your own hand—my gracious ! how one used to hate you in those days—and some man called out, ‘ Ah, you don’t know John Burns, mister ! ’ And I am glad to find I didn’t.”

John laughed with that perfect sweetness of disposition which makes him so lovable. “ Well,” he replied, “ you didn’t know any better ! ”

“ No, I didn’t,” said I ; “ but at the same time all this makes one realise how very strong is your hold upon the people’s hearts. Now, the thing is, what are you going to do with your influence in the future ? ” and as I spoke, a vision of John Burns, the First President of the English Republic, rose before me. “ It’s a serious responsibility.”

“ Well,” he replied, “ I know it. But they trust me, and I trust them. The Trades Union movement of to-day is broadly typical of what the New Democracy will be *plus* rational education, hitherto the monopoly of the cultured classes. This, coupled with the working man’s common sense, will be on the whole not a bad blend. Of this I am quite certain,” continued John, as he got up from his chair and paced up and down the little room—“ a corrupt Government will never characterise the English Democracy.”

I put forward as an argument, which John owned, frankly enough, was not without reason or justification, the dissipated habits of many of the artisans of to-day ; their love of drink and gambling, their predilections for literature of the worst kind, their ridiculous class prejudices.

“ Now, look here,” said Burns, “ you don’t make allowance for the long history of their past. As a matter of fact, the British working man is no better or worse than the rest of the community ; or, rather, I insist that he is better, inasmuch as that, in earning his livelihood under harder conditions than he ought, he begets a sympathy and feeling of justice that would be impossible under other circumstances, and his instincts are more inclined to be natural and just than those of the man,

booted and spurred, who looks on the world as a horse to be ridden. As to your charge of drinking and betting, which I own is true enough in many respects, I yet say this, that from the point of view of sobriety, the working man of to-day is immeasurably superior to the working man of fifteen years ago—partly due to his increased love of athletics—and so, while the Drink Bill may increase in the aggregate, the amount per head diminishes fast. But you notice that just as much in the higher classes.

“With regard to his love of betting, that is much more serious. It has become his curse. Here is the economic explanation—the monotony of his occupation. Machine industry tends to de-individualise a man in these days. In the old days of Greece and Rome, and mediæval England, the reverse was the case; painting, sculpture, the high conditions of the crafts, brought out all a man’s individuality, his best points. Oh! to have those days back again,” sighed this man, whom so many have denounced as a hard, commonplace, matter-of-fact demagogue. “Man,” he continued, “is a pleasurable animal, and must get it in sport if not in his work. I have come to think that the more the artisan of to-day has to work, the more he bets.”

“And for you who will lead them, Burns, what is your programme?”

“Briefly,” he replied, “my work in Parliament will be my work on the County Council on a larger scale, *i.e.*, a standing protest against Imperial Bureaucracy in foreign and domestic affairs; decentralisation all round; government by County Council; Colonies autonomous, and home rule everywhere, and to each section of the community that local autonomy without which Empire of the best kind is impossible. We must give to our Colonies the civilisation Rome and Greece gave to theirs, without the militarism that accompanied it.”

John then drifted into eulogistic criticism of Cæsar and Cromwell, whilst I indulged in speculative dreams as to the future



of the Cæsarean Cromwell who sat before me, declaiming so vigorously in his little parlour away down in the heart of modern Battersea. I awoke to hear him saying, "I tell you, Mr. Blathwayt, the sovereignty of the people is coming, everything points that way, and the democratic government of the future will be stimulated by the will and high character of strong personalities. The difference," continued he, "between the great man and the average man, after all, is very small. It is due to a stroke of genius or wit that is oft to madness near allied. Great men are only great in so far as they harness their greatness to the Chariot of the Commonwealth. We must recognise the complexity of our times. Savonarola had wonderful influence, but he didn't live in the day of Ally Sloper and Lottie Collins. Life was simple and agricultural then. There was no press pandering to the petty side of human nature. Their few books appealed only to the higher side. There was none of the dissipation of energy that characterises the competitive study of to-day, and when men *could* be lifted, you had them from the lowest to the highest plane in a very short time. At the same time," he went on laughingly, "I don't want the Educated Democracy of the future to be a mere conglomeration of the Superior Person. He is loathsome enough at all times, but the Superior Workman would be something too awful!"

"People like myself often want to know, Mr. Burns, how you think you and your beloved Democracy will succeed, where those who have made England what it is have failed—failed, that is, according to the dictum of the masses."

"I will tell you," he replied. "From the point of view of making England a great military and Imperial Power, the aristocracy of the past were grand. The Liberals and Whigs have made it a great Commercial Empire, but, our contention is, that this is not true greatness, not greatness in the sense that it means the real happiness of the Commonwealth. The greatness of the past has meant the division of spoils amongst

the few, and to give *them* all those positions of privilege that Empire means. Empire means war, crisis, the burdens of which fall upon the industrial Tommy Atkins. I want all the energy, not to say the heroism, that the governing classes have shown in the subjugation of foreign countries directed and utilised in administration, in industry, and in making happy our fellow-countrymen, which is, after all, no mean ambition."

John then depicted a Republic wherein Throne and Aristocracy, Church and Class, would for ever have melted into nothingness, and where even religion—as religion is understood to-day—would have been swept away.

"Religion!" he exclaimed, "only retains its hold on people in so far as it ceases to be a spiritual agency, and vies with social and political agencies in attending to the material wants of the people."

Wherein, to a very great extent, Mr. John Burns, as many of my readers will agree with me in thinking, is hopelessly in the wrong, and wherein he shows a marvellous ignorance of the average human mind. If the New Democracy means the Democracy of blank Atheism and hard, bare Materialism, its reign, I rejoice to think, will be a very short one, and for this reason, that however much the enthusiasm for humanity, which in Burns' own personality replaces the ordinary religious instinct, in such a Democracy, in whom there will be none of the traditions of Christianity, which have unconsciously gone to the making of John himself, there will be an absolute lack of all that is highest and best in the humanity of to-day. We argued the matter out for a little, and then I said, "Now, let me look at your books and manuscripts. They'll tell me what you are better than anything else could do."

John smiled affectionately as he gazed round his humble room. "Ah!" he said, "those books were bought with scores of meals. Mallock's '*Is Life Worth Living?*' represents a fierce battle in my mind as to whether it should be the book or a pair of boots, and the book won the day. Adam Smith's

‘Wealth of Nations’ I dug up in the sand of an African river. My gracious! what a revelation that book was to me! There is Carlyle, and there is Booth’s ‘Labour and Life of the People.’ I have a very elaborate system as regards my library. All down here is the useful part. Mrs. Burns takes charge of the poetry. Mind you, I love poetry myself, and my Scotch friends are always sending me copies of Burns. They insist, you know, that I am descended from the poet. But I fancy there is little real connection between me and Bobbie Burns, much as I love his work. Two shelves, you see,” continued he, “are entirely Economic and Social; nearly every one of those have been given to me by the authors themselves, and I value them very much. To your back are Trades Union Statistics, Eight Hours Movement, &c., Blue Books and bound copies of Labour papers. I have the best collection of Socialistic pamphlets in England. I have read them all. Yes,” he added, noting my astonishment, “it has been hard reading, hard work, and harder living, which has brought me where I am to-day. Behind you are photos of Victor Hugo, Karl Marx, Cardinal Manning, Inspector Foster, my old City Police friend. There are portraits of members of various International Conferences I have attended. That cabinet there contains what is practically the whole history of the fifteen years of the Labour Movement. To show you how the interest in these matters has increased,” said John, as he took out a whole armful of press cuttings, which he told me had arrived only that morning, “before the Dock Strike one short paragraph would have been considered ample, and here to-day are at least two hundred in one morning. It has been tremendous work though. I have helped to organise upwards of one hundred Trades Unions, and been connected with something like forty strikes. It means reading and study that, I can tell you. Look here,” he continued, as he put into my hands a small bundle of cards, on which were a number of notes and headings. “There,”

he said, "that's the guts of a Blue Book which it took the Government years of work to prepare. I try to have them at my finger's ends. That's one of my arguments for young Members of Parliament. Working-class representatives enter too late in life, when all their energy and life is crushed out of them. That is how some of them have lost touch with the masses. I favour Government by young men. Youth is the age of hope and enthusiasm, the period for sacrifice."

I asked him what were the most memorable moments of his life. With a backward glance at the strenuous past, he slowly and thoughtfully replied :

"Upon my word, I don't know. Though perhaps this was the supreme moment of my life. We were on board a small launch in a branch of the sea on the West Coast. We had lost our propeller. My 'chief,' Mr. Parkin, said, 'I must dive for it.' 'No,' said I, "you have a wife and family, I have not ; I will go for it.' For five hours, I and half a dozen black men were swimming and diving for that propeller, haunted all the time by the fear of a shark nipping one of us in half. I can never forget it : the brilliant sky, the blue sea, the steamer, the men around me, and that ever-present fear. At last we found the propeller, and went on our way rejoicing. Then, again, I waver in my mind between that moment when I stood in the dock on trial for my life—prepared to receive ten years, but getting unexpected acquittal—and that moment when the Dock Strike was over, and I sprang on to a 'bus and drove off, with the people cheering and waving their hats around me. Ah ! that victory meant great things. How great, none can yet know. I always think of Arthur Clough's lines. Do you know them ?

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward look, the land is bright.

As I took my leave John gave me a portrait of himself.

"It's not the portrait of a handsome man," cried he, with a humorous smile, "but you must remember that neither words nor lineaments, but deeds, portray the man. Oh! I must tell you something that took place the other day. I was much amused. I was going down the street when I saw a man with a bag full of my portraits. So I asked him how he found it pay. 'Find it pay, gov'nor?' he cried. 'Now look 'ere, I don't mind telling you straight, John'—they all call me John —' I don't mind telling you straight, as you've asked me. I make more money out of your photos than you get from Battersea for all your work. I've sold 60,000 o' them pictures of yours in the last nine months, and there's scores of others could say the same! So, after all, an agitator's life is not so prosperous as is often assumed, but it is a happy life, especially when one sees in his own time his theories and ideals woven into the lives of the helpless and the poor, for whom to work is the noblest mission of man and woman." And with this we parted.

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P.S.—Though I do not in the least agree with Mr. Burns' strong political principles personally, I have not allowed my own old-fashioned Conservative ideas to blind me to his many brilliant qualities. This much it is due to myself to say, and it will probably add somewhat to whatever weight the article may carry with it.—R. B.



# The Art of Interviewing.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



OW differently from what is actually the case would history have been written had the interviewer lived in days gone by !

How many problems, now unsolvable, would have been solved for us, or would never even have come down to plague posterity !

For instance, had the art of interviewing been known and practised in the days of Good Queen Bess, we should not probably now be racked with doubt as to the authorship and authenticity of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." The "irrepressible" interviewer, paying a journalistic call, would inevitably one fine morning have discovered my Lord Verulam hard at work at the playwright's desk, while the immortal Will himself smoked the pipe of ease and of consultative wisdom at his collaborator's side.

And where the spirit of the interviewer,—the close-questioning spirit, the discriminating and analytic spirit, the scientific spirit of this incarnation of the modern *zeitgeist*—has existed in a contemporary writer or historian, how faithful a picture of his age and his times has descended to appreciative posterity. It is just because Pepys and Evelyn, Bunyan and Boswell were in their very essence interviewers, that the records they have left behind them

never fail to interest and amuse the most modern amongst us. It is the photographic reproduction of almost unconscious thought, and words and deeds, the faithful rendition of accompanying circumstances and surroundings which seize hold upon the human mind, that gives now and again the one touch of nature which links us with the long dead past—that in a word modernises, humanises, brings into touch with the vividness and actuality of to-day what would otherwise be antique and faded ; it is all these things that give their undying interest to the records and writings of these people I have mentioned. They evidence, in fact, the value of the art of interviewing in the writing of history, the place that this art will take, not only in the journalism of the present but in the literature of the future, and especially in the literature we ourselves, of this present generation, bequeath to posterity.

I have called this article “The Art of Interviewing,” for, to the serious-minded interviewer, his is indeed an art, an art to be learned only of time and experience, one which involves for its due exercise the possession of many absolutely essential qualities.

In the first place, an interviewer, to be in any way whatever successful in this calling, must be a well-bred man ; he must possess unfailing tact and sympathy ; he must be thoroughly up to date in every particular, politically, socially, ecclesiastically, from a literary point of view, and also, as far as possible, from an artistic and a scientific point of view.

For his is a mind that is thrown into contact with many minds, he must encounter every species of the human race. Adversity, we are told, brings one strange companions, but the companions of the interviewer are far stranger, and infinitely more varied.

One day he has to breakfast with a Cardinal of Rome, on the next to lunch with a Cabinet Minister, a caricaturist,

a celebrated novelist, a successful lawyer. He may find himself confronting an eminent Nonconformist one week and in close contact with a leading High Churchman the next—he must know something of the life and works, the hopes and ambitions, the successes and failures and weaknesses of each. He must place each in his own and proper atmosphere and environment, and, reading keenly the character of the subject of the moment, he must, as it were, albeit delicately and lightly, suggest each one's personality and marked individuality. As he talks with the Cardinal, his readers must catch a glimpse of the crimson cassock, must drink in for a moment the air of ecclesiasticism which the Cardinal habitually breathes, and without just a suggestion of which his portrait of the great dignitary would be wholly incomplete. One touch of the impressionist rounds off the portrait. Or he is interviewing a writer of the nautical romance or drama—he must display in his conversation a knowledge of matters pertaining to ocean, all that he writes must, like Tennyson's hero, "be smelling of the sea." Once more it is an old man of world-wide fame that is talking to him, one who in the field of literature or of science, of art or of politics, has fought and won his way; then must he catch for, and imprint upon, his article the grace of a bygone day, if indeed this very entirely *fin-de-siècle* atmosphere of interviewing can in any way be reconciled with the dainty grace of a day when neither trains, telegraphs, or modern journalism had been invented or even dreamed of. But it is for the interviewer who has the love of his work strong within him to reconcile all such seeming paradoxes and anachronisms. And it is such a man as I have been describing who becomes a veritable photographer and preserver of the history of his own time. The interviewer who knows his duty, who easily and intelligently "gets at" the mind of the person whom he is interviewing, and who places him as he actually is—body, soul and spirit—before the public, who is not a mere auctioneer's appraiser of the



wretched man's belongings at so much per thousand words, such a man, I take it, in his own small way, is a benefactor to his kind.

His usefulness cannot be denied, his *raison d'être* is beyond question. But it is not only as an exact writer and preserver of contemporary history that the necessity for him and his services exists. I consider that in many respects he is a discoverer, he brings people to the light who would otherwise remain long unknown. He must have not only insight but foresight. He is frequently enabled to place an ordinarily abstruse or dry-as-dust subject—political, scientific, or ecclesiastical—brightly, interestingly, untechnically, and in a popular manner before the man in the street, who like Gallio cares for none of these things; or he gets hold of a person brimful of information on a certain matter of general interest, but who has no gift of expression; the interviewer acts as his interpreter. In the classical instances of Socrates and Jeremy Bentham, we have, after all, but the interviews of Zenophon, Plato, and Dumont. And what are the gospels, but the highest types of interviewing? Again not only can certain high and dry subjects pertaining to science, ecclesiasticism, *la haute politique* be thus, as it were, popularized by the aid of the interviewer, but by means of the clash of two bright minds a greater interest is drawn out of subjects of every variety. The question counts for something, as well as the answer. Such carefully guided conversation gives the fullest opportunity for the thrashing out of certain topics of present-day discussion. The interviewer goes with the mind of the public in him, the public whom Horace termed profane or uninitiate, whom Oscar Wilde and Grant Allen regard as Philistine, but the public whose praises, nevertheless, the Latin poet did not despise, and whom even the two great men to whom I have alluded are not above attempting to conciliate; this public, I say, has a mind and an intelligence of its own, a mind fairly open to persuasive reason, and an intelligence not

to be despised. It is the mean, as Herbert Spencer says, from which all genius is *but* a slight divergence. The interviewer, with this mind in him, comes between the public and the novelist, dramatist or artist of the future, we will say; he endeavours on behalf of his clientèle to elucidate the mind of the writer and the working of that mind, its trains of thought and the conclusion at which those trains eventually arrive. For instance, in a recent conversation that I held with the much discussed and much abused Mr W. D. Howells, I found it deeply interesting and withal instructive to draw from him, point by point, the manner in which he goes in for dissection of character and of motive; to get him, as it were, to build up before my eyes one of his closely studied characters, and breathe life and thought into it; to learn how he enables these puppets of his to strut their little hour upon his stage; how he makes them live and move and have their being.

With ecclesiastics it is the same. Just as a man who was fond of hair-splitting must in the middle ages have gleefully joined the schoolmen in their discussions as to how many angels could dance upon a needle's point; so is it possible for the interviewer of to-day in his dealings with ecclesiastics to find an intellectual treat and a joy of soul in endeavouring to discover how they blend mediæval theories and hair-spun doctrines with the practicability and energy of this nineteenth century. It is a charming study for him to observe how they are able as they do to harmonise antiquity and modernity.

I recall conversations I have held with, for instance, the Under-Secretary of State for India on Frontier Defence; with the High Commissioner for Canada and Sir John Gorst on Imperial Federation; with the President of the United States on the art of impromptu speech-making; with Mark Twain on the varied qualities that go to the making of a man of humour.

And in such recollections I do not forget the part that I myself, as the interviewer, had to play. The opportunities

for argument, for close consecutive reasoning, for careful dissection of motives, of causes, and of their effects.

And these recollections come charged, too, with the memory of incidental accessories and surroundings, trivial enough in themselves, but all important in the recording of such conversations—the upturned face, the flickering smile, the ray of sunlight across the room, some curious mood of thought or turn of phrase. Anything in short that suggests the personality of the interviewed or that gives life and character to the story. As Mark Twain once said to me, a good interviewer has in him all the elements that are to be found in a high-class novelist.

There is, however, always the temptation in such cases as those to which I have alluded, to the interviewer at all events, to force all the conversation into the upholding of some pet theory of his own. By the perfectly fair-minded man, the well-balanced man, in a word the Platonic ideal interviewer, this temptation will be resisted. Important subjects can frequently be treated well and interestingly in a series of interviews, often quite as thoroughly and brightly as they would be in ordinary magazine articles, but with the addition of a delicately suggested personality,—an addition not to be despised in these latter days; and with the keen freshness and natural brightness of a widely experienced man of the world added to the thought and study of the man to whom the subject has been the work of perhaps a lifetime.

I cannot close my article without an allusion to the opinions on the subject of interviewing of many of the best-known men of the day to whom I have spoken on the matter. It is in America that interviewing first rose to the status of a trade. In England we hope to give it the dignity of a profession. By the Americans it has been thoroughly degraded and dragged through the mire; and by the Americans themselves it is held entirely in disrepute. The task of the French and English journalist has been to

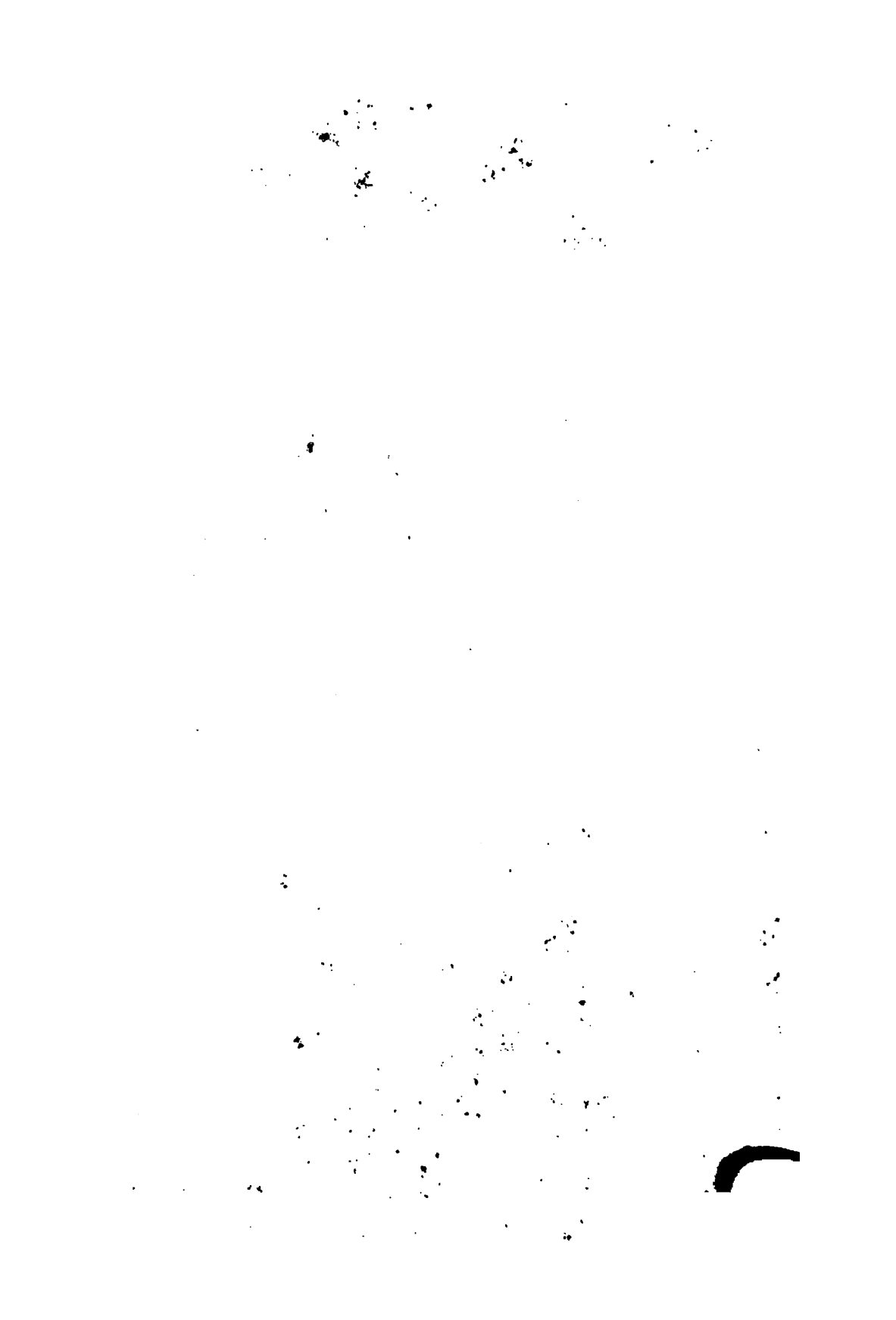
raise it out of a very slough of despond into its own legitimate place in journalism. Most of the leading Americans to whom I have spoken on the subject confess that, as a rule, the English interviewer is far superior to his American brother. Russell Lowell, W. D. Howells, and Mark Twain, in their conversation with me on the subject, all attributed this superiority to the fact that, in many cases, English interviewers are people of education, of culture, and of good social position; and to the fact that they do really take the trouble to know something of their work and a few of the leading facts in the lives and careers of those people whom they are interviewing. However that may be, I am convinced of this, that if all journalists regarded interviewing in as serious and responsible a light as do the English and the French, interviewing would soon take a very high rank in journalism. What can be more charming, for instance, than Mr. Harry How's interviews for the *Strand Magazine*, or those that have appeared in the *World* from time to time? Of course there are exceptions in America, too; as, for instance, the interviews of Miss Kate Field or those of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, which are invariably well-written, in good taste, and full of interest and information.

To the ideal interviewer of the future I would say, let the personal element be only lightly and delicately suggested, outside accessories and surroundings merely touched on or hinted at: let there ever be intelligent appreciation and kindly sympathy. Let the interviewer write in every case for permission to "vivisection," promising always a proof of his article for revision. And again, I would suggest that he take elaborate notes. I know it is pleaded by some that this restrains and hampers the interviewed. I know from his own lips that Mr. W. T. Stead, one of the first of living interviewers, has taken notes only on one occasion in his life, and that was at the bidding of General Gordon, just before he left England for Khartoum. Mr. Stead believes it

acts as a restraining influence. I have never found it so, and indeed I have found it invaluable as a means by which one is enabled to preserve turns of thought and phrase which give glimpses into character that are absolutely invaluable.

Let the interviewer be sedulously careful never to betray a confidence, never to "give away" his subject; let him respect himself and his companion, and I guarantee that no harm will ever come of the much-abused art of interviewing. My own experience, indeed, has been that many valued friendships have begun for me with interviewing, for has not Darwin recorded the pathetic story of the vivisected dog which turned to lick the hand of the operator!





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